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SHADOWS OF OLD PARIS

G. DUVAL

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. GAVIN

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INTRODUCTION

To most Anglo-Saxons and Americans, Paris of the Twentieth Century is almost as familiar as their native cities. Its crowded Boulevards, brilliant cafés, theatres, and shops are the playground of hundreds of thousands of English-speaking tourists, whose yearly trip to the "Gay City" is a regular chapter in the programme of diversion.

Though every man is not a Frenchman, each may become, to a certain extent, a Parisian; for the asphalt is hospitable to all nationalities alike, if they will but bring with them a capacity for enjoyment and the wherewithal to pay for it liberally.

Yet, amongst the crowds of idlers and pleasure-seekers, of students even, who make the French capital temporarily their home, there are few lovers of tradition curious enough to turn from the dazzling modern city of pleasure, and plunge into the dingy Paris of the past, itself a town within a town, rapidly being swallowed up by the hydra-headed demon of improvement, with its insatiable appetite and power of destruction.

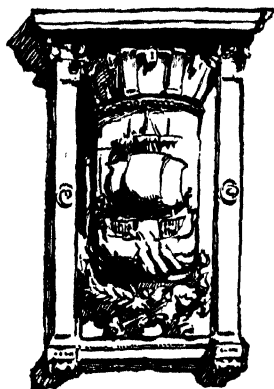
Along the quays, some of the older houses yet remain; in the streets adjoining, slumbering amid gardens, lie the stately homes of the nobility, a few still occupied by the great families who have inhabited them for generations. But they are fast disappearing, and many have fallen from their high estate to serve as warehouses, or for commercial purposes, or, even, as tenements for the poorest classes of artisans and workmen.

Here and there, in the narrow streets of a sordid quarter, mouldy with grime and dampness, a proud frontage will rear its graceful proportions, keeping, though in dilapidated surroundings, its birthright of dignity and beauty. We have wandered into these alleys and byways of the great City, from

which the tide of fashion and progress has long retired; we have re-peopled streets and houses with the men and women of a bygone world, recalled the stories of their passions, mused over the tragedy and comedy of their lives and deaths.

The whole story of France is written on the walls of Paris; and, to a student of history, what is more passionately eloquent, what more enigmatic and mysterious, than those silent stones? Daily, hourly, the destroying pickaxe is busily at work. It must be so. It were folly to sacrifice the lives and health of thousands for the sentiment of the antiquary. Yet, it is a world of strange interest and beauty that is passing so rapidly; a world that will never be reconstructed, save in the memory of a few lovers of the picturesque.

Can we watch it crumble to ashes without a feeling of sorrowful regret? As it disappears for ever from view, we would hold those vanishing shadows in a picture.



ARMS OF PARIS.
4. RUE DE L'ESTRAPADE.

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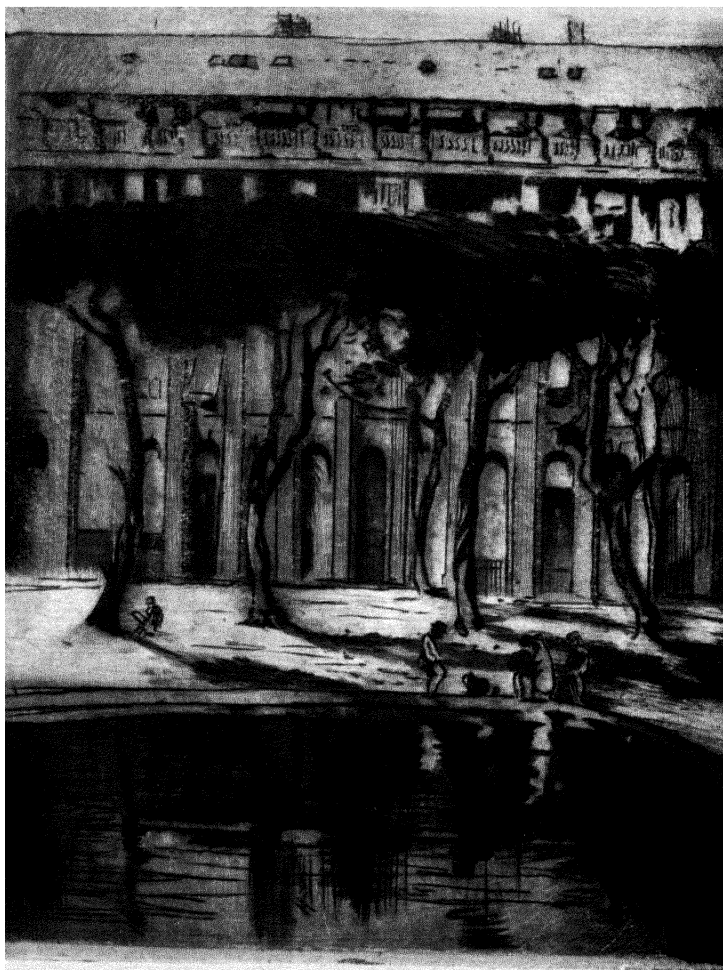
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THE PALAIS ROYAL.



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL

CHAPTER I

PALAIS ROYAL

To tell the history of the Palais Royal would be to write that of France itself, a task which we have neither the space, nor the presumption, to undertake. We are but idle strollers in the by-paths and passages of those palaces where grave councils are debating. It is not into the glare of important events that we would lead the indulgent reader, but rather among the shadows they project, and amongst the men and women who unconsciously acted, thought, and moved as mere puppets in the great pageant of Destiny.

For years the Palais Royal has been but a thing of the past. Yet to enter upon its echoing solitude is to summon again to life the entire *dramatis personæ* of the national history, for it was, for centuries, the vibrant stage of events. To-day, in its mellow age, it seems some palace of a sleeping beauty, upon whose threshold all real life has stopped, leaving it peopled only with dreams. The din of modern commercial Paris buzzes and hums like a hive of bees around this secluded cell, in which lies imprisoned for ever their slumbering Queen.

For the Palais Royal is never likely to awake. Indeed, it is such a mere shell that its condemnation is inevitable. The bustling thoroughfares, the crowded streets of the City, are jealous of this aristocratic sister and intolerant of her useless idleness. It is a place of shadows and reveries—a place in which to while away a sunny afternoon beneath the light, shady alleys of the garden, or to wander under the peaceful arcades, whose half-empty shops have long ago given up expecting customers.

We can sit quietly on a fair spring or autumn afternoon, with an open book, unread, upon our knee, and let our thoughts wander back to all the multi-coloured past which shows us how merely human were the mighty ones of the Earth; how frail the strongest; how uncertain the most determined; and how each and all alike, from the greatest to the least, were but as thistle-down, blown by the winds of Fate.

On the ground on which the Romans had built their villas, where Jeanne d'Arc had been wounded by the English arrows, on the site of the ancient "Porte St. Honoré," besieged and retaken a hundred times in as many wars, Richelieu determined to erect himself a palace. Old walls were demolished, tenants unwillingly driven away, to make place for the Cardinal's great house. The King's architect, Lemercier, was chosen as designer; Philippe de Champagne, as decorator; the master-pieces of Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto were hung upon its walls. The theatre and the chapel rivalled each other in splendour, and, lo! when all was ready to receive its imperious master, an unexpected visitor entered with him at the door. After a series of splendid fêtes, given for the marriage of Richelieu's niece to the Duc d'Enghien, who was afterwards "Le Grand Condé," the all-powerful Cardinal must surrender to the summons of death. "Do you ask forgiveness of your enemies?" asked the priest, who had come to assist him in his last hour. "I have had none but those of France," answered the moribund. Even death could not humble the arrogant spirit of the man who had bent sovereigns and princes to his will, and who left the world as haughtily as he had lived in it.

Such a man as Richelieu could have none lesser than a king as heir, and to Louis XIII. the Palais Cardinal was bequeathed. He did not remain long to enjoy it, or his new-won freedom, and soon followed his master-servant to the tomb.

It was in troublous times of internal dissension that the young Louis XIV., a baby of five, came into his kingdom. We

know how nearly the throne was shaken to its foundations by the War of the Fronde; but Richelieu had left a shadow behind him, and France was to find, in Mazarin, another pilot by whose aid she was to weather the storm, another master to keep his iron-hand upon the rudder of State.

But in those opening, troubled, years of an infant's reign, the clouds gathered menacingly. The people had no confidence in the new Minister; mistrust was in the air, and the day came when the rulers of France began to tremble for their safety. Crowds surged backwards and forwards beneath the Queen's windows, and murmurs of discontent broke into an angry storm. Was it a revolt, or a revolution? Violence was written on the surly faces of the mob. At this critical moment, Anne of Austria, raised by the inspiration of motherhood and the courage of a queen, found strength that enabled her to dominate and quell rebellion. She appeared at the palace door, and, with a finger to her lips, beckoned the fierce crowds massed there to enter. Effacing herself, she pointed to a cradle, where, beneath the arms of France, a baby lay peacefully sleeping. Curiously and shyly, the rough men crept in, and bent over the rosy infant. All unconscious of his peril, he slept serenely, with a smile on his lips; and the rude breaths were bated, as the angry mob filed quietly and silently away, disarmed, conquered and submissive. They had seen the King of France, and not one of the most violent amongst them would do him hurt. Out of a horde of angry rebels, a woman's marvellous instinct had created an army of loyal subjects and the battle had been won by a child's unconscious smile.

Later, the sleeping baby grew into the most autocratic of kings, and Louis XIV. deserted, in favour of the Louvre, the Palais-Royal and its dangerous memories. The King's brother "Monsieur," with his fair English wife, Henrietta, daughter of Charles the First, came to reign there. A mysterious and cruel death overtook her in the flush of her beauty and youth, and "Monsieur" was left a widower, more absorbed in thoughts

of his mourning than sorrow for his wife. His one preoccupation in life was to adorn his foppish little body with finery; and for him no bright eye could ever rival in attraction the lustre of those jewels with which he loved to load his insignificant person. To him came presently, as wife, that rude, coarse, though witty and sound-minded, German Princess Palatine, who afterwards left, in her inexhaustible memoirs and letters, the most vivid and faithful picture of the strange Court of Versailles. During all these years, costly and innumerable "fêtes" waked the echoes of the Palais-Royal, and to its theatre, built by Richelieu with infinite care and luxury, to serve as a scene for his own mediocre dramatic productions, came Molière with his troop of comedians. The great dramatist had definitely won the King's favour, and he and his companions were put in undisputed possession of the first theatre in France. There installed, the poet, satirist, and humorist, excelled, as he had never done before, in painting living pictures of human passion, absurdity, and foible; giving to the Sovereign, who patronised him, a succession of some of the most admirable studies of Nature that have ever proceeded from any pen. The 4th of June, 1666, is a date to be remembered in the annals of French dramatic history, for it was on that evening that the "Misanthrope," the greatest child of Molière's splendid and fertile imagination, first saw the light. All Paris—intellectual, social, artistic—was gathered together in the audience, which comprised La Fontaine, Boileau, Racine, Corneille, La Rochefoucauld, Madame de Sevigné, Madame de Lafayette—a very roll-call of genius.

On the 10th of February, 1673, the first representation of the "Malade Imaginaire" was announced to be given at the Palais Royal. On the 17th, Molière, with grim heroism, prepared to act the part he filled in the play, which was that of "Argon," the sham physician, who must keep the public in a roar with scoffs against the pretended sufferings of the "Malade Imaginaire." As Molière, in the grotesque accoutrements of a

burlesque 'doctor, cried " Juro " in the Latin jargon of the quack, he reeled and, amid screams of laughter from a delighted pit, suddenly fell prostrate upon the boards. The audience rose to its feet, the echo of merriment still ringing through the house. The curtain fell, for the comedy was finished; and with it the drama of the poet's own successful, though unhappy, life. Dying, Molière was carried to his lodging overlooking the Palace Gardens. The next morning Paris heard with consternation that its favourite was no more.

The theatre, occupied through so many successful seasons by Molière's troupe, now fell into the hands of Lulli, and the reign of Comedy gave place to that of Opera. Through the King's brother, Monsieur, Duc d'Orléans, the Palais-Royal had become the property of the Orléans branch of the Bourbons, in whose possession it was to remain through centuries. The future Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France, had unfortunately fallen, when but a child, under the influence of his tutor, the Abbé Dubois, a man as corrupt and unprincipled as it was possible to find, even in the France of that day. Why such a person should have been chosen by Louis XIV. as instructor to the young Prince, it is hard to say; perhaps it is but another of the dark and mysterious pages, of which there are but too many, in the records of the Royal House that governed France.

The young Philippe was talented, of a kindly nature, intelligent, and ardent; he might, under good influence, have developed into a useful and noble man. Had he done so, the fortunes of his country would have been far different, for it is certain that the iniquity and disorganisation of the Regency did not a little to precipitate the country into the Revolution of 1789.

With the Regency the Palais Royal once more awakened to days of importance. Louis XV. was but a pretty child at Versailles, and Philippe d'Orléans held the reins of Government in the name of the King. In that soul, so darkened by an unfortunate early training, there yet remained gleams of light, and possibilities for good. Un-

doubtedly posterity has been unjustly hard upon the Regent. He was not wanting in loyalty; he was intelligent and progressive in his ideas, artistic, and curious concerning all questions, scientific and otherwise.

The reverse side of the medal, however, seems to be that which was persistently turned to the public, who knew him from rumours which were too often true, and which stamped him as a debauché, and a libertine, and, indeed, accused him of impious researches and criminal manipulations.

It was an age of necromancy and dark practices, in which charlatans were rife. The Regent was supposed to hold black masses in the privacy of his apartments in the Palais Royal, and the fact that he would shut himself up for hours to make chemical researches, gave rise to a hundred strange tales. The retorts and lamps of his laboratory became instruments of the Foul Fiend himself, and he began to be looked upon askance by the credulous public as somewhat of a magician. In addition to this, tales of the Prince's private life scandalised both Court and town. The stories of the Regent's supper-parties, at which the wildest debaucheries were indulged in, horrified the people of Paris. The very vilest crimes were imputed to him. "Come and have supper with me," cried the Prince to his porter, one evening, as he passed him. "Your Royal Highness must excuse me; I do not care to sup in as bad company as Your Highness frequents," replied the old man. And the Prince laughed.

Yet, when he was not heavy with the fumes of the previous night's debauch, the Regent had a clear and comprehending brain, a tolerant and liberal spirit. He wished to return to the Protestants, who had been driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, those privileges of which the later age bigotry of Louis XIV. had so unjustly deprived them.

The finances of the Kingdom were in a state of inextricable embarrassment. A Scotchman, John Law, proposed an audacious remedy, in the form of an appeal to the public credit. It was phantasmagoric, but also a vision of a future financial

system, of which the Regent, though not an able enough statesman thoroughly to execute the scheme, was clever enough to see the advantages. It was put on foot, however, with results disastrous to the public, whom it incited to feverish speculation. Blood was shed, and three corpses, brought there in the night, were laid before the Palais Royal, to greet the Regent's waking sight with their silent reproach. But no lesson could be salutary to a being who had allowed the lighter side of life to efface the graver, and lived, from hour to hour, in a whirl of thoughtless dissipation.

Upon the stage of this Comedy of Errors, which was the France of Philippe d'Orlean's time, a harlequin figure springs. It is that of Cartouche, King of Thieves and Charlatans. His allied forces were estimated at over a 1,000,000 men, and organised robbery was his trade. It became the order of the hour.

One of the fashions of that extravagant epoch was to carry a rapier, in whose hilt were set jewels, equal in value to a king's ransom. Such plunder was easily acquired, and unknown and adroit hands dared to gather rich harvests, even in the very ante-chamber of the Palais Royal. The Regent himself was victimised and, for once, his too indolent good nature was ruffled. By the following week he had set a new fashion, of rapier hilts cut in steel, so brilliant that they simulated the most glittering diamonds. This time it was Cartouche who was the dupe. The Regent's own sword was captured and brought to the thief, and behold! it was but a worthless bauble of steel. The Prince may have paid for it 1,500 francs, but it was worth less than 1,500 copper pennies to Cartouche. So, waking one morning, Philippe d'Orléans found laid upon his dressing table the stolen sword, its point run through a paper on which an anonymous hand had written: "Are you not ashamed so to steal from honest robbers, you who are the greatest thief in France!"

Yet, between his debauches and his schemes, the Chief of State—himself a painter of no mean merit—did not forget the

tribute he owed to art. The Collections, begun by Richelieu and dispersed by his successors into various palaces in France, were enriched by the Duc d'Orleans. Rumours of a Leda, hanging in the Pope's Gallery, inspired the first roué of Paris with a desire to possess it. But the Pope was obdurate and refused all the Regent's offers. "Does his Holiness wish to keep her for himself?" asked Philippe impertinently; and the insinuation won him the masterpiece.

In the midst of follies, and in the arms of his favourite, Philippe d'Orléans passed from the scenes of his revels, leaving France to her devices. His son, Louis the Pious, reigned in his stead; and so nymphs must disappear and Ledas be burnt at an autodafé. This reign of narrow bigotry soon faded from sight, and in 1752 Louis' son succeeded him as Duke.

On the night of the 6th of April, the public had hardly quitted the theatre of the Palais Royal before a curl of smoke and a puff of flame warned the inhabitants of Paris that the celebrated scene of Molière's triumphs was on fire. The only fire brigade the city possessed was the Order of the Capuchin Fathers who, at the sound of the first alarm bell, would be seen running to the rescue, their white robes tucked up round their waists. The fire at the Palais Royal rapidly grew beyond the Fathers' control. The young Duc de Chartres, soon to succeed his father, and be known later to history as "Philippe Egalité," appeared upon the blazing scene, offering advice and help, and directing a chain of lackeys, who passed buckets of water from hand to hand, to be poured upon the flames. The water was soon exhausted, but the Prince's ingenuity was not. A moment later all the wine of the Ducal cellars was being poured forth. Red wine of Burgundy, rich and velvety; rare vintages of Bordeaux, or sparkling champagne, flowed over the burning pile. Such a popping of corks and broaching of barrels had never been heard before in all France. Some of that joy-inspiring, ambrosial liquid found its way, not on to the scorched rafters, but into the scorched palates of the spectators, while

the mighty punch bowl—once a historic theatre—consumed itself slowly amidst consumers. The crowds gathered merrily around the supreme apotheosis of a stage which had already seen so many, when suddenly, upon a balcony, appeared the airy form of a dancer, gesticulating wildly amid wreaths of smoke. A young Abbé, stirred to desperate courage by the sight of beauty in distress, sprang into the burning furnace and disappeared, to reappear a moment after with the distraught fair one in his arms. Making his way along burning beams and falling masonry, he reached a place of comparative safety, with his burden unharmed. Ladders and a hundred willing hands did the rest. The crowds grew exuberant, cheered the hero to the echo, and declared that the rescued beauty must reward her saviour with a kiss, which she did, to the delight of the spectators, who vociferated "Bis. Bis!" as at a successful pantomime. Then, hand in hand, the Abbé and the dancer bowed their thanks and disappeared. Meanwhile, the cellar, so generously broached, had been emptied. Perhaps more than was good had found its way down the throats of the excited public; but the fire was stayed—though not before it had done its work of destruction—and the crowds dispersed merrily. So all things passed in the 18th century, to the tune of "After us the Flood!"

The theatre, soon reconstructed, served as the scene of Gluck's and Puccini's glorious artistic duels, and on the 8th of June, 1781, was finally and irrevocably burnt. Paris was faithful to the Opera, which it was beginning to love more than its kings. The young Queen, like most of her country-women, was an enthusiastic lover of music, but she did not love her cousin, Orléans, and at her instigation the new opera was removed to another quarter of Paris. Perhaps some obscure instinct warned Marie Antoinette of a future enemy in the man who was to become Philippe Egalité. The Duc d'Orléans was not for nothing the great-grandson of the Regent. He had inherited the latter's taste for pleasure, some of his intelligence and much of his

unscrupulousness. Like many of his race he affected to be in the van of advanced thought. France, at the end of the 18th century, was bitten by a fever of Anglomania. A man "*à la mode*" must drive his tilbury, import English jockeys to race in the Bois de Boulogne, and have an English mistress. That of the Duke was a certain Mrs. Elliot, who has left us, in her memoirs, a curious picture of the time.

With extravagant tastes, a desire to shine as a patron of the Arts, Literature, and Sciences, and an ever-diminishing rent-roll, the Duc d'Orléans looked about him for some means of increasing his revenues. Not much was to be hoped from the King. The family of the Palais Royal was not in favour with that of Versailles; there was small cousinly sentiment between the Bourbons and the Orléans. Beneath his very windows, Philippe discovered one day the solution to his embarrassments. He obtained, in 1784, the King's authorisation to carry into execution a project for transforming the gardens of the Palais Royal into a city of shops, restaurants, and places of amusements, all of which he might rent easily, at exorbitant prices.

"Now that you have become a shopkeeper, I suppose we may hope to see you only on Sundays," said Louis XVI. to his cousin, when the latter came to make his bow at Court. Having obtained what he wanted, d'Orléans smiled. Town and Court might criticise or cry out, but the mess of pottage came to a hungry appetite, and it was not in the eating of the dish that Esau remembered his lost heritage.

And so the new Palais Royal was born, prospered, and grew fat on its iniquity. Everything was to be bought there, from a shoe buckle to a philosophical treatise, from a trussed capon to a patched and powdered mistress, and everything was exorbitant in price and dubious in quality. How could it be otherwise, in an atmosphere of feverish dissipation and reckless extravagances, where all life was a gamble or a scandal, and thoughtless amusement the one occupation that reigned supreme? The



AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.

place was but a symbol of the Royal master who had built it, venal and corrupt to its very core.

A Secretary of the Duc d'Orléans, Choderlos de Laclos, has given us, in a book that remains celebrated, a picture of the manners of that time. In its pages we find the same strange and heartless cynicism that stamped the fine gentlemen and ladies of the closing years of the 18th century. Laclos, himself an honourable man and a devoted husband, imagined he would awake the Society around him to the dangers of the downward path it was treading. The book was written honestly for the moral it contained, and it is not one of the least indications of the spirit of the time that the moral passed unperceived. "Les Liaisons dangereuses" were reported to be stolen memoirs, and Laclos soon had a dozen duels on his hands, each one of his challengers believing himself to have been painted in the hero.

Meanwhile the tempest was gathering. The Tiers Etat had met, France had awakened to a realisation of the forces that had so long lain dormant within her. The Palais-Royal was the centre of the new movement, and the Duc d'Orléans himself, cousin of the King, headed the opposition. The bookstalls were full of pamphlets by Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Diderot; there was a return to simplicity, a simplicity more artificial than artifice itself. In Grenoble, Rennes, Versailles, the germ of Revolution had stirred: in the Palais Royal itself, it was to come to birth.

The movement must have its emblem. Camille Desmoulins, the fiery young Apostle of Liberty, mounts a chair and thunders at the idle crowds promenading the gardens; the very trees bend to listen to the strange, vibrating doctrines, which, until now, had been but cautiously whispered beneath their shade. Camille pulls a leaf from above his head and cries "Citizens, shall our rallying emblem be this?" and, a moment afterwards, a whirlwind of enthusiasm has denuded the branches, and the crowd surges back and forth, each man or woman decorated with a green leaf, the colour of hope!

Soon it will be the taking of the Bastille; and titles, dignities, honours shall be abolished! "Vive Philippe Egalité and his Palace! now no more Royal but of Equality." The Duc d'Orléans is the loudest to huzza. "Does the nation want money? It shall have my fortune"! Perhaps he hopes in that way to keep a portion of it. "Do they wish the King's head?" He will vote with the reddest Radicals that the King's head must go, cousin though he be. Even Robespierre is amazed at the cynical calculation of the "ci-devant" Prince. "The unfortunate man! He, at least, might have listened to the voice of human instinct," cries the deputy of Arras.

For a while the Revolution will play with Philippe as a cruel cat with a helpless mouse: sent first here, then there, liberated, reincarcerated, a prisoner in his own house. Finally, like a deadly paw, the steel of the guillotine shall strike off that too calculating head.

At least, in his last hour, Philippe Egalité became again the Duc d'Orléans, the inheritor of a line of Princes, and showed a touch of the dignity he had so basely renegated. At his trial, had he made the supreme sign of the Freemason, he would have found obligatory grace in those who condemned him. He was a chief of the Order and his judges were brothers. This at least he disdained to do, and when, by a culminating act of cruelty, the cart which bore him to execution was stopped in front of the Palais Royal, he raised his head, quietly and proudly, to look up at the windows of the palace from which he had so often cheered on the fierce mobs, who surrounded him in his last hour with derisive shouts of vengeance.

The Revolution did not desert its birthplace. Even though heads fall, appetites must be appeased, and those who may die to-morrow have all the more need to find to-day's sun bright. At no time was vice so fast and furious as during the Reign of Terror. The cafés of the Palais Royal buzzed with clients. There were cafés to suit all opinions—"La Rotonde," "La Ré-

gence—dear to Robespierre himself, the virtuous tribune. There was "The Café of a thousand columns," its thousand columns being but thirty, cleverly multiplied by reflecting glasses; the "Café du Mont St. Bernard," the greater part of which was taken up by a reproduction of the Mont; the "Café des Aveugles," with its orchestra of blind men, and a hundred more. On all the counters lay swords ready for the use of those fierce clients who patronised them. The Arcades were frequented by the class of society then known as "Nymphs," who, profiting by the general confusion of discipline, used to wear costumes borrowed from the antique, revealing forms that were often sadly wanting in antique perfection. The licence had become so great that the police finally intervened, to restore at least a semblance of decorum among the battalions of Venus, who had taken possession of the gardens, to the scandal of the neighbourhood.

Exorbitant play had been the popular passion for over two centuries in France, and the gaming houses of the Palais Royal were as varied as numerous. They ranged from the humblest and barest dens, where a penny could be staked on the roulette ball, to the most luxurious saloons, splendidly furnished, where thousands changed hands in a few hours. The whole was conducted with all the social etiquette and decorum of the old régime, and often presided over by a woman of rank, whom adverse circumstances had forced into earning her living by acting as the amphitriton of a gambling palace.

Amongst the most inveterate frequenters of the tables, at the end of the 18th century, was a certain Monsieur Auccane, who, before the Revolution, had been one of the richest planters of the Antilles. Ruined through the upheaval caused by the emancipation of the blacks, Monsieur Auccane left his abandoned sugar lands, preferring to pass his remaining years in the haunts of his youth, and amongst the friends of former times. One of the first visits he made was to the Comtesse de Sainte Amaranthe.

Madame de Sainte Amaranthe was no longer in the flush of a youth which had induced her to commit more than one folly. Married at 16—a first imprudence—to the Count de Sainte Amaranthe, who soon deserted her, she had lived for years on the borders of the society in which she was born, neither quite belonging to it nor absolutely excluded from it. A temperament that was none of the coolest had thrown her into the whirl of Paris gallantry, and, at the time Monsieur Auccane found her, she was living by somewhat precarious expedients, which her name, as well as two growing children, rendered it difficult for her to continue.

The sugar-planter hit upon a scheme to better all their fortunes, and soon overcame any lingering scruples the Comtesse de Sainte Amaranthe might have retained. The proprietors of one of the most elegant and richly patronised gambling houses in the Palais Royal had decided to retire. Monsieur Auccane was offered the succession, which he accepted; and it was the position of lady of the house, so to speak, that he proposed to his former friend. The tone of the establishment was most decorous. The Countess brought the manners of a refined and charming woman, and also something of infinitely greater value, namely, her daughter, then just budding into womanhood, of a rare and most complete loveliness of face and form. The prestige of the fashionable gambling-house was immense; admittance was accorded only to the regular patrons of the rooms. Its society was aristocratic, its tone subdued, its sympathies conservative. Its habitués were financiers or persons of solid position. Madame de Sainte Amaranthe might condescend to be the hostess of a gambling table; she remained, none the less, a gentlewoman by birth and predilection and with pretensions that had not diminished with her descent in life.

Whatever the faults or vices of her mother, Emilie de Sainte Amaranthe, at least, seems to have been a creature endowed with every attractive quality that a woman can possess. As

such, given her surroundings, she was doomed to be a victim.

Amongst the frequenters of No. 50 was the Comte de Tilly. Tilly has left behind him Memoirs, from which we may judge him at his own valuation. He had been a page of Marie Antoinette, had committed a hundred follies and indiscretions, posed as caring for nothing, was remarkably good looking, and had compromised half the women in Paris. That such a Lovelace should set out to conquer the sixteen-year-old daughter of the discredited keeper of a gambling house was but natural; that he should succeed was only too certain, and that he should soon tire of his passion for an ingénue, was the third in an obvious sequel of events. Madame de Sainte Amaranthe might weep and wring her hands, her beautiful daughter had but followed her own lead. The Countess stormed, and ordered Tilly to marry her daughter. Tilly laughed in her face. The girl, in reality but a child, was, fortunately, not so deeply touched as to be rendered miserable by Tilly's desertion; and, when he departed, as he soon did, on one of his numerous and mysterious voyages, after a period of tears and sighs, the even current of the days retook its course. It was not for long.

As women living on the border of the fashionable world, Madame de Sainte Amaranthe and her daughter were faithful patrons of the drama. The most popular actor of Paris, in 1790, was the singer Elleviou. Uniting the talent of an excellent comedian with a charming voice, and possessing a face of classic beauty, he became the centre of all eyes, the darling of the Parisian public; besides which, an incident made him, for a time, an idol of the Royalists.

The green room of the Opéra Comique was assiduously frequented by a great, hulking brute, Mazuel by name, a rabid terrorist in principles and practice. Staggering in one night, half drunk, Mazuel walked up to a group and began vociferating his opinions. Turning to a noted Royalist who was standing near him, he cried rudely: "We are your masters, and, if it please us, we will take your houses, drink your wine, caress your

women, and cut off your heads." As the last words left his lips, Elleviou, who was listening, seized the brute by the collar, and, dragging him to where a fire was blazing in the grate, would have thrown him headlong into it, had not the crowd interfered. It was not likely that Mazuel would forget the insult, and Elleviou's friends advised him to leave Paris for a while. This he refused to do, sending his seconds to Mazuel, who replied by a prudent silence. The affair was dropped, and the handsome tenor was so popular with the public that the Revolutionary Tribunal left him quiet. One evening, as he was singing, Elleviou's eyes were suddenly arrested and irresistibly attracted by that mysterious affinity which sometimes seizes and concentrates two glances across a crowded room. The actor saw a singularly beautiful, distinguished girl, leaning silently from a box near the stage. As his eyes met hers, she blushed and drew back; but the magnetic message had been sent and had done its work in both young hearts.

It was not difficult for Elleviou to obtain an introduction to Mademoiselle de Sainte Amaranthe. He became a frequent visitor at the gambling house in the Palais Royal. The lovers—for they were that from the first time their eyes met—were soon living in a paradise of their own, indifferent to all that surrounded them. Madame de Sainte Amaranthe, absorbed in her intrigues, and alarmed by the turn affairs were taking in Paris, where the Revolution was beginning to rage, and the most menacing rumours were circulating, left the lovers undisturbed. She was awakened to the situation through a letter sent by Elleviou's former mistress, and she at once decided to remove her daughter from a danger only realised when it was too late. There was one solution which Madame de Sainte Amaranthe favoured, because it was the easiest, and that was a marriage with the Vicomte de Sartine, who was a suitor for her daughter's hand. Emilie resisted stubbornly. To marry one man, loving another, was a miserable alternative; but the angry mother was determined, and the girl's tears and pleadings only

rendered the Countess more obdurate. It was exile to Rouen, or marriage: no other choice was offered. To leave Paris was more than her courage was equal to, and the unhappy girl married Sartine, for no other reason than that she adored Elleviou.

On the 9th of August, 1792, Madame de Sainte Amaranthe was at the gambling house in the Palais-Royal when, about midnight, a letter was slipped into her hand. It was from Tilly, then in Paris. He begged her to leave France the next day with her daughter, and offered to accompany them to England, where he himself had decided to retire until the storm blew over. Madame de Sainte Amaranthe, however, was unwilling to leave the country, believing that, even should the situation become more serious for the Royalists, as a woman, with a young son not yet of age, she would remain unmolested. She consented, nevertheless, to quit Paris for a country seat which she possessed near by, where, accordingly, the Countess, her daughter Mme. de Sartine, her son Louis, and M. Auccane were soon installed. The following weeks passed quietly, the little circle settling down with relief to the peaceful country life. The days passed in visits to the sick of the village or walks in the park, varied by occasional calls from friends bringing news of the terrible events that were succeeding each other rapidly during the Summer and Autumn of 1792.

The luckless marriage, so hastily and recklessly entered into, had not been a happy one for Emilie de Sainte Amaranthe. As she had never loved Sartine, daily life with him grew irksome, and the young couple inevitably drifted from misunderstanding into a hopeless incompatibility. To Elleviou, Emilie had given all that was in her nature to bestow; she loved him with an absorbing and devoted passion that left no room in her heart for any other sentiment, or place in her mind for any other thought.

There was a small door at one end of the park wall and through this Elleviou would pass, coming secretly, at nightfall,

whenever his profession left him free to absent himself from Paris. Perhaps the very difficulties and dangers of these stolen meetings made them more doubly precious to the lovers. Elleviou would wait for the signal—a light, placed in the tower in which Emilie lodged—then, trembling with emotion, he regained the room above, where his mistress awaited him in all the abandonment of her divine loveliness—for love, given and requited, had changed the fair girl of a year before into a rarely beautiful woman. The hours passed like charmed minutes to the two young lovers. When over the horizon, beyond which lay Paris, dawned the first morning light, Elleviou would tear himself from his mistress' arms, each feeling that these moments might be their last together.

The idyll was soon to end. Denounced by an unknown enemy, the little community was awakened one night by the visit of a party of "gendarmes," with an order for the arrest of the entire Sainte Amaranthe family, known as Royalists and implicated in a plot to assassinate Robespierre. The house was searched, and though no compromising papers were found, one of the soldiers discovered two miniatures of a boy of nine and a girl of fourteen. They were those of Madame Sainte Amaranthe's son and daughter, taken in their childhood, but it served the purpose of the Commissioner, who pronounced the portraits to be pictures of the Royal children, and the party was immediately ordered to accompany the "gendarmes" to Paris.

The fact that there was no real evidence against Mme. de Sainte Amaranthe counted for little. She was known as being one of the proprietors of the gambling house in the Palais Royal, reputed as a hot-bed of Royalist intrigue. A fact that weighed heavily against the unfortunate woman was the secret visits of Elleviou, who had always come muffled, and at night. Unsuspected by the Château itself, these mysterious apparitions had been observed and noted in the village, and had been reported to the Revolutionary Committee as suspicious. It was

found out afterwards that Clotilde Malfleuroy, the dancer, had denounced the Sainte Amaranthes, as an act of vengeance against her former lover. Whatever the cause, the whole family was sent to Paris and incarcerated at Ste. Pelagie, with a bevy of prisoners, all supposed to be implicated in the plot against Robespierre. After a summary pretext of trial, the Revolutionary Tribunal decided that "La Sainte Amaranthe, her son Louis, her son-in-law the Count de Sartine, and his wife, were to suffer the pain of capital punishment" along with some fifty others, taken from all classes of society, accused of having conspired against France. The condemned were "to be driven to the guillotine dressed in the red garment of the regicide, that their punishment might serve as a lesson to the population."

The unfortunate Countess, distraught with grief, heard the verdict pronounced amid a passion of indignant protests and tears. Emilie was perfectly calm and smiling, and it was she who sustained and comforted the miserable mother, as the carts drew up to carry the condemned to the scaffold. Of all the prisoners that were taken from the Conciergerie to execution, perhaps none more unjustly condemned ever passed through the crowded streets than that convoy of the 17th of June.

All the environs of the Palace of Justice were thronged with eager spectators. There were the "tape dur," the most savage element of the population, dressed in their "carmagnoles." From under the fox-tails of their bonnets shone their greasy, animal faces, hot and bestial with the lust of blood. There were the shrill-voiced fish-women, who revelled in their horrible name of "lécheuses de Guillotine," and—to their shame be it said—there were also fair and delicate women, lightly and gaily dressed in muslin and ribbons, or mothers who raised their unconscious infants in the air to see the "procession" as it passed. Here and there in the crowd was the pale set face of some friend or parent, come to take a last silent farewell of the loved one. The orange merchants circulated, hawking

their wares, with lists of the condemned, while the brilliant sun of a dazzling June day streamed down upon the compact crowds. There was a buzz of expectation and then a sudden hush, as the carts, packed to their full-holding capacity, came slowly forth. In one of them the Comtesse de Sainte Amaranthe, with haggard features and eyes swollen with weeping, leaned heavily against her daughter and the young Louis, both children encircling her tenderly. From Emilie there radiated a beauty so divine that a murmur of admiration ran even through that heartless mob as she traversed it. The luminous whiteness of her skin shone like a cloud in the vivid scarlet of her mortuary dress, her fair hair, which she had begged the jailor, as a last favour, to preserve—"for someone who might call to take it after her death"—had been cut from about her neck. It fell around her perfect face, giving her an aspect of child-like candour, though all a woman's awakened soul looked from her blue eyes into the sky above.

"We are like a procession of cardinals," she said with a smile, as she turned to her husband, who was standing near her in the cart. She gave him her hand, which he bent to kiss, with a delicacy of comprehension that, had it come sooner, might have altered both their destinies. Suddenly she grew pale, for, amongst the seething populace, her eyes met those of Clotilde Malfleuroy, who, with strange vindictiveness, had come to watch how her rival met her death. With a quiet look of scorn, Emilie turned away.

Other carts followed, with others as young and innocent, and even the mob began to show some pity. Voices were heard calling "For shame! one does not execute children!" For a second it seemed as though the public were growing restless, and an effort might be made to save the prisoners. The carts stopped, their drivers hesitating, but the implacable Henriot was on the watch and, spurring his horse forward, he hastened on the drivers, and the precious moment passed. Oblivious of the protestations of the bystanders, Emile de Sainte Amaranthe

stood holding her fainting mother with one arm, her eyes scanning the upturned faces, as if lost in a reverie. Amongst them she was searching for one. At last, the heavy tumbrels, jolting through the Faubourg St. Antoine, arrived at the foot of the scaffold, and then she saw him. Fighting his way desperately amongst the throngs which separated them—pale, his dress disordered, haggard through sleepless nights of anxiety—Elleviou vainly tried to reach the fatal carts. He had not failed at the supreme moment. Emilie read in the distraught and horror-struck eyes all the adoration of her lover. A serene smile, her last good-bye, lighted her face with radiant joy, and the lips which Elleviou had so often kissed with passionate devotion parted in a mute farewell. As they had first met in a long, long eloquent look of confession across a sea of faces, so they parted. The crowds closed and hid them from sight for ever. A moment afterwards Emilie de Sainte Amaranthe's severed head was held up by the public executioner to the gaze of the waiting crowds. It was beautiful even in death!

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The violence of the drama is too great to last, and the Revolution soon ends. In the galleries of the Palais Royal "Sans Culottes" and "Tricoteuses" make way for "muscadins" and "Incroyables." A sallow, Corsican Lieutenant of Artillery, in a shabby uniform, will walk there dreamily, envying the flaunting vice which passes him by, unsuspecting that Napoleon lurks waiting in Buonaparte.

The soldiers of the Consulat, the Generals of the Directory, the Marshals of the Empire will drink their glass of rattafia in the cafés of the Palais Royal.

To the Palais Royal the son of "Egalité" shall return, and from it he goes to the Louvre, as King of the French, in place of his cousin, the deposed Charles X. of France. Republics spring up from the stones of barricades, dynasties

change; while, gradually, one by one, as from a sinking ship, its patrons leave the Palais Royal.

Let us leave it, also, to its echoes, its memories, its sunny days, and its faithful lovers, for, neither in decadence, nor in age, has it been wholly deserted.

Under the galleries where Revolutions blew their fiery breath, quiet students now come to take a peaceful mid-day stroll, or poets to seek the inspiration which the things of the past mysteriously impart to the children of the present. In the chequered shade of the light trees, beneath which arrogant vice once flaunted, there are but the rosy smiles of babies, sleeping in the sunshine.

Peace to the Palais Royal! Let those who would pronounce its doom but enter its quiet portals—they will come away disarmed, persuaded of the utility of useless things. Though its past has been tempestuous, its present is the peaceful evening of a calm winter day, and, of all the shadows of vanishing Paris, it is perhaps the most sunlit.



CHEST BELONGING TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.



THE TOWERS OF LES CARMES.

CHAPTER II

THE CONVENT OF "LES CARMES"

It remains unchanged, intact, this scene of one of the most sanguinary dramas of the Revolution. The sombre old building is peopled with tragic phantoms, and still bears, upon its walls, the impress of the red hands of Cain.

The convent of "Les Carmes" was founded in 1613, and one year later Marie de Medicis laid the corner-stone of its Church. Occupied to-day by the "Institut Catholique," it lies enclosed behind its high walls, bulwarks jealously guarding its sacred traditions. To enter it is to lift the veil of a buried past, to awaken terrible memories that are now chastened by time, and fast fading in the light of over a hundred seasons. But, where the tempests of human passion have raged, something intangible always remains—a sense of concentration, a startled suspense, hanging like a mist in the atmosphere, holding us captive, and filling us with vague, breathless awe. Yet, in this quiet church, in this melancholy and beautiful garden, dwells an infinite peace. The sunlight of an autumn day filters lightly down through the tall trees; upon the translucent surface of the fountain, languid water-lilies hold unruffled the drops of morning dew; the harsh sounds of the City steal but faintly through the veils of silence, with which the old place seems hung; while, like a benediction from above, the golden leaves fall softly, softly.

During the opening months of the Revolution, those priests who had been unwilling to take the oath of allegiance—and they

were the great majority—were arrested by hundreds, to be incarcerated in the prisons, from which debtors and felons had been liberated to make place for them. But prisons, as well as private houses of detention and correction, became rapidly congested with occupants, and the Revolutionary Committees of the different sections determined, therefore, to utilise for that purpose the churches and convents, recently confiscated and closed. The Convent of the Carmes, with its chapel, cells and vast garden, in the Rue de Vaugirard and, consequently, almost in the heart of Paris, was admirably suited for the lodgment of prisoners; and in August, 1792, over 150 priests were congregated in the church building. Nearly every night the prisoners were disturbed by the shouts and brutal voices of the jailors, ushering in a new bevy of victims. Their food was of the meanest, and scant indulgence was allowed them. Still, the poor band of fathers deemed themselves not unfortunate to be at least confined in a church, and waited patiently through the hot August days for the development of events, and for their liberation, which, given the circumstances of their absolute innocence, they felt must be speedy. Their request to be allowed to hold Mass was summarily denied, the only resource which remained was mutual confession, and permission to read their breviaries which, fortunately, had not been confiscated.

Notwithstanding their discomfort and privations, the prisoners were remarkably cheerful, even though ugly rumours reached them, through the latest comers, of the state of ferment and agitation that reigned in Paris. All authority had become tyranny, and the reins of Government were gradually falling into the hands of the most violent and dangerous party in the Convention. So the time passed, until one day, at the end of August, when the doors of the church were unexpectedly thrown open, and a Commissioner, in a tri-coloured scarf, entered briskly, and called out the prisoners' names in turn, asking each if he were a priest or merely a member of some sacred Order. Two of the prisoners were released, not having as yet

taken orders, while a retired officer was reincarcerated, on the ground simply that he professed the Roman Catholic faith. There was small sense of logic or justice in the breasts of the Commissioners of the Revolutionary Tribunal! A few days after, the priests received the visit of another deputy, who confiscated the scissors and knives they carried about their persons, but declared that they would soon be at liberty. On the 30th of August they were told that a Prussian army was menacing the frontier, that the population of Paris had risen "en masse" to send volunteers to fight the invaders, and that the priests themselves were to be deported, a few hours being allowed to each in which to make his final arrangements before leaving France.

The following morning, the unfortunate men began their hasty preparations, some of them receiving visits from relatives or friends, who had hurried, bringing with them what money they could collect, to bid the priests good-bye. The fathers awaited the morrow calmly, and with a happy confidence in the mercy of Providence, hardly warranted by the increasing tumult in the prison, the sounds of hurrying footsteps, rapid orders and a general sensation of menace in the surrounding atmosphere. Over the convent wall, into the peaceful garden, came the hoarse cries of excited mobs, the clank of muskets, as patrols scoured the neighbouring streets, and the regular boom of a distant alarm cannon.

At two o'clock, on the 2nd of September, a Commissioner of the Section appeared precipitately, and summoned the prisoners to roll call in the garden. They filed unsuspectingly and passively down the narrow passage and out into the garden, bathed in clear, autumn sunlight. Two rows of citizens—in the red Phrygian bonnets affected by the "Patriots of the Commune," armed with pikes, and commanded by a petty officer in uniform—were drawn up on either side of the little stone porch. A volley of coarse abuse and ribald jokes greeted the priests as they appeared. Astonished, and beginning, at last, to feel some apprehension, they retired to the further end of the garden, where



ENTRANCE AT WHICH THE PRIESTS WERE MASSACRED.

a small oratory then stood. Some of them entered, and, kneeling at the altar, began the prayer of Vespers. As the chant rose skyward, a yell of rage greeted it, and eight young ruffians, armed with pistols, and brandishing swords, rushed wildly down the alley. The first prisoner they encountered was M. de Salins who, unheeding the pandemonium that had begun to reign, was quietly reading his breviary by the fountain in the centre of the garden. Before he could lift his eyes from the book on which they were bent, his skull was beaten in by a powerful sword stroke from behind, while, at the same time, a dozen pikes entered his back. It was the signal: and the slaughter began! The unfortunate victims, surprised, unarmed, and absolutely defenceless, were hacked down like sheep in the shambles. In every alley, gasping on the grass, or groaning in their death struggles, they lay; while some staggered about blind with blood and pain, stumbling against the trees, their maimed limbs hanging useless, their heads opened, their faces gashed, horrible and heartrending to see; for their murderers denied them even the mercy of finishing their tortures, and left them, weltering in the blood of mortal wounds, to die as best they might.

At one end of the garden, surrounded by a terror-stricken group, yet untouched, stood a venerable prelate, his scanty white locks falling upon his black robe. The ruffians spied him out, and cries of "The Archbishop of Arles, the Archbishop of Arles" rent the air. Clear as a bell in a temple, the priest's voice rose above the horrid tumult.

"Let us thank Almighty God that He has called upon us to seal with our blood the faith we profess." He raised his hand in absolution, and turned to kneel at the little altar. A band of devoted priests surrounded him, but he pushed them gently away.

"Let them come to me," he called; "perchance my blood may appease them." And with his hands crossed, his eyes elevated to heaven in a last prayer, he advanced calmly.

"I am he that you are seeking," he said gently. "Then it is

you, the enemy of the Patriots of Arles," they shouted; "the old villain!" And they came menacingly towards him, brandishing their pikes.

"You are mistaken," said the priest with dignity; "I have never wronged, nor done a hurt to any living man."

"Then I shall do it to you," laughed a coarse brute, and, with one swoop of his sabre, opened the Archbishop's brow to the skull. He tottered forward, without a murmur, his hand shading his eyes from the blood that was pouring down his face in torrents. As he fell, a second ruffian stabbed him in the back, while a third planted his pike with such violence in the old man's breast that it remained immovably caught there. A few priests, the sole survivors of the slaughter, crowded into a corner, awaiting death; but the commanding officer ordered them to retire to the church, which they did, falling at the foot of the altar, while one amongst the number repeated the words of supreme absolution. They were soon ordered back again to the garden, the assassins striking them down as they passed along the passage and out at the doorway, until not one remained.

A few, a very few, succeeded in climbing the high wall and escaping in the general confusion, and it was through these survivors that the tale was told in after years, as well as by "some idle spectators." The massacre began in the afternoon; and evening fell on the old garden, strewn with stiffening corpses, and dark pools that made gruesome patterns on the grass, its sedate walks trampled in the agony of death-struggles; while muskets and sabres, and severed human limbs, littered the down-trodden turf. The little oratory was piled high with contorted corpses, fallen one upon the other, and along the corridors marks of bloody hands stained the walls in all directions. Meanwhile, the perpetrators of the tragedy had gone to the wine-shops to drink off the fumes of carnage, daring to show themselves in their soiled and blood-sodden clothes, and even to boast of the numbers of their victims. There were hundreds of stark

bodies lying, that night of the 2nd of September, unvigiled and uncovered, in the heart of Paris; for it was not only at the "Carmes," but in a dozen places, that scenes so brutal, so revolting, and inhuman, were being enacted. A holocaust of sixteen hundred and fourteen victims was offered upon the altar of liberty—presage of the work soon to follow. Strange to say, the murderers were not paid assassins; no bandits or mercenaries; but volunteers from the population, most of them citizens of some standing—artisans, workmen, or small shopkeepers.

It was only eighty years afterwards that the bones of the victims, slaughtered at the "Carmes" on the 2nd of September, were excavated from the trenches in the garden where they had lain, since their hasty burial, piled pell-mell. They were piously gathered together, and ranged, along with other relics, in the basement of the Church, where they now lie and where we see them, each with its fatal scar defacing the poor skull; on one a sabre cut, on another a crushing blow, on a third a thrust from a pike. As the garrulous guardian, with his smoking lantern lifted to light our way, precedes us, we pass with relief from the grim catacombs into the warm, sunlit garden of another September evening, so different, so peace-laden, that we cannot imagine these serene old walls, these noble trees, as witnesses of such hours of horror! Around us, on every side, from the ground once soaked in the blood of the bodies whose whitening bones we have just left, spring a hundred tender blossoms of "fleur de lys," as though those poor souls yonder, who died for the ancient faith of aristocratic France, had sent their spirits back to bear witness to their steadfastness in that creed of which the little flowers were once the badge.

Fortunately, sanguinary and tragic memories are not the only ones attached to the ancient convent. There are also those of three remarkable gentlewomen, who left something of their grace and charm as a legacy to the crumbling walls. In a small room overlooking the garden, Josephine de Beauharnais—



CONVENT OF LES CARMES.

SUN DIAL, BESIDE WHICH MONSEIGNEUR D'ARLES WAS MURDERED.

then but recently a widow—and Thérèse Cabarrus, the future Madame Tallien, were detained, in 1793, through weary days of uncertainty. What must have been the frantic anxiety, and the mortal ennui of these two women, both young, both beautiful, and full of an ardent taste for life, condemned to pass the hours in useless speculation upon a future as uncertain as it was menacing. The room in which they were confined was scarcely large enough to contain them. It was bare of the meanest necessities and must have seemed oppressively cramped to the young Southerner, and to the luxurious Creole, accustomed to the vast, cool plantation houses of Martinique, surrounded with jasmine-scented gardens, and tropical palm-tree shade. The two women passed hours leaning against the heavy, iron bars of the casement, looking drearily out at the fatal garden which still bore marks of the tragedy of September. When they turned, shuddering at the memories it evoked, their eyes fell upon the wall of their cell, where, in one corner, the stained wainscot showed the dark marks of the stack of dripping swords laid there on the night of the massacre a year before. A hundred fears and anxieties must have assailed them by turn. Both were essentially feminine, both desired ardently to live and love, and both turned to the horizon beyond their prison walls, to scrutinise its possibilities and hopes of salvation. There was one supreme chance which both realised and determined to use. In Royalists, Republicans, or Terrorists—by whatever name they might describe themselves—human passions, desires, and appetites, remained eternally unchanged. The two prisoners had already tested their powers upon the opposite sex. They felt that, in their defenceless beauty, they possessed the sharpest weapon of attack, and neither hesitated to use it. To both were reserved surprising destinies, to both the purple and the crowns of life, and some of its thorns. Yet, perhaps, neither attained the calm and placid happiness of another fair noblewoman, who is associated with the walls which she saved from destruction, under which she lies buried, and where most of her busy and

eventful years were spent in unceasing activity and devotion.

On the 24th of July, 1784, Camille, daughter of Charles Joachim de Seiglières de Belleforières, Comte de Soyecourt, and de Tupigny, Marquis de Guerbigny, etc., etc., assembled her friends and noble relatives to witness the final ceremony of her taking of the veil. The Order she entered was the severest and most formal in the Catholic faith; its portals once passed, she bid good-bye to the world as utterly as though she had entered her sealed coffin. It was by her own free desire that Mlle. de Soyecourt had chosen to immure her name, youth, and beauty under the veil of a Carmelite. Her parents and relations had opposed the sacrifice, until it became impossible longer to resist her will. It was an imperative vocation.

The Church in the Rue de Grenelle could scarcely contain the throngs of distinguished and fashionably dressed spectators that crowded to it on that July day, whispering and buzzing with curiosity as eager as that with which they would attend some famous dramatic representation. Suddenly, the organ pealed forth, and necks were craned and glasses levelled, as the young girl, attired as if for a Court Ball, with panniers and laces, roses holding the wealth of her light hair in an elaborate coiffure, slowly ascended the aisle and kneeled at the altar where Monseigneur de Juigné, Archbishop of Paris, stood surrounded by the clergy of the diocese. The two witnesses of the bride of Heaven, for as such the Roman Church considers those who lay down their future life and will at its altar, were the Marquis de Feuquières and the "President Molé." The Marquis de Soyecourt, prostrated with grief, had been unable to attend the ceremony.

As the frail girl, pale with emotion, beneath the rouge she wore, rose from her knees at the closing words of the final benediction, the spectators filed from the church into the open air, where surmises and comments ran riot. The busy gossips marvelled at the strange decision of one, who, endowed with every gift of fortune, should have chosen voluntarily a destiny

of penitence, privation, and seclusion, which they did not credit her with strength of character, or health, to resist for even six months. They little guessed the iron resolution, the untiring zeal of spirit that dwelt in the delicate frame of Camille de Soyecourt. Thus she disappeared from the lives of those who knew and loved her.

Lost to the world's voices, in the secluded convent of the Rue de Grenelle, the Carmelite sisters were to be rudely awakened. On the 2nd of September, 1792, Matins had just been chanted, and at the very hour when the gardens of Les Carmes and the courtyard of L'Abbaye near by were running red with devoted blood, the Sister Camille saw, from the window of her convent cell, five men, who, after vaulting the wall, glided amongst the bushes and tried to enter the convent. The alarm was given, and the Sisters slept that night dressed and ready for flight; for terrifying rumours came to them from without, and they prepared to meet the worst. A week after, the Commissaries of the Commune forced open the doors and penetrated into the secluded sanctuary. A crowd of idlers followed, curious to see the sacred and mysterious precincts, which, according to popular fiction, were gorged with unwilling victims. What was the disappointment of the mob to discover only some score or so of nuns, many of them old and feeble. They were pronounced "at liberty," and ordered to disperse; and the unfortunate women, grown timid through long immurement from the world, turned, sadly and fearfully, to leave the walls which, for so many years, had given them the peace they had come there to seek. Passing through the groups that surrounded the entrance, they halted like a flock of frightened deer on the threshold of the noisy, cruel city beyond, and then, quietly, with mutual and tender farewells, disappeared into the night.

What they and many others of their order and profession then endured, would fill an odyssey. Meanwhile the Sister

Paris, which they no longer remembered, and finally found a refuge in a house in the Rue Mouffetard. There, for some time, they remained tranquil, offering hospitality and hiding to those priests, who, in every variety of disguise, continued to practice their religion in the very heart of the terror-stricken town. But, denounced by some unknown enemy, on the morning of Good Friday, 1793, the devotions of the poor nuns were disturbed by loud knocks, and thirty members of the "Section," armed with pikes, invaded their sanctuary. The house was full of compromising documents, which were discovered, and the sisters were arrested.

Camille was sent to Ste. Pelagie, where her indomitable energy soon organised a group of "the faithful," who, prisoners like herself, yet managed to meet daily to recite together the offices of their missals. There they were even visited by a disguised priest, l'Abbé de Lalande, who heard their confessions and gave them absolution. Employed by a wine-merchant as messenger, he penetrated the prisons, passed the turnkeys, and, under the unsuspecting noses of the very jailers themselves, pursued his sacred calling. Liberated again, Sister Camille, finding herself alone, homeless, and penniless, returned to the Hotel de Soyecourt, where her parents, after many years, could press the lost one in their fond arms once more. But it was not to be for long. In 1794, the Marquis de Soyecourt, as well as his two elder daughters, the Countess d'Hinnisdal and Madame de La Tour, were arrested and confined in the convent of Les Carmes, converted into a revolutionary prison. Madame de Soyecourt was taken to Ste. Pelagie, and Camille was left alone in the vast hotel. She fled from it at once, carrying with her the only riches she possessed at the time, a paltry piece of silver, soon spent. She lived then as best she might, roaming like an outlaw, to find a night's shelter under some deserted roof; rising with the morning light to seek what scanty nourishment she might live on, subject to the coarse insults or worse advances that her delicate and unprotected beauty

inspired. Sometimes, driven by the cravings of starvation, she would glide unperceived back to the empty Hotel de Soyecourt, and, from the larder of the caretaker who had been placed there, she would filch an egg, which she hastily swallowed, raw, to appease her hunger.

One day she heard the death of her mother, and, on another, the condemnation of her father, cried aloud from the revolutionary list that was hawked through the streets. That of her sister, Madame d'Hinnisdal, followed, and Camille sought the little orphan niece and brought her to share her humble lodgings in a farm outside Paris; for, nobles and ci-devants had been forbidden residence in the Capital. Mademoiselle de Soyecourt had found a temporary asylum in a village on the outskirts of the city. But this, too, she was soon forced to abandon, the farmers fearing to keep beneath their roof a former aristocrat; and her distress and misery became even greater than before. So, from hardship to hardship, she passed with a charmed life, through the fearful months and dangers of the Reign of Terror. At last, it was over. Paris, shaken and reeling from its drunken orgie of vengeance, righted itself slowly. The 9th of "Thermidor" had come, and Camille de Soyecourt was free to re-enter Paris. She soon found an abandoned chapel, and, undaunted, set to work at once to re-organise the scattered Order of the Carmelites, which the Revolution had blown to the four winds of heaven. To be able to reintegrate Paris, to be no longer pursued like a hunted animal, above all, to hear daily mass, was relative happiness after the years that had passed. The Revolution had strewn havoc on every side around the "Sœur Camille." It had taken her father and mother, her sister, and dozens of those who had been dear to her. But the Carmelite lays down the things of this world on the first step of the altar upon which she takes her vows, and her mystic faith endows her in return, with a spirit of renunciation, only equalled by that of the Buddhist.

Meanwhile, the splendid fortune of the Comte de Soyecourt

had been confiscated by the Convention, and Camille had remained claimant of vast sums. Requiring nothing for herself, her ambition for her Order was inordinate, and she determined to recover the millions that, lying idle in the offices of the Treasury, would enable her to reconstruct and gather into one fold the disbanded flock of the Carmelite Sisters. Her course of action once settled, she was not long in putting her plan into execution, and the tones of her gentle voice soon grew to be a well-known sound in the anti-chambers, audience halls, or cabinets of state-ministers. It was no easy task to which "Sœur Camille" had devoted herself; yet she might have accomplished one ten times more difficult, for, beneath that frail and delicate exterior beat a heart as resolute, a will as absolute, as those of a Cæsar. So a day came when clerks and notaries gathered together, to deliver over hundreds of thousands, in property and securities, to the heiress of the Comte de Soyecourt, who had come into her own again.

When, as the door opened, a tall, thin, frail woman, with a pale, placid face, dressed poorly and shabbily in a worn, black frock, and white bonnet, entered, and, bowing with quiet grace, announced herself as Camille de Soyecourt, the astonished clerks could scarce credit their eyes. Could this, indeed, be the inheritress of lands and thousands? The gentlewoman received her possessions with a radiant smile, that induced the men of law to say, when she had gone, that, notwithstanding her faded dress, and air of genteel poverty, she was one to whom the possession of broad acres and fat farms would bring no mean satisfaction. How little they knew the quiet woman who was re-threading her way, unobserved, along the crowded streets of Paris, now again grown familiar to the recluse of the years before '92.

The heart of Camille was indeed ringing with a carol of joy, though little thought of self entered it. That very day she sent out an appeal to the dispersed members of the congregation to rally to the house she had bought as an

asylum for their Order. Soon the little band grew and swelled. From every point of France, from Europe, even from America, the black sisters, many of them worn out with misery, joyfully gathered to re-enter the devoted routine of their daily life, so roughly broken into on the 12th of September, 1792.

Meanwhile, in the busy brain of "Sœur Camille," another dear project, now realisable, had long germinated. In her many comings and goings through Paris, she had often passed before the ancient convent from which her father had been led forth to the scaffold, and where so many of her faith had suffered and died.

The Terror over, the "Carmes," no longer needed as a prison, had quickly fallen into disuse. The locality had at length attracted a contractor for public balls, while the cloister served as storehouse for a wood merchant's stock. Mademoiselle de Soyecourt entered into negotiations, bought the church buildings and gardens, and had soon installed an army of workmen to restore them. The masons were given strict orders to leave untouched, as a sacred memory, the traces which the blood of the victims of September had left upon the walls.

On the 24th of August, 1797, the "Sœur Camille," at the head of her companions, took formal possession of Les Carmes. So the convent gates closed again, for a time, upon Camille de Soyecourt. For a few years, she pursued her humble and devoted existence within the hard-won retirement of the Sanctuary. Yet it seemed that she could never wrest from Fate that oblivion she had longed for. In 1811, "la Sœur Camille" was denounced as a violent royalist, and ordered by the Imperial Government to cross the frontier. Even Napoleon was afraid of the delicate woman, whose inflexible will nothing seemed able to break. Mademoiselle de Soyecourt was not one to be daunted by threats or menaces, and what was exile to the intrepid spirit, who would make the tiresome journey from Belgium once a week, passing

the frontier in one of the numerous disguises which the days of terror had made her such an adept at assuming, simply to visit her dear community? Half the journey would be undertaken on foot, and the courageous Carmelite would pass unsuspected under the eyes of the Imperial police, attired in a peasant's cotton frock, sometimes, even, affecting lameness, or bending her delicate straight shoulders into a hump.

The Restoration put an end to her exile and its precarious expedients, and the faithful soul seemed, at last, to be upon the eve of those days of peaceful realisation, so fully merited, when an unexpected blow came from that very Church of which she had been so devoted a servant. The diocese decided that the convent of Les Carmes would admirably suit the purpose of an ecclesiastical college.

Mother Camille hesitated long before making this last, supreme sacrifice. To abandon the old walls, which she had saved from destruction, and to which she was tenderly attached by a hundred terrible and pious memories, was hard indeed, even for the unselfish heart of a Carmelite; but the Church's demands were also commands, and Camille de Soyecourt was of that stuff of which martyrs are made. So the Carmelite sisters were transferred to a deserted convent of the Bernardines, in the Rue Vaugirard, which Mademoiselle de Soyecourt acquired for her little flock. It is there that she passed the last years of her long and eventful life. She had become so wasted by privations and abstinence that her frail body seemed transparent. At over eighty years of age she lay upon an uncovered plank couch, where sleep itself refused to find her, tortured as she was by constant and violent attacks of gout, which twisted her maimed limbs.

When, in the morning, the sisters would knock at Mother Camille's door to ask news, they would find her seated on the straw, pale and pain-worn, after a sleepless night, but with a bright smile on her lips, uncomplaining, and cheerful. She loved to talk of the past, was interested in the present,

and solicitous for the future of her community. She would sing gaily some verses of her own composition, or excuse herself by saying, "My poor children, I'm not in voice to-day, for I nearly passed away last night." Yet she would not spare herself a day's fasting, living only on a little milk, for she was unable to eat, and suffered cruelly from the heart disease which, when she was eighteen, had made the fashionable and brilliant crowds exclaim, on the day she donned the veil, that surely the poor child would not be able to stand for six months the life she had chosen.

Finally, in 1849, having survived all the members of her family, having lived through the Terror, three revolutions, three dynasties, and half-a-dozen Governments, having seen the old order change, and the new succeed it, Camille de Soyecourt was received into that peace of God she had so often prayed to enter. Her body, dressed in the robes of the order she loved, was laid behind an iron grill. The public of Paris crowded to see the mortal remains of the woman who was known and revered far and wide, by rich and poor, as "La Mère Camille."

She lies buried in the crypt of the old convent of "Les Carmes" which she saved, amid the stones bearing the names of those heroic priests massacred on the 2nd of September, and the perfume of her sunlit and benign spirit lingers in the tragic and beautiful garden, where she must so often have walked, meditating humbly on the mutability of all human things.



RELICS KEPT IN THE CHAPEL OF THE MASSACRE OF THE PRIESTS.



THE ARCADES, PLACE DES VOSGES.

CHAPTER III

PLACE DES VOSGES

We leave the bustle of traffic, the whirr of motors, all the busy, twentieth century life of the Rue St. Antoine, turn into the quiet Rue de Birague, pass beneath an ancient archway; and three centuries drop behind us as we step into the Place des Vosges. The sunshine falls in broad patches of light on the quadrangle of old brick houses; unchanging, they lie, asleep, and forgotten in the midst of change. A hundred paces away, the great city's deep voice roars unceasingly: yet here all is silent, with a pathetic silence of abandoned things that gives to the June day a strange feeling of suspense.

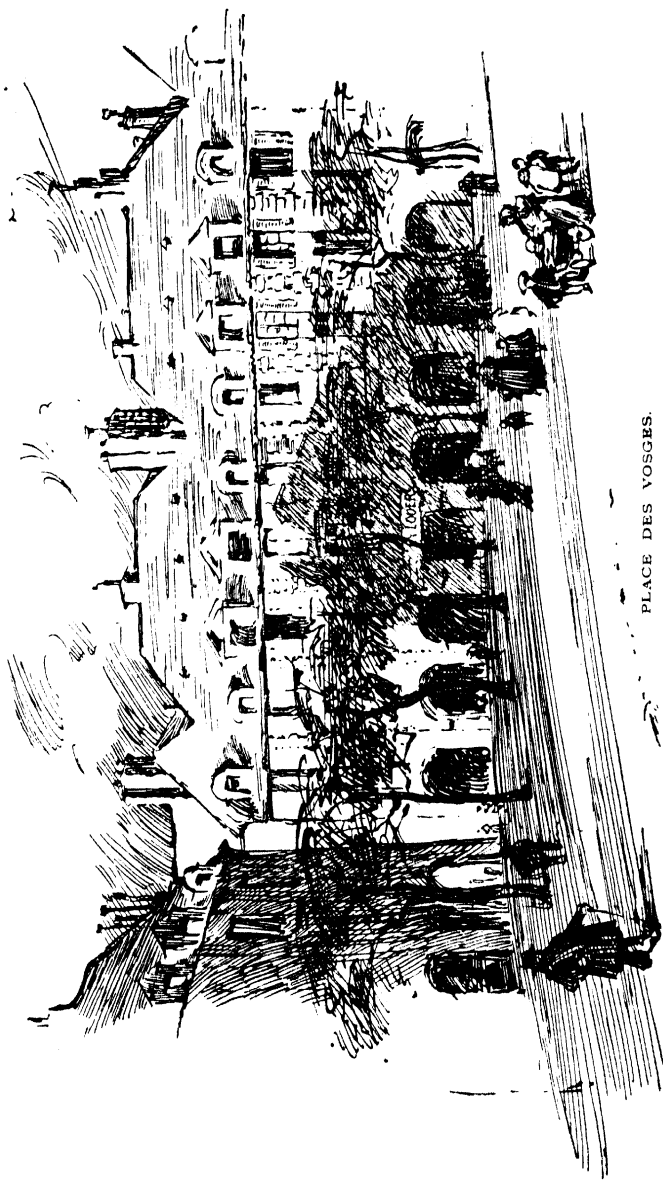
Moss grows upon the pavements over which court chariots once rumbled, and where courtiers came and went in brilliant silks and laces, there are now but a thousand twittering sparrows, dusting their shabby, brown coats in the sunshine. The red facade of the high houses has lost its lustre, the face sunken like that of a spent beauty, the features awry, the cheeks pallid under their faded rouge. There is something awe-inspiring and dreadful in old houses.

It was in 1635 that Pierre Corneille sang the charms of the celebrated Place Royale, yet its history dates far back in the annals of Paris. On this site Charles V. built the Château des Tournelles and planted a spacious park with gardens, in which he might come to seek relief from the restraint of court etiquette. During the English occupation of Paris, in the time of Charles VII., the Duke of Bedford, Regent for the King of England,

made his headquarters at the Château des Tournelles, stocking the gardens with aviaries of exotic birds, which it amused him to watch and feed. Louis XI. and François I. lodged there at different times, and on the first of June, 1559, all France was convoked to a gorgeous tourney, given by Henri II. in the park. The King himself was to break a lance, in honour of chivalry, with his captain of the Scots Guards, the doughty Montgomery. The Queen, the nobles, and ladies of the Court, sumptuously attired, were present, seated, tier above tier, in the splendidly-decorated pavilion. Henri, wearing the colours of his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, rode into the lists, mounted on a magnificent charger; the trumpets sounded, and, at that signal, the knights charged. Diane, now at the summit of her triumphant career, flushed with pride as she watched her lover anxiously. Suddenly she rose with a wild shriek, as she distinguished, in the cloud of dust that hid the combatants from view, one of the knights sway in his saddle, and fall heavily to earth. It was the King! The Scot's lance, piercing the royal helmet, had passed through the eye, and penetrated the brain. Amidst the wildest dismay and confusion, Henri was carried from the field, mortally wounded, to linger ten days, and die in fearful agony.

After the King's death, his widow, Catherine of Medicis, demolished the unlucky château, and persuaded her son to sell the park, which was soon after given over to the town to serve as a public horse mart. The abandoned grounds became the scene of more than one bloody duel, or treacherous assassination, and fell into evil repute.

It was here that occurred the duel of the "Mignons," in which Quelus, the King's favourite, received a mortal wound from Balzac d'Entragues, the seconds, Maugiron and young Shonberg, both being killed on the spot. The King's grief at the death of Quelus, upon whom he had showered riches and honours, knew no bounds, while the good people of Paris,



PLACE DES VOSGES.

rejoicing to be delivered from what they termed one of the Royal leeches, sang gaily and disrespectfully,

“To the devil with vengeance,
Gone the foul weed of Florence,
That would ruin our fair France.”

With the reign of Henry of Navarre came a change of dynasty, and a happier and fairer rule than that of the dark house of Valois. By order of the King, his architect, Claude de Châtillon, designed the plans for a future square, to be built on the site of the Park des Tournelles, which King Henry desired to make the centre of a luxurious modern quarter of the town, not only serving for residences occupied by the nobility, but also for industrial purposes, thus bringing all classes together. From the square which was to be called la Place Royale, avenues and streets were to diverge, each bearing the name of a province. The work was begun, the sovereign coming daily to watch the progress of a scheme in which he was deeply interested. Unfortunately, a thrust from Ravaillac's knife ended one of the wisest and most politic reigns France has ever known. After the King's death, the noble enterprise progressed but slowly, and it was years later that the brilliant new place was completed and officially inaugurated, with much pomp, by the young King, Louis XIII. As it was then, so we may look upon it to-day, and save for the few insignificant changes which time has wrought, it remains absolutely the same uniform graceful quadrangle of red brick houses, with stone facings and high mansarded roofs, from which it is not hard to evoke the life that once thronged the gardens, loitered before the gay shop windows, and strolled beneath the shady arcades. All the men and women of fashion of the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. have moved about the “Place,” as it was then familiarly called.

On such a Spring afternoon as this, it would have been thronged with a motley crowd: fine ladies, resplendent nobles, sturdy chair bearers, street criers with nasal voices, hawking

the latest libellous pamphlet, the last Court bulletin or rhyming satire; neat-footed soubrettes, tripping on milady's mysterious errands, sleek, red-heeled Abbés, fresh from Court, or grim Jesuit fathers, back from distant missions; Swiss guards, Scotch guards, and musketeers; all these and a thousand more have passed in the procession, and marched away, through time, to the land of shadows and memories. Here Richelieu schemed, Ninon de Lenclos loved, the Prince de Talmont, Mlle. du Châtelet, Rohan-Chabot and scores of others intrigued; here one of the most delightful and graceful of French writers, Marie de Rabutin Chantal, Marquise de Sevigné, was born, in the year 1626. We may imagine stout Bussy-Rabutin hurrying to give her the last bit of Court gossip, we can see her eyes full of sadness as she listens, though her arch lips smile, for she has been watching her handsome, fickle husband openly paying his court to Ninon, or, perhaps, to the beautiful Madame de Gondron, a rich bourgeoisie of the "Marais," for whose bright eyes he committed a hundred indiscretions, ending with a duel, which cost him his life. His young widow mourned him sincerely, even though they had been separated soon after their ill-assorted union, by the Marquis' follies, open neglect, and debauchery. "He esteems me without loving me, I love him without esteeming him," she answered to a friend who asked the cause of their estrangement. Love him, she certainly did, remaining faithful to his memory all her life. Even the great King's smiles left her whole-hearted. She deplored her virtue with quaint humility, and apologised for a "temperament which found all its expression in the love of her children." There is something infinitely charming, natural, and touching about this amiable and witty woman. Pure amidst rampant vice, although she passed her life at Court, and surrounded by courtiers, she made no enemies, and even the breath of scandal passed her by untouched.

Diagonally opposite to the Marquise de Sevigné's birth-place, lived the celebrated courtesan, Marion Delorme. If

grim Bussy had been minded to stop to pay her homage, he would have found her seated in a resplendent dressing gown, her feet plunged in a tub of boiling water, by which she hoped to reduce to aristocratic paleness a nose inclined to be red. With red nose or white, however, Mademoiselle Delorme had no lack of admirers. She accepted no presents of money or jewels, though her lovers had her gracious permission to shower on her laces, silks or velvets. She had a passion for clothes, and never wore the same dress twice; so that, at her death, she left enough finery to keep her impecunious family in funds for years. She was generous and munificent, and never forgave the Great Cardinal Richelieu for offering her sixty pistoles as a compensation for her favours. She fell ill finally, from an overdose of antimony, a dangerous drug she was in the habit of taking, and sent for the "curé" of St. Gervais hard by. To him she confessed herself ten times in three days, quite exhausting the good priest's patience by the frequency with which she begged him to return, to hear some overlooked detail of her past life of pleasure. At last, her confession ended, she died, and was pompously laid out on her bed with a virgin's crown of blossoms upon her brow, all the gentry and men of fashion escorting her, on foot, to her burial.

Here, on the pillars of the arcades at No. 21, were posted Richelieu's bills prohibiting the constant duels which were decimating the upper class. During the opening years of the seventeenth century, eight thousand letters of grace were delivered to noblemen who had killed their adversaries, not always in the most scrupulous way.

The Duc de Guise and young Coligny, quarrelling over the Duchesse de Longueville's bright eyes, challenged one another, met, and fought in the Place Royale, and on the day after the edict against duelling was issued, François de Montmorency, Comte de Boutteville, and the Comte de Beuvron, with their seconds, drove up in their coaches to La Place Royale, at three o'clock of the afternoon. The combatants threw off their



GATEWAY OF THE PLACE DES VOSGES

coats, saluted ceremoniously, and all six fell into position, almost under the Cardinal's very windows. Ten minutes after, three out of the six were lying mortally wounded. Montmorency and Beuvron remained unhurt, but were arrested, tried, and executed, by Richelieu's orders, a week later in the Place de Grève. Montmorency, though but twenty-four years old, had been principal in eighteen duels, in which he had had the singular address, says one of the chroniclers of the time, to kill but two men! The duel, as well as the execution, was witnessed by admiring crowds.

As we review the manners and customs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we are amazed at the publicity in which the lives of the people of "quality" were passed. At all moments their important, or unimportant, acts were witnessed by an audience. Even the King of France, from the minute his eyes opened to the light, was held up to a gaping public that crowded into the royal bedchamber, and, until the moment of his death, he never remained alone for a second. The courtiers, who imitated him, moulded their lives upon the etiquette of the Louvre or of Versailles, and had their "levers" or "couchers," with lesser sycophants and satellites surrounding them. Great ladies received their priests or admirers during the hours of their toilette, and were combed, patched and painted before a room full of gossiping visitors. What wonder if, in the negligé of the dressing-room, jests were free, allusions direct, and feminine reserve and delicacy abandoned. It was scarce worth while to blush under a layer of rouge, which was considered as necessary a compliment to dress as a bodice, and remained blooming on the cheeks of women of quality until long afterward, at the end of the eighteenth century, Rousseau brought nature into fashion.

The thundering cannon of the Bastille woke the echoes of the deserted old square, and sent its last aristocratic inhabitants flying, like a flock of frightened pigeons, across the sea, to escape Fouquier Tinville's terrible, inquisitionary lists. The

place was given over to the savage Sans-Culottes, who baptised it "Place de l'Indivisibilité," and came to have their cutlasses sharpened, or their fire-locks renewed, at an armourer's, who had remained sole survivor of the prosperous shopkeepers of former times.

Strange to say, the revolution left unmolested this Cradle of a Society it hated and pursued, with such implacable relentlessness. The "Place" became one of the eight recruiting offices of the capital, when, at the call to arms, young and old, weak or strong, came forward to offer their lives in defending France from the enemies who were pressing across her frontiers. Certainly few countries can boast of a nobler national movement than the magnificent "*appel à la Patrie*," spontaneously answered by the enthusiasm of a whole people, from which grew in a few short years the young Army of the Republic that, with Bounaparte at its head, was to restore the nation to more than her ancient prestige, and crown her adventurous sons with the laurels of a hundred victories.

The Restoration of 1815 gave back its ancient name to the Place Royale; but its glory had departed, never to return. The tenants of the elegant shops had long migrated; most of the houses were closed, or to let. A few artists, men of letters or bohemians, attracted by the cheapness and tranquility of "La Place des Vosges"—as it was soon called—came to live in the abandoned square. We may stand under the window from which Victor Hugo and Théophile Gauthier would lean, to call out a neighbourly good morning, or to begin an interminable discussion on art or literature, with only the robins as auditors.

To No. 9, in the house once inhabited by the Duke de Chaulnes, Mademoiselle Rachel's coffin was brought from Cannes, one bleak January morning in 1858; around it crowded statesmen, poets, actors, the hundreds who had applauded her in her triumphs and forgotten her in her declining health and fortunes. "This will be a good room to be buried from," she had said sadly, with a strange presentiment, looking round the vastly

proportioned salon, when, a few months before her death, she chose her new apartment. Yet, spacious as the salon was, it could scarce hold the crowds that flocked to look, for the last time, upon the pale, classic features of the wonderful Phèdre, the matchless tragédienne, who died at thirty-nine years of age, broken-hearted by the fickleness of a public who had once adored her, only to discard her for newer favourites, at the time when she most craved sympathy and help.

Each quarter of Paris, old or new, has its distinctive personality. The present inhabitants of the Place des Vosges are a queer, moth-eaten crew: small shopkeepers, who purvey the cheapest necessities of life; Jews, of whom there is a colony and a Ghetto close at hand, who pass you with side-long, suspicious glances as they shuffle by, unkempt, long-haired, and greasy little old ladies in dressing gowns, with their hair pinned in curlers, who seem to spend the week sitting gossiping in the sunshine by the fountain. One wonders whom the embryonic curls are meant to captivate, when Sunday comes.

One of these approaches us, and, with quite the grand air, says patronisingly, "This place is of historic interest: once there lived the Baronne de Sévigné." We wonder why she has degraded the Marquise in the scale of dignities, but are silent and she continues: "A lady, who wrote a great many letters very celebrated, *very* celebrated"; and the strange little person makes us a bow, with such an antiquated and patronising grace that, half mad though she be, we thank her humbly for the information, and watch her shuffle off in her slippers through the dusty gravel, full of the importance of her erudition. The Parisian public has a fixed, irradicable idea that the Anglo-Saxon stranger is an ignorant brute, to be treated with a certain contemptuous tolerance, as an objectionable though in reality, harmless individual.

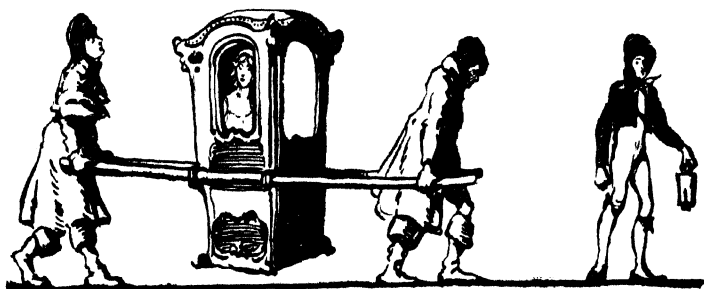
But the antiquated lady has interrupted our reveries, and has brought us back to consciousness of the present, and a sense of the passing hours. One side of the rosy square is caught

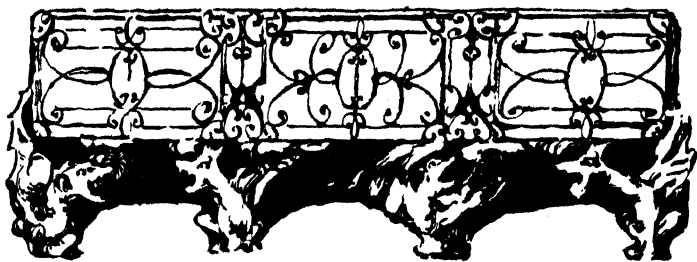
a long, creeping shadow, the scattered occupants of the garden are all gone, save a group of ragged children playing in one corner and a sad-faced priest, who passes with echoing footsteps, under the abandoned arcades. Louis XIII., immovable on his stone horse, rides stiffly on his motionless parade through the centuries, petrified like the place which bore his name, in the centre of moving life and arrogant change.

The time will come, and soon enough probably, when progress will take an implacable revenge upon the old houses that have so long defied it, standing, this mellow afternoon, placidly basking in the sunlight of another Spring. Inanimate, as well as animate, things have their span of life, and, Pyramids of Egypt, or house of shingle, must equally disappear from off the face of the earth. *Vanitas vanitatum!*

As we turn to go, courtiers, ladies, poets, and paupers, the great and the humble, fade from our sight, and dissolve into thin air.

The shadows are gathering; let us leave "la Place des Vosges" to its memories. Overhead, the fleecy clouds are already touched with the amber light of evening, and the June day has drawn gently to its close, while we lingered, lost in reverie.





XVII CENT. BALCONY IN THE RUE ST. ANTOINE.

CHAPTER IV

SAINT GERVAIS AND SCARRON'S MARRIAGE

The church of St. Gervais was constructed successively in 1212, 1420, and 1581, on the foundations of a church of the sixth century. Before its porch, from time immemorial, had stood a giant elm, which served as a tribunal, under which justice was rendered between contending parties. When the tree died from excessive age, its memory was perpetuated in the houses built along the Rue St. Antoine (now Rue François Miron) where, in every one of the old 18th century balconies, we may see an elm interlaced in the pattern of the iron rail.

St. Gervais was the church nearest the Place Royale, and, in consequence, the fashionable place of worship, when the Marais and the "Place" were the favourite residences of court and town. To St. Gervais the Marquise de Sévigné would trip for her confession, from her house close by, in the Rue Culture Ste. Catherine (now de Sévigné). It was from here also that Mademoiselle Marion Delorme was buried, and that Bossuet made one of his greatest funeral orations, over the tomb of the Chancellor Le Tellier. The church was almost destroyed during the Revolution, but the stout stone pillars of the 13th century blunted so many tools that the effort to saw them in two was given up, and the old church transformed into a Temple of Youth. Philippe de Champaigne, who decorated one of its chapels, lies



IMPASSE ST. GERVAIS

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buried in St. Gervais, as well as Crebillon, and the poet Scarron. The little chapel, painted by Philippe de Champaigne, is associated with Scarron's strange marriage.

Most students of French literature have read some one or other of the burlesque plays written by the farcical philosopher poet. Under all the tone of levity and jollity, there runs the current of deep melancholy, something pitiful and pathetic, that makes the writings possible to re-read now, and saves the flip-pant style from being classed as mere vulgar banality. Indeed, all poor Scarron's joy was put into his writings; his life was more of a tragedy than a comedy.

Paul Scarron came of a respectable Parisian family of magistrates. His youth was passed amid that solid bourgeoisie that did so much to build up industrial France. His mother died early, and the Councillor, his father, soon re-married. The young Paul lived at ease, however, under the paternal roof. He thought of entering the church, and had gone so far as to don the jaunty cape of one of those abbés of the 17th century, who never took regular orders, but considered themselves free to indulge in all the pleasures of the world, as well as to enjoy all the privileges of the Church. There were hosts of these dainty little abbés in the 17th and 18th centuries. Like flocks of twittering sparrows, they flew about among society, soliciting in Ducal ante-rooms, gossiping beside great ladies' toilette tables, love making, intriguing, and, above all, enjoying the crumbs that fell from the tables of the great. Such a one was our poet. But, suddenly, an unexpected blow shattered Scarron's career. His father, the Councillor, died. The widow proved herself to be a typical step-mother, for not only was Paul turned out of house and home, but he soon found himself engaged in a ruinous lawsuit to regain his heritage. His two sisters were dependent upon him. Scarron, who had constituted himself protector of these donzels in distress, found them as unsatisfactory as exacting. "What can I do with them?" he cried. "One loves men, and the other wine."

In addition to his worries, Scarron fell ill. He had the misfortune to consult one of the quacks who passed as sorcerers and were so popular with the public. This one seems to have been particularly ignorant, for he gave Scarron a medicine that was to make him an invalid for life. His legs began to shrivel, his backbone to curve. The poor devil found himself unable to move, pinned to his sofa in dreadful pain, doomed to a death in life, and yet without the material means of existence. It was from this combination of unfortunate circumstances that the Scarron we know was born. His ready wit suggested the only possible way of gaining a livelihood. Whatever the incapacity of his limbs, his pen at least was an agile one. To the poor cripple, to rhyme was as easy as—in fact easier than—to breathe. He poured forth satires, burlesques, plays. Even his letters of petition—of which there are not a few—are in verse. In the Marais, near the Place des Vosges which he loved with the passion that, in other circumstances, he might have given to a mistress, Scarron found a lodging suited to his narrow means. He gives us his own portrait:

“ Un pauvre
Très maigret
Au col tors
Dont le corps
Tout tordu
Tout bossu
Suranné
Décharné
Fut réduit
Jour et nuit
A souffrir
Sans guérir
Des tourments
Véhéments.”

Thus we find Scarron beginning his career of jester. He laughed at everything, even at his own sad state. For does not

joy console? But, indeed, poor Scarron's joy had a bitter ring. During all the twenty-two years that were to follow, he set to work systematically to amuse his public. He reminds one of that picture of the clown standing in the motley clothes of the ring, beside his dying child, with tears running down the painted, grinning face. To be tied to an invalid's chair, to be tortured with racking pains, to see the limbs, once strong and well, wither into the helpless, sawdust legs of a broken doll, and yet to have the courage to set the world a-laughing, and to laugh with it—surely this is a valiant nature and a stout heart! It was a tender heart, too, whose sufferings had made it keenly alive to those of others. Thanks to his inexhaustible pen, the poet eked out a living for himself and his two harpy sisters. His friends had obtained for him a small pension, on the strange ground and title of "Queen's invalid." His love of irony, however, cost him his place, for he was unable to restrain turning Mazarin into ridicule, and the Queen was as sensitive for her lover as the Cardinal was himself vindictive to those who dared to laugh at him. So that little resource was soon withdrawn, with the title and pension attached to it, leaving the poet as impecunious as before. It was with many a lamentation that Scarron found himself forced to seek a cheaper quarter than the Marais. Every time he went out of la Place Royale he would bid his beloved square a respectful and tender farewell; and to move across the river was a heartache. But needs must, and, in the Rue des Saints Pères, he found cheaper lodgings.

In the same house as the poet there lived a certain old Baroness de Neuillant who had constituted herself guardian and protectress of a young girl of noble family, penniless, and an orphan. Françoise d'Aubigny was a mere child of fifteen, but her experience in misfortune had rendered her thoughtful beyond years. The future Marquise de Maintenon had been born in the prison of Niort, where the blood of her Huguenot brothers had baptised her in adversity. Her parents fled to America to escape the religious persecution that their Protestant creed had

brought upon them. The little Françoise, then a baby in arms, was rendered so ill by the privations and cold of a stormy voyage in a rough sailing ship, that all life apparently left the frail body. At the moment when the lifeless baby was about to be consigned to the sea, the Baron d'Aubigny thought he saw signs of animation in the tiny face, and, after the last prayers for the dead had been repeated over their daughter, her delighted parents were able to see the little Françoise struggle back to life.

Her existence, from the cradle, was destined to be a sequence of romantic and astonishing events. After a series of adventures and misfortunes, the child found herself, at the end of her fourteenth year, an orphan, and dependent on the bounty of Madame de Neuillant, who, actuated by a charitable caprice, had adopted her and gave her luke-warm affection and protection. Scarron, whose restless imagination had always been fired with the idea of the adventurous life of the Colonies in the New World, begged his acquaintance to bring the little stranger to pay him a visit. According to his desire, the old Baroness brought her protégée one day to see the invalid. He could not rise, and the young girl walked timidly to his chair, hardly daring to advance within the lighted circle of Scarron's lamp. The poet had to ask his pretty visitor to stoop where he might see her face, and greeted her so kindly that she was soon encouraged to speak of her experiences, made confident by the sympathy of the gentle, suffering eyes that met hers as she looked up at her strange host's pain-worn face. When they parted, it was with a promise that Mademoiselle d'Aubigny would return soon. Scarron had been charmed by her grace and intelligence, while the girl, on her side, was won by the poet's kindly nature, which had at once put her at ease, and made her feel that she had gained a friend.

Many a day would find her beside the invalid's chair; he delighted in her stories of the solitudes and privations of the wild new world, and the weary blasé man of civilisation

found an unending pleasure in listening to the frank, simple prattle of the unsophisticated girl of fifteen. So the two became great friends. When Françoise recounted the history of her birth and the vicissitudes of her precarious childhood, tears choked her utterance. The tender heart of Scarron was moved at the tale of misfortune, and he took the girl's hand in his own. "Surely Mademoiselle," he cried, "to have come back from such perils means that fate reserves you for a great destiny." From the past the strangely-assorted pair of friends would turn to the future. It offered but cheerless prospects to Mademoiselle d'Aubigny. Her protectress made the poor child pay dearly enough, in humiliations, for the scanty bounty she received. Scarron listened with a sympathetic ear to all these doleful confidences. He, whose sole remaining pleasures in life were a good fire and a good dinner, groaned over the hardships Françoise was made to endure by the miserly Baroness.

He determined to put an end to the girl's privations and trials, and announced to her one day that he would put away a sum of a thousand ducats, amounting to a third of his fortune, to serve as a dower for Mademoiselle d'Aubigny. The girl listened, overcome with gratitude, but when Scarron remarked that it was a "dot" for her entry into a convent, he thought that he saw a rapid expression of consternation pass across the pretty face. Evidently the idea was repugnant to one just entering into the promise of womanhood. Scarron passed in review all the young men he knew; not one of them would have married the penniless girl. There was no one but himself he could count on, and he was old and infirm. So much the better: he could be a father and protector to the waif. And when Mademoiselle d'Aubigny arrived later for her daily visit he broached the subject. "Mademoiselle," he began, "I can no longer give you a dower." He saw the girl's face fall and her eyes fill with tears. "But stop," he said quickly, "I can no longer allow you a dower, for I am going to marry you myself." The proposition was as unexpected as the suitor was strange,

and Françoise demanded a night's reflection. The next day, however, she came to see her friend, and put her hand in that of the crippled poet. Before many days Scarron, then forty-one, and Françoise d'Aubigny, but sixteen, were married in the little side chapel of Saint Gervais, decorated by Philippe de Champaigne.

The queer bridegroom and his child-wife moved to a house in the Rue de la Tixeranderie, where they took a modest apartment on the second story. Here Scarron's friends, great and small, would come to find him, each one bringing his own dinner to swell the scanty menu. "All these great nobles come to see me," writes Scarron, "as they would go to look at the elephant, because they have nothing to do for the moment." Françoise rarely appeared at these feasts, where the tone, which was somewhat free, and the jokes, which were not a little crude, frightened the shy girl. But gradually her influence refined Scarron's liberty of language. And high or low, great or small, treated the dignified young wife with the greatest respect. Sometimes, when the feast was particularly meagre, Madame Scarron would come to table to cover with her wit and charm, the deficiencies of the bill of fare. Scarron's broad hospitality welcomed all those who came to him, from the Cardinal de Retz, to a neighbouring mason, whose good sense and astrological knowledge pleased the writer. One day, the astrologer mason drew Madame Scarron's horoscope, assuring her that he saw her a future Queen. "A Queen if you like," laughed Scarron, "provided the King has crutches as a sceptre, and an invalid's chair as a throne." But, perhaps, the poet's superstitious mind was more impressed than he acknowledged, for, in his will, he bequeathed to his widow full permission to re-marry. True, he could hardly have done otherwise, for he was but a protector and a father to the woman whom he had generously married, to save her from a worse fate.

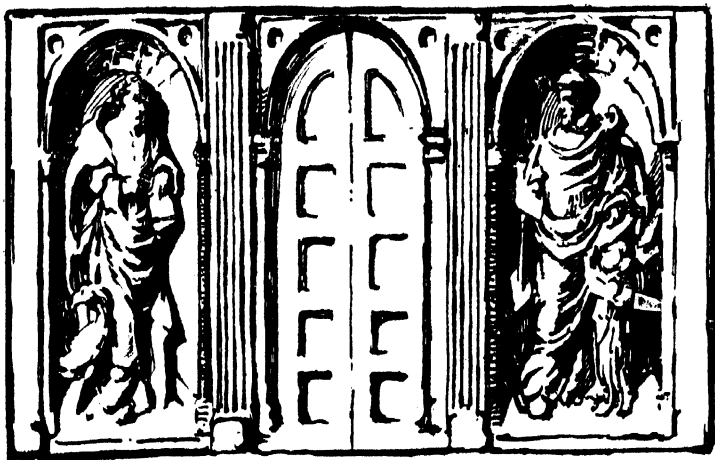
Scarron lived six years after his marriage, his suffering growing more and more insupportable. Sleep refused to visit

his uneasy pillow, and death was never more earnestly longed for than by the unfortunate man. Finally, during the early autumn of 1666, the restless spirit was at last freed from the imprisonment of its helpless, pain-racked body. On the day of his funeral the creditors seized Scarron's belongings. His young widow found herself left alone again, and almost penniless. To Madame de Maintenon's credit, be it said, that she mourned her husband with real sincerity, and always, even in her after-life of grandeur, treated Scarron's memory with veneration. All the world knows the extraordinary career of Françoise d'Aubigny; how after a few years of privation, she became the governess of the Marquise de Montespan's children; how her intimacy with Louis XIV., beginning by a violent dislike on the King's part, ended in his absolute subjugation; how, first entrusted with the Royal bastards, she gradually gained ascendancy on the King's mind, until, lawfully, though privately, married to Louis XIV., she, the daughter of the exiled Huguenot, the widow of poor Scarron, became Queen of France, in all but the title. But it is not the Marquise de Maintenon's surprising career that we would recall here. She is displeasing enough later, in her great days, when she reduced the King of France to a narrow bigot, and turned the Court of Versailles into a hive of scheming priests. We would evoke her as she stood before the little altar of the chapel of St. Gervais, her hand clasped in the distorted fingers of the strange, crippled bridegroom, whose disinterested solicitude led him to offer to the abandoned orphan the only thing poor Scarron possessed—his name.

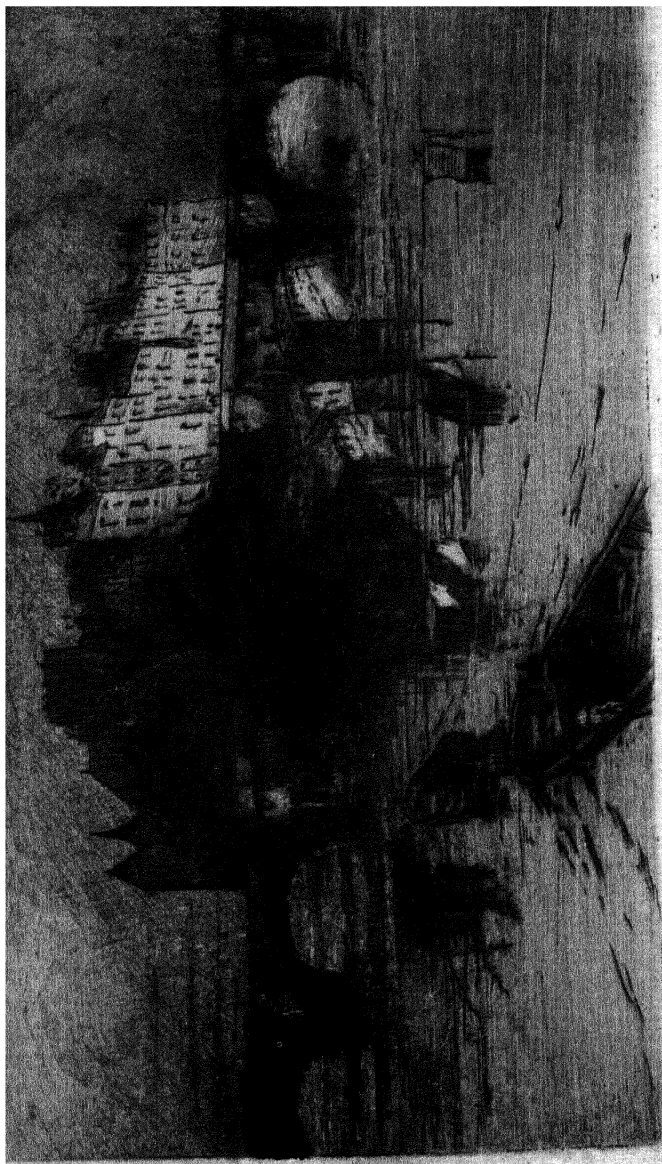
And, as we turn the pages of one of his out-of-date volumes of verse, we read, with more indulgence, the laboured wit, and forgive the libertine jest, or the scandalous sally, as we see, lying bleeding, far beneath that frothy surface, the tender, gallant heart of a true gentleman. Scarron's twisted, long-suffering bones are buried at St. Gervais; and there is no epitaph so fitting for the buffoon poet as those charming verses

of his own, through which wails all the pathos of Scarron's gaiety:

“Celuy, qui cy maintenant dort,
Fist plus de pitié que d'envie
Et souffrit, mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.
Passants, ne faites aucun bruit,
Et gardez bien qu'il ne s'éveille;
Car voicy la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.”

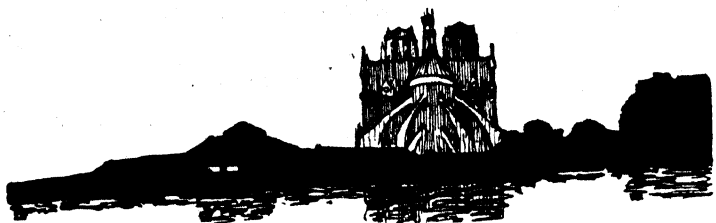


ST. GERVAIS. XVI. CENTURY CARVING.



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NOTRE DAME AND THE MORGUE.

CHAPTER V

THE SEINE AND ITS ISLAND "LA CITE "

Rivers have a dual personality, and, to those who look below the surface, an ever-varying interest and a mysterious charm.

Of all rivers, the Seine is essentially one of moods and moments. It flows a stream of arterial blood, through the very heart of Paris, and, all around it, restlessly, ceaselessly, pulsates the life of the great city. Broad, painted barges drift in unending processions down the breezy current, and rapid "bateaux mouches" dart nervously across the green waters, whose sunlit serenity expresses an exuberant vitality.

But, as the twilight deepens, a change creeps subtly over the face of the waters, and with night the soul of the river awakens. Then the current seems to gather power, and to move more rapidly; then the tall, narrow houses draw closer together, and cast murky shadows into the depths beneath; under the dark spans of the old bridges, glassy pools evoke gruesome thoughts of drowned women, while the lights of gliding boats fall, like wriggling fiery serpents, to die in the purple tide. It is then that the restless spirits of the unsatisfied river beckon with sinister meaning; and, like a sombre, glittering snake, the lapping current unwinds its oily length in treacherous silence.

It becomes a hungry river, eager for victims! A darksome river, concealing terrible secrets! A tragic pitiless river. Indeed, it has ever been an only too willing accomplice to crime. A mocking river! It has good cause to laugh at poor humanity's

transient dreams, for it has seen dynasties born but to die, the conquered succeed the conquering in a current of events as rapid and unceasing as that of its own changing waters. For is it not the destiny of man, like that of the river, to flow onward for ever, without pause or rest, through time incalculable, to unknown ends?

For centuries men have fought incessantly along these banks, for the Seine has reflected the life of Paris, since Paris was composed of the one small island, known as "la Cité," upon which Notre Dame stands, lifting airy towers into the sunlit air, or looming mysterious against a midnight sky. How many moons have laid their silver fingers on the darkling fretwork of stone? How many feet have worn the antique steps?

Revolutionary hurricanes have arisen, tearing its statues from off their niches, threatening with destruction even the beautiful and stupendous framework; but, as though guarded by an unseen Providence, it has survived change upon change, and will remain, probably, even after the creed it symbolises has passed into legend. As it was six hundred centuries ago, so it is to-day, the heart of the City's heart, the jewel in the lctus.

We pass silently, with reverent steps, before this giant of inspiration. Our road leads us to humbler walls, which lie forgotten, awaiting their fate, in silence and neglect.

In the heraldic arms of the City of Paris appears, amid fleurs de lys, a bark, which was meant to symbolise the Island of "la Cité," shaped like a boat, its prow pointing towards the setting sun, moored by its bridges to the banks on either side. It was here that the Romans built their first bridge, their temples and palaces, fragments of which remain as an obstacle to the tunnelling and tubing of modern life. The Gallo-Roman port was on the north-east side of the island.

The present Palais de Justice stands upon the site of the antique palace of the first Merovingien Kings of France, of which, however, nothing is left but the mere foundations. It



GATE OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

was there that justice was rendered, that Parliaments were held; later on it became the theatre in which the sittings of the terrible Revolutionary Tribunal took place. Unfortunately, the old and picturesque buildings have been entirely engulfed in hideous, modern structures. Of the antique palace there remains only the Tour de l'Horloge and the two towers left upon the river, which formed the portcullis entrance of the bridge built by "Charles le Chauve." Fouquier Tinville and his family lodged in "La Tour Cesar."

Even the Sainte Chapelle, that marvel of architectural beauty, built in 1248 by Pierre de Montereau, has been closed from sight and buried away behind the dull, blank walls of the modern buildings.

St. Bernard preached in a chapel on the Island, and, during the Reign of Terror, a colony of priests lived there, disguised as masons, carters, water-carriers, or municipal guards, holding mass, sometimes in a garret, sometimes in a cellar, by the flickering flame of a tallow dip; the congregation of the faithful meeting in secret or at the dead of night. Under various disguises, and at the imminent peril of their lives, these devoted priests penetrated even to the revolutionary prisons, bearing, concealed under their clothes, the Holy Sacrament to those in need of their ministry.

Behind Notre Dame, at the extremity of the Island, stands a low, Doric building of unpretending aspect. Yet the cathedral itself is hardly better known than its humble neighbour, the Morgue. Day and night, the doors of that celebrated mortuary chapel stand open to the curious, to the seekers after sensation, or to those irresistibly attracted by the atmosphere of crime. All day long streams of visitors pass along the narrow passage, where, behind a glass partition, the stiff and contorted dead hold their ghastly reception. They lie in a row, inclined on couches, frozen in the postures in which death has surprised them. The agony, the suffering, the despair of their lives remains graven upon the poor rigid features, as though

their terrible emotions had not been stilled, but merely petrified in a moment, for all eternity; even the peace of death denied to them. And the thoughtless, indifferent crowd, some with a passing sigh, some with an idle jest, step into the sunshine again, and forget.

It was on the 31st of May, 1578, that Henry III. de Valois, accompanied by the Queen Mother Catherine de Medicis, his wife Louise de Vaudémont, and a galaxy of perfumed, curled, and be-jewelled favourites, drove in state from the Louvre to lay the corner-stone of what Parisians still know as the Pont Neuf. The narrow, wicked face of the King wore an expression of sullen gloom, for his cherished favourite, the Count de Quélus, had died that very morning, from the wounds he had received in the celebrated duel of the "Mignons." The townspeople, noticing the sombreness of the Royal countenance, dubbed the structure, due to the plans of Germain Pilon and Androuet du Cerceau, "The Bridge of Tears," and, for some time, this name clung to it: but after the Pont Neuf was inaugurated by the jovial King Henry of Navarre, it became one of the gayest and most popular resorts of the city, along which plodded an unceasing procession of soldiers, hawkers, monks, or ambulating merchants, so that it grew to be an adage "that one could never cross the bridge without meeting a white horse, a monk, and two wantons."

It was the official route of the royal processions, and Henry IV., who long after his death remained popular with the Parisians, was there perpetuated in a bronze effigy which stands to-day, as it did in 1789, when the people arrested the coaches of the gentry as they passed, and forced the occupants to alight and bow to the democratic King. During the Revolution of '93, the statue, like that of all the kings, was pulled down, to be re-erected by Louis XVIII. at the Restoration.

As we stand and look upon the shining river here in the heart of Paris, the scene is full of life and activity; and, as it sparkles in the sunlight, we can hardly realise that the bril-

liant, pleasure-loving city hides beneath its enchanting aspect not only the memories of a thousand tragedies, but the possibility of a thousand more—for the heart of Paris is ever restless and full of wild caprices.

It was near by, almost under the shadow of Notre Dame, that the great "Coach d'Eau," a huge, cumbersome barge, laden with passengers and parcels, arrived after its slow voyage by canal or river from Dijon. Here, one Spring morning of the year 1779, a pale, delicate youth, shabbily dressed, stepped from the public conveyance, looking up with wondering eyes at the mass of the Cathedral towering above him. Did the Emperor Napoleon, as he entered the sanctuary of the Kings, to be consecrated with the crown of Charlemagne, recall that lonely lad's arrival in the great city? when twenty-five years before, unfriended and a stranger, he alighted in Paris on his road to the Military Academy of Brienne, taking his first step in a career of triumph that was to lead him to the throne of France.

Near Notre Dame and the Pont Neuf, in the altered and modernised courtyards of the Palace of Justice, to the right of the great stairway, stands an iron railing and gateway of unpretending aspect which leads to the "Buvette" or Bar of the Palace. Uninteresting as it appears, it is hardly to be wondered at, that of the hundreds who pass it daily, few stop to inquire into its past history. And yet, could the rusty, iron hinges speak, what a tale would they not tell us, for this same insignificant barrier is one of the sole surviving relics of the terrible year of '93, one that played no mean part in the Reign of Terror.

From the very gateway we gaze at, the endless procession of the condemned to death passed to mount the fatal carts which stood waiting to convey them to the guillotine. From within this barrier came forth the young and beautiful, the old and honoured, the vile and odious, the guiltless and the guilty. Dame Guillotine's sharp tooth knew no distinction, and with keen appetite devoured all alike.

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As we stand here amid the peaceful bustle of a fair morning, the present fades away from before us. It is four o'clock on the afternoon of a hot August day during the Summer of '93. The gate swings open, and, with set faces, the line of prisoners slowly files into the courtyard, where, under the scorching rays of the sun, Samson, pencil in hand, docks off name after name on his interminable lists, as men and women, old and young, mount into the waiting carts. Above, at an open window, Fouquier Tinville, a grin on his diabolical face, watches with satisfaction the numbers of his victims, as he stands picking his teeth after his copious mid-day dinner. There is no cloud in the steely sky; no change, day after day, in the scorching monotony of the torrid weather, no change in the ruthless sea of upturned faces, gathered to jeer at those led forth to die—no pity, no tenderness anywhere. And the earth, a ball of fire, seems to roll purposeless through eternity on some dreadful errand. Will no cloud ever again bring relief? Will no shade but that of the hard bars of the old gateway fall upon the condemned faces, upturned to look for the last time upon the sky. The widowed Queen's black robe and silvered hair must pass beneath that fatal shadow. It falls on Charlotte Corday's earnest eyes, on Madame Roland's inspired brow, on the thoughtful face of the sweet poet, André Chénier, on the broken-hearted Camille Desmoulins, and his beloved Lucie. The disdainful members of the ancient aristocracy, the Utopian Girondins, the instigators of the Revolution, the leaders of the Terror, all must pass beneath it and, still unsatisfied, the yelling crowd cries for more victims, and more are found.

Pick your yellow tusks, insatiable wolf of a Fouquier! Smile to-day, for to-morrow will blanch your sallow cheeks with a dastardly fear. The shadow of the iron bar will fall upon your soul, in its turn, marking the place where the blade of the guillotine severs your foul, scheming brain from the miserable body that has carried it all these years to such dire purpose.

How is it possible to stand before this grim relic without emotion? It is well that all about it has changed; it is well that the 'dumb spectators of that time of agony and crime should have been obliterated. It is not good to linger on the dark chapters of human history, and these are of the darkest; for the iron gate of the Palace of Justice is symbolic of an epoch in which the cruel waters of destruction were flooding the land, to which, as yet, no dove brought the olive branch of promise.

Let us turn to the back of the Palais de Justice, where we may find the charming old Place Dauphine, the scene of the first exhibition of paintings ever held in Paris. The artists hung their works on sheets, stretched across the fronts of the shops that lined one corner of the Square. If the morning was rainy the exhibition, which lasted but a day, was postponed to the following week. Here, in 1728, Chardin, then 29 years of age, exhibited the two studies in still-life known as "Le Raie" and "Le Buffet," which are now among the masterpieces of the Louvre. Among the artists who hung their pictures in this open salon, we find the names of Oudry, Restout, Boucher and Nattier. How far more delightful such an exhibition must have been, than the crowded galleries of our own 'day, from which we stagger forth half suffocated by the dust and heat!

Along the quais, we still find the remnants of the numerous silversmiths' shops, from which the Quai 'des Orfèvres was named, and near by, on the Quai des Celestins, before the Revolution, was the original Café Anglais, the only place in Paris at which English tourists of the 17th and 18th centuries were sure of finding home news, the latest pamphlets and papers, besides English beef and mutton chops. Here in the Christmas season John Bull might come to indulge in the national plum-pudding of sacred tradition, which, let us hope, was more carefully prepared than the mince-pies of a neighbouring cook-shop.

The story, though long since forgotten, created no small stir and no little emotion in the breasts of the Parisians of the

16th century. The scene of this gruesome comedy-drama was a house on the Quai, now called "des Orfèvres," from which, looking over towards the towers of Notre Dame, a barber's sign swung in the breeze. The proprietor, an adept in the art of shaving and bleeding (one of a barber's functions in those days), had considerable custom, and, owing to his favoured situation at the corner of the Pont Neuf, received both townspeople and traders passing in or out of the City gates. As time went on, however, an evil rumour mysteriously spread, and it was whispered that some of the numerous clients who entered the shop never reappeared again, while more than one traveller who had stopped to be shaved on his way through town was not observed to pass the gates. The evil reports of this strange "Figaro," however, did not affect his next door neighbour, and the pastry shop of the Pont Neuf was known far and wide, and largely patronised for the excellence and delicacy of its patés, which the epicureans of the quarter pronounced to be unrivalled. One day, as a client of the barber's sat being shaved, the street was aroused by the furious barking of a large hound, who, leaping into the barber's shop, upsetting the client in his chair, rushed, nose to ground, into a corner of the room, where he began a scratching and whining, that not all the infuriated barber's kicks could prevent. The neighbours, meanwhile, had gathered, full of curiosity. In their attempts to draw the dog away a mat was displaced, and the hinges and rings of a trap were disclosed to view. When it was opened the faithful hound was the first to jump down, and the crowd, following him, discovered the dog fondly licking and whining over the mutilated remains of the master, for whom he had been searching.

An investigation was made; the cellar was found to be full of the remnants of human bones, while—horror upon horror!—a subterranean passage was discovered, leading directly to the cold larder of the popular pastry-shop. Put to the torture, the luckless barber acknowledged himself guilty of a series of

crimes and declared his culinary neighbour to be his accomplice in a partnership that transformed unshaven gentlemen into succulent pork-pies. You may imagine into what a fit of indignation and indigestion the population, and especially the patrons of the "pâtisserie," were thrown by this gruesome discovery.

It is on the "Quai des Fleurs" that one of the charming open-air flower markets is still held. May it long remain to perfume with the sweet, damp odour of its boxes of carnations, heliotrope or mignonette, the gloomy shadows of the Préfecture de Police, beneath which it nestles.

Unfortunately the "Cité" has been so renovated that few traces of its past survive. The narrow streets that surrounded Notre Dame have been cleared away, and the old houses have disappeared to give place to new ones, hopelessly lacking in character, beauty, or historic interest. The street in which Abélard lived, the taverns which François Villon frequented, are but dim memories of a shadowy past. Law and justice have taken possession of "la Cité," and have erected their squares uncompromising modern strongholds, ordered, swept and severe, over the site of the rambling, irregular quarters that once surrounded Notre Dame, and the romantic district that Victor Hugo has immortalised.

Old walls are secretive in more ways than one. How often we may pass them before they deign to reveal the soul that lies hidden in all animate or inanimate things!

Years ago my almost daily walk led me by a house whose immutable aspect seemed to repel the observer and to deny all confidences. The windows were never opened to the sunshine, and at night were closed and barred by heavy shutters. Late one evening, as I strolled homewards, I happened to glance idly up at the familiar though forbidding frontage. To my surprise, from the square, dark face of the antique building, there looked down upon me, two windows, like eyes of light, suddenly opened. My interest aroused, I stopped, vaguely

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surmising who might be the inhabitants of the old house. Had it a past and a present? It had always seemed to me strangely dead and inanimate. As I gazed upwards a woman's figure, tall and graceful, came slowly into the light. She stood for a moment looking out into the night and at the river beyond, then, with a wild gesture of abandonment, she dropped her head upon her hands and I could see her body shaken by a storm of weeping.

For some minutes I remained an unseen spectator of the silent drama that was being enacted in a fellow being's breast, then a feeling of shame came over me at watching such a moment of defeat. I had surprised the old house in a mood of weakness, the pulse that beat within it had come beneath my touch. I felt I had no right to linger and walked resolutely away, yet not without a backward glance. Against the sky the gabled roof stood out with strange distinctness, and, outlined by a square of light, the graceful figure was still bowed in silent agony.

The next day I looked up with a new and keener interest at what I felt had now become an old friend, for the sullen walls had revealed to me that they had a soul, a beating, breaking heart, in which warm human passions throbbed. Some time after, as I passed, I noticed a patch of white marble shining on the faded frontage. I approached it with some curiosity and read a notice, just put up, to the effect that Madame Roland had inhabited the house during her girlhood.

So the old building along the quay took on an added interest, even though its surly face never again showed the faintest sign of consciousness, but relapsed into its whilom immutability.

Was it the ghost of Manon Philipon I had seen that night? I grew almost to believe so, for, often as I passed, it never reappeared. Here Madame Roland spent all those aspiring years of a passionate girlhood, when the eager student applied herself with such ardent enthusiasm to the acquisition of knowledge. Years passed happily, the hours divided between her

studies, and rural excursions, with her kind parents, to the woods of Marly or Meudon, or to the forest of St. Germain. In the evening, as the sunset glowed upon the river, she would bring her book to the window, and the passers by might see the fair head, with its abundant curls, bent studiously over the heavy in-folio of a Greek philosopher, or over some grave dissertation upon law or ethics.

"A child of the Seine," she says, "it was upon its banks that my girlhood was spent. My parents' house stood upon the Pont Neuf, whose ever moving pictures varied with each passing hour. How many times have I not laid aside my work to gaze with deep emotion across the flowing river, towards the distant horizon of fair woods, over which fleecy clouds were afloat; how many times, as the evening shadows deepened upon the scene, I have felt tears gather in my eyes at the beauty of all that surrounded me, my heart bursting with a strange anticipation of emotion in the unknown future that awaited me!"

The future to which Manon Philipon looked forward so eagerly was a tragedy the thoughtful schoolgirl could little foresee!

United, by her parents' desire, to a grave and elderly man "whom she respected, but could not love," the first years of her married life passed quietly enough in maternal cares, and the pursuit of that knowledge, which was to make her, later on, the fitting leader and companion of the first minds of her day. But clouds were gathering over the peaceful sky, and the storm of the Revolution lowered on the horizon. Called to active participation in the stirring events of the times, Roland learned to lean more and more upon his young wife, whose restless and active intelligence was better in keeping with the race of hurrying events than the staid spirit of the placid Girondin.

She was a strange mixture, this Manon Roland; brave, disinterested, pure, an affectionate mother, a faithful wife; yet there seemed lacking in her character, notwithstanding all its

splendid qualities, the feminine element of charm that would have made her quite lovable. Perhaps it was that, until the last year or two before she died, she had known no other passion but that of patriotism; and woman needs, to develop her, a more responsive love than that of country. Certainly, from the time her intimacy with Buzot began, we may notice a change, a softening in her whole nature; for, notwithstanding the reserve of her attitude towards her friend, there undoubtedly existed a delicate and passionate sympathy between these two natures, so well made to comprehend each other. The rest must remain a mystery, for both Madame Roland and Buzot carefully destroyed their mutual correspondence at the time of their imprisonment, and it is only in the tone of a letter which escaped destruction, and was discovered accidentally afterwards, that we are led to conjecture the depth of the sentiment existing between the two ardent and exalted spirits.

Imprisoned, tried by the inexorable injustice of the Revolutionary Tribunal, Madame Roland was condemned to death. With admirable fortitude she heard her name called, and stepped from among the waiting prisoners to meet her fate. On that last day, with a touch of feminine feeling we do not often find in this revolutionary heroine, she had dressed herself with care and elegance. A white muslin frock, trimmed with old lace and tied with a broad, black velvet sash, set off to advantage a figure slightly inclined to plumpness. From under a large hat her hair, which had always been of remarkable beauty and luxuriance, fell upon her shoulders. Her face was animated and full of colour; no trace of tears remained in her fine eyes or marred the brilliance of her smile, as she bade adieu to her companions in misfortune, cheering each with kindly, parting words. Even the grim guardian, as he unlocked the door of the women's prison hall, kissed her hand with emotion.

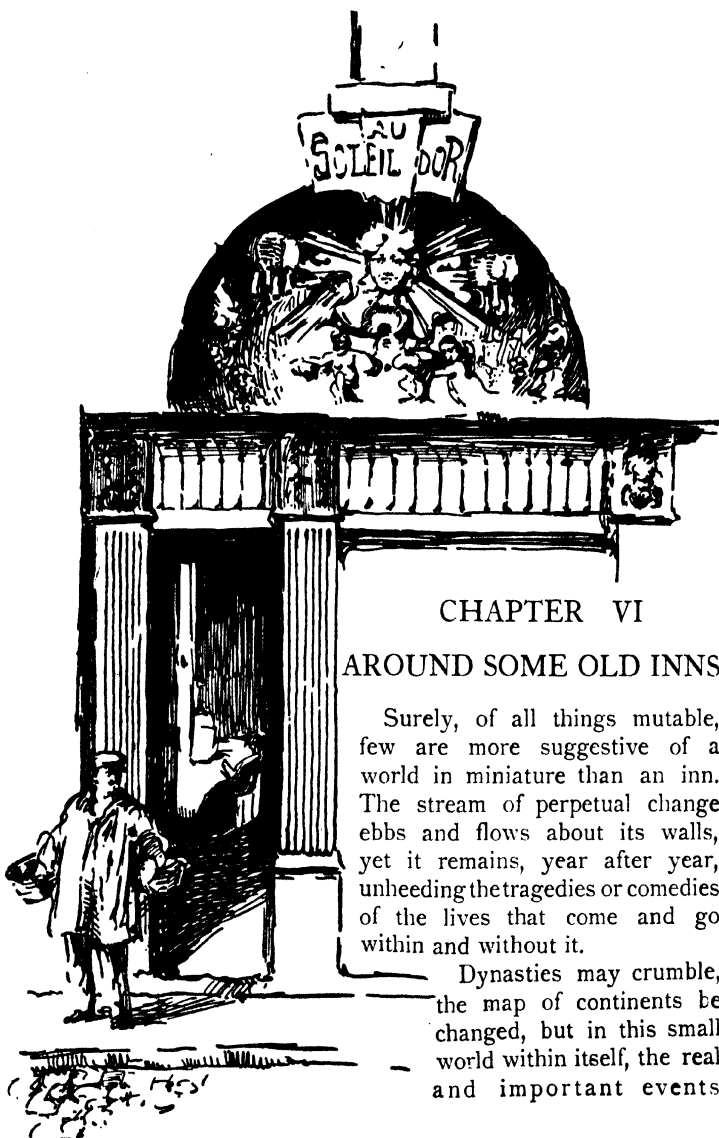
She ascended the cart which was to take her to the guillotine in company with Lamarque. The man was trembling and terror-struck; the woman calm, indifferent, even gay.

By a strange fatality, the tumbril passed beneath the windows of the old house on the quay where Manon had spent the happy years of early life. As they neared the Pont Neuf, and the familiar home of her girlhood came into view, Madame Roland grew silent and absorbed.

What memories, what thoughts were hers? None may know! As she passed under the windows, from which she had leaned so often to gaze at the swift river, wondering, dreaming of the future in which she, a modest little bourgeoisie, aspired to play a great role in the regeneration of France, she looked up long and thoughtfully. Did she sadly realise then, the vanity of all her youthful ambitions, of all her Utopian dreams of liberty; did she recognise that, like drift upon the current of the flowing river, the wisest, bravest and strongest are carried onward and downward by the mysterious tide of Fate?



GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME



CHAPTER VI

AROUND SOME OLD INNS

Surely, of all things mutable, few are more suggestive of a world in miniature than an inn. The stream of perpetual change ebbs and flows about its walls, yet it remains, year after year, unheeding the tragedies or comedies of the lives that come and go within and without it.

Dynasties may crumble, the map of continents be changed, but in this small world within itself, the real and important events

are the rooms that are to be prepared, the boots that must be blackened, the sheets that must be aired, the meals that have to be got ready at regular hours. What matter if new faces appear, and old forms, long familiar, disappear? The inn will give alike, to one and all, its same stiff, self-conscious smile of welcome. If the tenant of No. 16 died yesterday, to-day No. 16 will receive another comer. The flurry and worry of the outside universe can never affect a place with so absorbing an interior life of its own. It is true that an inn has its years of prime, of decadence, and of decay, but they follow more gradually and imperceptibly than ours, and its existence survives that of hundreds of its frailer human patrons. It sees the blushing bride mellowed into the portly matron, and the reckless buck of earlier years transformed into the gouty old gentleman of to-day, who orders gruel instead of port, and scolds if his broth is late.

Forms and features pass, backward and forward, even as shadows on a wall, to merge into the night of forgetfulness, and yet the old inn lingers on until we have ceased almost to believe that its day must come at last.

We can hardly exaggerate the importance of the part which hostelries have played. From immemorial ages, they have been one of the stages on which human events were acted, significant factors in the life of the time, whatever it may be, and as old, almost, as history itself.

Was it not to the stable of an overcrowded inn that Mary, the wife of Joseph of Arimathea, journeyed, on the eve of a wintry day, twenty centuries ago? A date to become the greatest in our occidental history.

Herodotus attributes the first inns to the Libians, but we find records of their existence in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, where evidence is given that not only the flesh pots, but also the wine pots of Egypt were freely worshipped. When the sacred rights of hospitality declined in Greece, immediately after the Trojan war, travellers found it necessary to have recourse to rest houses,

where they might be able to exact, for a fixed sum regulated by law, the food and lodgings that were no longer spontaneously and generously offered to them. Diogenes was a great frequenter of public-houses, and probably had helped materially to empty the wine cask he afterwards affected as a habitation.

Xenophon is loud in his praises of the comforts and delights of the Persian hostelries, where a postal service, probably the first that ever existed, had been organised for the convenience of travellers: and musicians, dancers, and courtesanes were kept in readiness for the guests' diversion. In Rome, houses of entertainment for man and beast were on a scale of luxury befitting the general life of the Empire. Our occidental world, however, long remained wildly barbarous, and in such respects was far behind the East. As late even as the Middle Ages, the poorer traveller was thrown upon his own resources to pass the nights as best he might, under a haystack, or cramped in a cave—unless he were lucky enough to fall across some peasant hospitably inclined, who might offer him a corner in the grange and a ladle of soup from the pot. Yet travellers were numerous! The highways were full of knights and retainers, journeying to and from the Crusades, or wandering troubadours, singing their way. The mendicant, the merchant, the monk, and scores of others floundered from country to country along the ill-kept roads.

True, there were convents. And at the convent gates the travellers might knock, sure of refuge and protection, and did so, until visitors became such a pest that abbots and monks grew tired of their exactions and brawling, and refused to receive them. Besides, it was scant refreshment that the fathers offered. Wine was forbidden in the refectories, meat was rare, and a cell afforded but cold comfort as a resting place. So, in course of time, under the shadow of the convent walls, small rest houses and taverns sprang into existence, where, indeed, the jolly fathers themselves were not averse to broaching a cask and drinking the health of St. Martin, to whom, as the patron of

all goodfellowship and drunkenness, the first primitive inns were 'dedicated. These hostelrys grew and prospered to such an extent that they became the scenes of riotous living and debauchery; and the Holy Abbots were obliged to forbid monks and lay brothers from entering their precincts. He was a bold traveller who would venture, alone and with a well-filled purse, into such death traps, where ruffianly adventurers, willing to cut a throat for a ducat, were always in waiting.

The innkeepers, moreover, asked any prices they chose, according to their estimation of the traveller's appearance. The system grew to be such an imposition that accounts were more often settled with fists than with silver, and bills receipted more readily with a rapier point than with a pen. To such an extent had this abusive habit of cheating grown, that Henry III. issued an edict prescribing a fixed and lawful tariff, which was not to be exceeded. The tables were now turned on mine host, who, in his turn, began to have somewhat of a bad time. It grew to be the sport of all, and the profession of some of the good-for-nothings in the kingdom to travel from place to place, eating and drinking of the best that kitchen and cellar could offer, and disappearing before the reckoning was paid, until the saying "taking French leave" passed into a proverb!

Maitre François Villon, that rare and delightful poet, that incorrigible scalliwag, was one of the merriest and boldest of these impossible rapsallions. Trudging from tavern to tavern and from town to town, his head as full of rhymes as his pouch was empty of coppers, he played a hundred mad pranks, of which he has left us a frank confession in his inimitable verses. Nothing daunted by the lightness of his purse, Maitre François would enter the best hostelry he could find, order of the choicest, and, while he ate and drank to his fill, would keep the company in a roar with his wit, until, under cover of their laughter, he would slip off and away, rhyming upon his exploit.

" C'est bien disné quand on s'échappe,
Sans déboursier pour ung denier
Et dire adieu au tavernier,
En torchant son nez à la nappe."

Villon, alike the father of poets and of tramps, loved the open road, with its adventures and expedients. If poor in worldly goods, he was rich in imagination, and his ready brain always furnished him with a trick by which to gain a dinner from an unwilling landlord. If the worst came to the worst, and he was refused admittance—and, indeed, his disreputable appearance could hardly have been a letter of recommendation—he tried bolder tactics. Maitre François was rarely troubled with scruples of delicacy. He would linger around the precincts of the kitchen, wheedling the turnspit, until the latter turned his back, when François never losing a chance or a minute, would deftly unhook the roasting joint or the capon, and, equally careless of his fingers and his reputation, be off to munch his dinner on the highway, leaving the cook to curse vainly. I doubt much whether the enraged domestic would have been appeased by the knowledge that the nimble vagabond who had just stolen his dinner from the fire would go down to posterity as one of the first and most perfect masters of French verse, though we, who live four centuries and a half after Villon, may, perhaps, be magnanimous enough to do so!

One of Villon's immediate successors, another remarkable François, François Rabelais, was born at Chinon in the "Hotel de la Lamproie," and, like many another celebrated man, was the son of a hotel-keeper. Doubtless his early training served not a little to develop his nomad spirit, and his knowledge of men. He had little more respect for rules and laws than had Villon, and revelled in a good bottle, drunk under a vine-clad porch, and served by a pretty maid; he was fond of a free jest or a racy story, and has told not a few in his own inimitable way.

Of another ilk was the severe Master Calvin, the great reformer, who, although the son of a landlord, eschewed good living, while the studious Erasmus, on the contrary, confesses to the love of a copious supper, even on a Friday, and cries plaintively, "I have the soul of a good Catholic, but, alas, the belly of a Lutheran."

Cyrano, whom Mr. Rostand has made doubly famous—and who, by the way, was not from Bergerac—was a frequenter and lover of taverns, and had even chosen, as his friend and intimate, an inkeeper, by name Ragenaud, who was as renowned for his good verses as for his wonderful pastry.

One of the most famous inns in the Paris of those days was the celebrated Pomme de Pin, which Rabelais, Regnard, Boileau, and Racine frequented. Landlords who were complacent would give a year's credit to their patrons; indeed, the custom still prevails in the Latin quarter, where many a poor student would go to bed dinnerless, could he not depend upon his landlord's patience and generosity.

France, the birthplace of culinary genius, soon became celebrated for the quantity and quality of its hostelries. He was a lucky traveller whose road took him to such inns as the Rose de Blois, the Cross and Mitre, at Tours, and a score of others as well known then as our Ritz and Savoy of to-day. Imagine with what envy and wonder mine host of a couple of hundred years ago would listen to the items on a modern hotel bill. But, then, charges were very different. The traveller paid so much for his horse and himself, and half the amount again for what was called the table, which consisted of the privilege of three solid meals a day. The Emperor Maximilian's Ambassador writes to his master, from the sign of the Angel, in Venice, that his accommodations are the best to be procured for money; he extols the cooking as being of the choicest, and the lodgings as being worthy of the high power he represents; and adds that he pays thirty sols a day for man and horse. I wonder how an ambassador would fare to-day for a shilling! Great and



COURTYARD OF THE "CORTADO" (1920)

small, noble and pedlar, came to the same inns: the great ate in the hall, the poor in the kitchen. We are told by Tallemant that King Henry of Navarre enjoyed nothing better than to sit, unrecognised, at a public table, to hear what his people said of their king. When the criticism was unfavourable, he would listen and argue good-naturedly; but never failed to learn a lesson from what he heard.

We live in an age of progress. To travel, by land or sea, has become as easy as to sit in our own drawing room, beside the fire; hotels are models of luxury and comfort; trains carry us, rapidly and without change, through half a dozen countries, to another continent. We can step out of a sleeping-car at Pekin, hardly fatigued by our journey. All this is true, and, in a way, delightful; but let me plead guilty to a taste for the unexpectedness, the romance, the roughness, even, of old-world travel. We, of the twentieth century, certainly see more than our ancestors of a hundred or so years ago; but I doubt whether we see better. We congratulate ourselves on our ways; but, perhaps, our grandsires would have preferred their own. If they came back, they would regret the element of adventure which the old-time traveller met upon his road. They would miss the strange types of the travelling public, the accidents and incidents of the long journey, which made the cheery welcome, the smoking joint, the shining decanter all the more delightful, when found at the end of a hard day's travel.

There were many discomforts; but, on the other hand, there were many surprises, and a wealth of sensations for the traveller of those days. We, who shoot beneath the Alps in a dining-car, can never experience what must have been the entrancing delight of a descent into Italy in a post-carriage. Some of us think we have the same sensation, and have it more completely, in a motor; but it is all too easy. There is not the arduous climb to the eerie, bleak, rest-house on the summit of a snow-capped pass; there is not the early start in the crisp, chill morning air, which made the warm, perfumed breezes so exquisitely

comforting, as the horses jingled easily down the mountain it had taken days to climb, and terrace after terrace unfolded its luxurious gardens, while below stretched the vine-covered plains of Italy, buried in rich verdure. We make these eventful journeys only in dreams or in fancy; and what better starting point can we have than the antique "Auberge du Heaume," Rue Pirouette?

Here Rabelais might have spent a day, or Villon have stolen a dinner; for the Heaume dates from the fourteenth century, when it was a luxurious, richly patronised inn. Changes have been wrought since then; yet, with a very little imagination, one can reconstruct it, as it was four hundred years ago the type of an hostelry of the past.

Under the stout doorway, we pass into the long, dark passage, its rafters black with the dust of centuries. Here is the classic stone-paved courtyard, above which many windows open on tier upon tier of balconies; we can imagine them crowded with curious eyes, as the clatter of a chaise on the pavement announces the arrival or departure of a distinguished patron. The host waits, bareheaded and obsequious, helping my lord to alight from his coach. The kitchen doors are open, and a dozen turnspits stand around the great fires, before which capers roast and pots boiling send forth a savoury intimation that the event of the day, the dinner hour, is approaching. The plump landlady hurries to and fro, bustling the maids, and scolding the lazy valets; in the courtyard some travelling musicians whine a ditty.

'Tis a busy day at the Heaume—there are arrivals, departures! and guests must be speeded, as well as welcomed. Monsieur le Marquis' great yellow chariot has just rolled from the yard, with Pierre and Baptiste behind in the rumble, armed to the teeth; for there are rumours of gentlemen on the roads in Normandy—suspicious gentlemen with courtly manners, black masks, and fleet steeds—whom it is as well travellers should avoid. Pierre and Baptiste, I fancy, are not too reassured

though they put on a bold front. Yes; we can imagine all these old-world sights and sounds, as we stand in the courtyard of the venerable tavern.

Strange visitors occupy it to-day—strange, silent visitors, never in a hurry, who have no need of rooms, for each one carries his house on his back. Do you guess who they are? It has always struck me that there is a queer appropriateness in plain facts, and it seems delightfully symbolic that the sole guests in this old, old hostelry, that has changed so slowly, should be snails! Snails, wholesale and retail, sold by thousands in the Halles near by.

All this quarter is full of memories and relics, hidden away, half buried; but to be found, if we have the patience and curiosity to hunt for them. Under a modern frontage, down this dark alley, or walled away in that sordid courtyard, exists some well-known, once beautiful mansion, with noble carvings, sculptured stairway, and painted and fretted panels. There is no sport more absorbing than that of the antiquary. More than once I have forgotten my own dinner, in my desire to find out where some dead hero ate his.

In the Rue Pas de Mule, the "Fosse aux Lions," partly on account of its proximity to the Hotel de Bourgogne, became a literary club, where men of wit and letters were sure to find congenial society, and could discuss the events of the day over a good bottle of wine.

Literature owes a countless debt to taverns, and, perhaps—had water been our only beverage—the world would have been poorer by more than one "inspiration of genius." One at least of the most assiduous frequenters of La Fosse au Lion, the poet Voiture, was a confirmed wine-hater; every day found him seated, before his glass of water, at this favourite tavern of the 17th century. Another of its faithful patrons was the Comte de St. Amand, a man as noted for his wit as for his insobriety. Strolling in one day, more than usually bellicose with wine and

hilarity, he found Voiture, seated quietly at a table with some friends, sipping his accustomed beverage.

"Odds fish, man!" cried the Count, "What's that strange stuff you are smacking your lips over?"

"Water," said Voiture, "the best drink in the world."

"That, by my honour, I'll not allow you to say!" shouted St. Amand. "It turns my stomach completely, merely to look at the stuff, when there is good Burgundy to be had here for the asking."

Voiture, seeing that the other was more than usually tipsy, shrugged his shoulders and went on with the discussion he had been engaged in; but St. Amand was not to be disposed of so easily; he had become contumacious.

"Come, Monsieur Voiture," he cried, "have a glass with me," and he emptied a flagon of Burgundy, placing a tumbler before the poet. But Voiture, who hated the sight and taste of claret, had no mind to drink, and pushed the wine away.

"This is certainly strange conduct on your part, Monsieur," cried St. Amand, "You, surely, more than any man present, should know the value of good wine." Voiture, whose father had been a tavern keeper, scowled at the allusion contained in St. Amand's words, and the latter, seeing he had at last touched a sensitive spot, continued, "Pray, M. Voiture, what would your worthy father have said, to know his son refused a glass of what he had passed his life selling?" Voiture rose to go, for the discussion was becoming unpleasant, but the drunken Count detained him by the coat.

"Come, Monsieur Voiture," he drawled with insistence, "Come, do not let me think you are ashamed of your father."

"No!" roared the infuriated poet, "That, no man shall say."

"Then I suppose you'll not refuse to pledge his health," and St. Amand handed him a tumbler of wine. Poor Voiture turned red and green by turns, with exasperation at being caught in a trap, and disgust at the wine he hated. All eyes were fastened on him; it must be a duel, or an encounter of



RUE DE VENISE.

wits. St. Amand, draining his glass, cried to his opponent to do likewise, and the etiquette of the time commanded the unlucky waterdrinker to follow suit.

"To my father," said Voiture solemnly, and, with somewhat of a grimace, drained his glass. "You'll pledge me a health in return," he cried, putting down his tumbler with a bang.

"A dozen!" shouted the tipsy Count.

"Landlord," called Voiture, "Fill the Count de St. Amand's glass with your best cold water." "You are going to pledge me the health of the Muse, of whom we are both humble votaries; you can hardly refuse me, Monsieur."

The laugh was turned against St. Amand now, for he must follow his challenger's example, but, at the first swallow of water, he choked. He tried to get down the remainder, for Voiture was there insisting, but it made him so ill that it was an hour before he finished, and the chaff that greeted him on all sides assured him that the poet had got the better of the wit in their encounter and, for days after, St. Amand could not appear in an assembly of people without a glass of water being facetiously offered to him.

The narrow Rue de Venise still exists. It is now but a noisome alley, the haunt of the lowest and most brutal vice in the city; yet the houses on either side are the same tall, narrow buildings we would have looked up at two centuries ago, had we been on our way to No. 27, the well-known "Epée de Bois." Many a plumed hat and diamond-hilted rapier has passed through yonder narrow doorway! Wits, nobles, beaux, comedians, gentlemanly adventurers, gathered to gamble, revel, or quarrel in the small, low-ceilinged room in which to-day a slatternly barmaid hands drinks across a zinc counter to the apaches and poor wantons of the quarter, who are the sole frequenters of the place.

Silks, velvets, laces and periwigs have been replaced by rags and torn jackets, and the sordid, sinister crew who are gathered, talking in low voices, with furtive looks, seem ready to commit

any crime for a few francs with which to gamble at dominoes, or drink oblivion of their life in the bad absinthe the place offers. But, beneath their embroidered waistcoats, the hearts of the fine gentlemen of the past were little better, perhaps, than those of the poor occupants of the *Epée de Bois* to-day. They were a wild crew of gamblers, spendthrifts, and debauchés. We read how the Count de Horn, scion of a princely German house, waylaid and assassinated a banker named Lacroix at the corner of the Rue de Venise, in broad daylight, and stole his purse, hoping to spend the ill-gotten gains in riotous living.

The *Epée de Bois* was noted for its gambling, its wine, and its company of musicians, singers and dancers, who had obtained letters patent from Mazarin, entitling them to act as a regular troop. Their leader was called the king of violins, and from this same primitive wandering company came the founders of what is now the National Academy of Music.

When Philippe d'Orleans was Regent, John Law and his "Mississippi bubble" floated a golden mirage before the public imagination. Then the Rue de Venise was the centre of the life and movement of the time. Law's office was in the Rue Quincampoix near by, and at mid-day the noted inn was crowded with customers, come to snatch a hasty dinner and hurry back to hear the latest quotations of the illusory stocks that were thrown on the market, to be blindly taken up by the eager public, literally mad with the fever of speculation. Fortunes changed hands in a few minutes, values fell, or rose like a wild tide which sweeps all before it. Rich and poor, the prince or the valet, none were exempt from the contagion. At this very *Epée de Bois*, between two glasses of claret, Marivaux found himself a ruined man, and Louis de Racine lost, to the last penny, the modest fortune he owed to his great father's genius. Law, dining upstairs, looked down at the crowds surging back and forth beneath him in the street, and cried mockingly, "Come on, come on, we will have you all—all—all!" And so he did, for they fell into his nets like

shoals of greedy fish, allured by a glittering bait. The seeds of the Revolution were sown in the Rue Quincampoix, sown in golden ducats, to be reaped, a hundred years after, in an abundant harvest—of heads.

We can still see the window from which the wily Scot sneered contemptuously at his victims; but the crowds whom he swindled, the unscrupulous adventurer himself, the millions that rose to billions upon paper, and vanished like a golden bubble, into air; all are gone! Only the legend of folly, and the little inn itself, once the scene of such varied action, remains, like a rock, to mark a shoal in an ocean of change. The poor street in which it stands seems so far from the brilliant city of to-day that it belongs to a world apart, a world as grim and grimy as the hard faces we meet there.

At No. 41, Rue du Temple, there were two other celebrated inns, the Soleil d'Or and the Aigle d'Or. Gold was the god of the hour, an ignis-fatuus that beckoned and lured the crowd. Sign boards of taverns are weather-cocks that turn as the wind of popular opinion blows. In periods of loyalty, we have "Kings Arms," "Crowns," "Mitres and Crosses"; at times of revolution, it is "The People's Friend," or "The Labourers' Rest." During the terror we find even the guillotine serving as godmother, and a hundred grim names spring up on every side, indicative of the direction from which, for the moment, the hurricane blows.

The Compas d'Or, 64, Rue Montorgueil, is a typical old auberge of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. Its great "hangar" is one of the sole remaining in Paris, and we can imagine it, crowded with the post carriages and diligences, that once started from its rugged pavement on their way to the North.

The immense space required by the Central Market destroyed not a little of this quarter of the "Halles," one of the most ancient in Paris. Houses, like the two women at the well, are taken or left, for no reason more apparent than that strange fatality to which buildings, as well as human



COUR DE ROUEN.

beings are subject. So it has been in the Rue Vauvilliers, formerly known as the Rue du Four St. Honoré. The street was cut down the middle, one side becoming the outside wall of the Halles, while the side that bears the odd numbers has remained untouched, just as it was a hundred years ago. It is a poor, hard-working street; was never, indeed, anything but a modest one, in which the houses were small, the stairways steep and narrow. Under the dark red paint of an old house, bearing the number 33, one could distinguish, not so many years ago, the words "Hotel de Cherbourg." Up the dingy stairway we have toiled. It is squalid and dilapidated, with that peculiar suffocating odour of a house long inhabited by the poorer classes of the population. Dingy doors give access to small rooms, opening upon a sombre landing. The balustrade of the stairway is dilapidated and awry. Yet we cannot look on it without emotion, for the rusty iron has felt the hand of Napoleon; he has turned the key in yonder lock, walked across the doorway into his lonely and modest room. What dreams may he not have had here, what presentiments, what forebodings! Surely, during the long nights, fate must have entered his solitary chamber, bearing an admonition of the destiny that awaited him.

In 1787, the house was owned and kept by a Corsican named Vedrine, and here Napoleon Bonaparte, sallow, emaciated, melancholy, and poorly dressed, came to live. It was, even then, a sombre little dwelling place, in keeping with the meagre fortunes of the young officer. He gave little trouble, was quiet and uncommunicative beyond his years, received no friends nor visitors, and remained most of the time in his room on the third storey, from which he would sally forth for his meals to a small restaurant near by, in the Passage des Pères, where what he ordered was of the simplest and cheapest. He would pay his reckoning himself at the counter, as though ashamed to own, even to the waiter who served him, that his dinner had cost him but sixpence.

When he had finished he would hurry back to his lodgings and lock himself in for the night, suffering cruel pangs of home-sickness for his wild, native island of Corsica, with its sun-swept hills, whose perfume, he said long after, was the only one in the world he could tolerate, and which he recognised even from six miles out at sea, as he passed it, in the night, on his road to Elba and exile.

Here, to this very Hotel de Cherbourg, he returns one evening, not alone, as usual, to dream, or by the light of a guttering candle to compose clumsy imitations of Racine and Rousseau. No, not alone; he has found a companion, as friendless and abandoned as himself; a poor girl of the streets, little more than a child, yet already racked by the cruel cough of the consumptive. He had met her in the galleries of the Palais Royal, had pitied her, questioned her, brought her back with him, to share the loneliness of his humble lodgings. So for a few hours these solitary barks met, on the sea of chance, to separate on the morrow—the lad to sail into the fiery sunrise of his magnificent destiny, the girl to disappear in the stormy night of hers. The hours were passed by Napoleon in questions as to her life, its why and wherefore. He was deeply touched and influenced by her story, was probably gentler and more humane with the woman of the street than ever he was afterwards in his intercourse with the many women fate threw across his path. Such an event, in the monotony of his isolated existence, was an incident of unusual meaning and importance. He never forgot it, and years afterwards, amongst the Emperor Napoleon's papers, was found an account of that night: his questions and the girl's answers. It was dated November 22nd, 1789, Hotel de Cherbourg, Rue du Four St. Honoré.

We could tell a hundred tales of the famous Café de la Régence, frequented by Rousseau, which had as its patrons all the men of the Revolutions of '93 and '48. It stood at the entrance of the Palais Royal. Danton and Camille Desmoulins

harangued the crowds there; St. Just's fair, vicious face was reflected in its mirrors, and never a day passed without bringing the brothers Robespierre for their game of chess. During the Reign of Terror, the café was deserted by most of its clients. It was on the road by which the tumbrils, charged with condemned prisoners, passed to the place of execution. Looking up from dinner one would see the pale victims on their way to the guillotine! One day Maximilien Robespierre entered the café, to find it deserted except for the presence of a foppish-looking lad, who offered himself as an adversary for the habitual game of chess, which was the one favoured recreation of the despot's busy day. They seated themselves at a table, and the boy soon proved himself a master at the game. Robespierre, biting his nails with annoyance—for he was a poor loser and hated to be beaten—saw one piece after another disappear, until game after game had been won by his adversary. Finally he rose to go, having lost the last cent in his pocket. His companion, however, detained him.

"Come, citizen, the luck has been against you, but I'll give you another chance."

"I've nothing left, you've emptied my purse," scowled Maximilien. "What would you have me bet?"

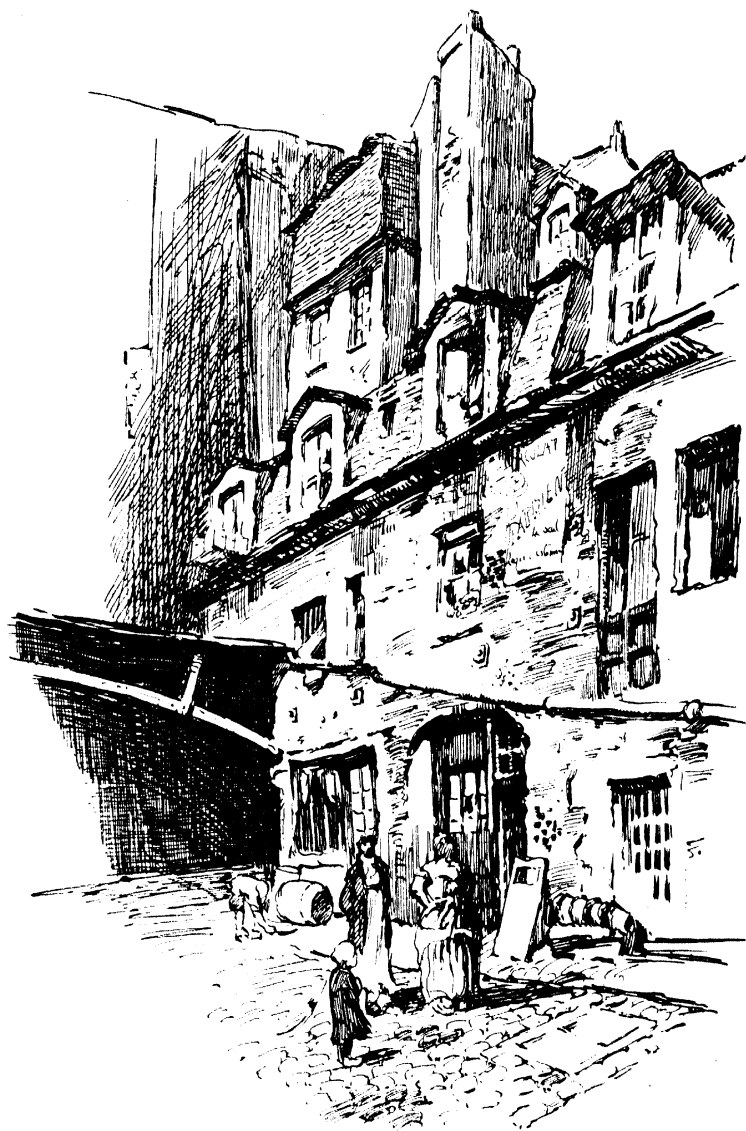
"Surely, what you deal in," laughed the other. "Will you wage me a head?"

The game began, and Robespierre lost again! The boy flushed with excitement, drew a paper from his coat: it was an order for the release of a prisoner detained at "la Force": it needed but the tyrant's signature.

"Sign here," the youth said, handing a pen to Robespierre, who, half annoyed, half amused, did so.

"And now, citizen," he enquired, looking somewhat grimly at his opponent, "you must tell me your name also."

"That I will never do," cried the other, "you must call me citoyenne!—and hurrah for the Goddess of Fortune, who has given me the chance to win back my lover!" Before the



THE CHEVAL BLANC

astonished Robespierre could detain her, his amazing adversary was off in a flash, and, darting among the crowd, disappeared from view.

Certainly another history-making tavern was the famous Café Procope, where Diderot, d'Alembert, Condorcet, and the encyclopædists met. Nothing remains of it but its fine old balcony, from which, in 1867, Gambetta impressed the students with the lightning and thunder of his fiery eloquence. In the eighteenth century Marmontel, the younger, and Boivin had chosen the Café Procope as a convenient meeting ground for the discussion of philosophy. As they wished to remain uninterrupted by outsiders, they had adopted a formula by which they agreed to speak of the soul as Margot, of religion as Javotte, of liberty as Jeanneton, and of God as Monsieur l'Etre. Their plan worked to perfection, and the frequenters of the café paid no attention to their endless discussions, until one day a shallow-faced stranger entered, and, seating himself at an adjoining table, listened to the conversation. As it waxed warmer and warmer, he drew his chair nearer, and finally addressed Marmontel:

"Sir," said he, "I have heard you speaking for the last three hours, and in most violent terms, of a certain Monsieur l'Etre." May I enquire who he is?"

"Monsieur," replied Marmontel bowing, "The gentleman in question is a celebrated police spy that we are all afraid of. I trust, for your sake, that it may be long before you meet him."

The brilliant dinners that the Goncourts speak of in their journal, took place at Procope. Gauthier, Renan, Ste. Beuve, Flaubert, and Garvagni were among the guests who met to discuss politics, science, and art, over the excellent Bordeaux which Monsieur Mangy, the proprietor, claimed to be the best in France.

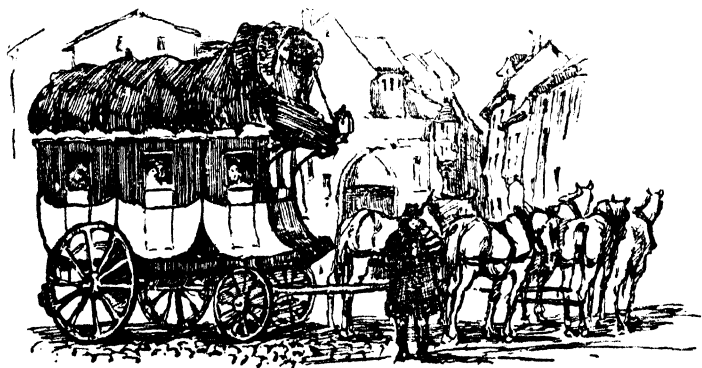
A half-dozen paces further, and we stand at the entrance of the booking office, from which the coaches for Blois and

Orléans started semi-weekly. No. 5, Rue Mazet, was the noted inn of the "Cheval Blanc," dating from 1662. In the stalls, where rows of smoking coach horses champed their well-earned oats, there are now but half-a-dozen sleepy nags, awaiting the return of their owners, the proprietors of the market waggons that occupy the vast coach-house of former times. The place has all the quiet of a country churchyard. The antique flags, grass-grown and mouldy, the tumbling walls, the old mounting block for horsemen, all speak of a past long dead. Yet what bustle it must have once resounded to! The walls have echoed to the sobs of fond hearts torn asunder; the unevenly worn stones have been trod by eager feet, scarce waiting for the great lumbering vehicle to stop, before they sprang to ground in the impatient ecstasy of arrival. From under the wide doorway, the ponderous diligence, drawn by four stout horses, with booted postillions, piled with luggage and crowded with passengers, would sway forth on its long journey, attended by an armed guard, to an accompaniment of cracking whips, waving handkerchiefs, and shouts of running urchins. We can hardly realise to-day the emotion that the arrival and departure of the mail coach evoked in the waiting population! It was the one regular channel of communication with the outside world; it represented what trains, mails, and telegraphs mean to us. It came, bringing with the dust of its wheels, news of the past, rumours of the future, and all the glorious romance of the road.

I can remember with what thrills of delight my childish fancy pictured the stories told me by old grandparents, who had lived at the time when stage coaching was still in its zenith. How my mind was filled with wonderful visions of night journeys, highwaymen, unexpected and surprising adventures, the roaring fires of welcoming inns, the loneliness of unfrequented moorlands, the sombre glow of wayside smithies! All these old-world pictures would chase each other along the highway of my

dreams, to the sound of cracking whips, the notes of the post horn, and the cadence of galloping hoofs.

The stage coach, alas! has rumbled along the old post road of Time, never to return! Perhaps it is something of the sunset radiance of its whilsome glory that lights the mouldy courtyard of the "Cheval Blanc," and evokes, from its antique and decaying skeleton, the golden soul of Romance.



DILIGENCE, XVIIITH CENTURY



SIGN OF THE "SALAMANDER"
20 RUE DE L'HIRONDELLE.

CHAPTER VII

NOTRE DAME DE THERMIDOR

One December afternoon, in 1785, an old-fashioned, lumbering berlin, mud-bespattered by days of travel, drew up before the door of a large house bearing the number 29, Quai de Bourbon. The carriage might well be travel-stained, for it had come direct from Spain. The door was flung open, and a girl of some twelve years sprang lightly forth, eagerly shaking her jetty curls, and stretching her lithe limbs, cramped by their long confinement. Not waiting for her brother, or the Abbé who had accompanied them, to alight, she ran across the courtyard, and up the great stairway, where her future host and guardian, Monsieur de Boisgelin, stood waiting to receive the two young Spaniards who had been confided to his care by their father, the Count Cabarrus, a rich banker of Madrid.

The little Donna Theresa soon won the hearts of her new friends. Nature had endowed her generously for the role she was destined to play in after life. In the hospitable old house on the Quai Bourbon, shaded by graceful poplars and over-looking the river, Theresa began an education which was to fit her, to fill a place in the world, compatible with her condition, beauty, and expectations.

Paris, during the years that preceded the Revolution, was a centre of refinement, intelligence, and pleasure, unequalled in all Europe. "He who has not lived during these years," wrote Talleyrand, long afterwards, "cannot realize the joy life may offer." Into that brilliant and delightful society, the beautiful Mademoiselle de Cabarrus soon found herself launched. As she blossomed rapidly into womanhood, every day seemed to develop her perfect loveliness, added to which she sang and danced divinely, crowning her accomplishments by the exercise of an irresistible charm, and that ardent desire to please, which enhanced all of her womanly qualities. At fifteen, Theresa was introduced to the world, and at once found herself surrounded by a circle of adorers, who had no more important occupation than that of writing sonnets to the lovely Spaniard's bright eyes. Amongst a score of suitors and lovers with whom she had flirted or frivoled—for she was a born coquette—Theresa surprised her friends by choosing the Marquis de Fontenay, a young man, who, though sadly wanting in personal attraction, was a Member of Parliament, and brought with his title the solid advantage of a splendid fortune. Perhaps the beautiful girl of sixteen was so sure of meeting Don Cupid at every turn of her road through life, that she thought it unnecessary to instal him at her fireside. In any case it was a brilliant marriage, attended by all fashionable Paris, which took place at St. Eustache, on the 21st of February, 1788.

The young couple settled in the family house of the Fontenays, 13, Rue St. Louis-en-l'Île. The honeymoon coincided with the Carnival, which, in that year of '88, was particularly brilliant; and the Marquis and Marquise de Fontenay, both fond of society, spent but few of their evenings without going to a ball, route, or card party. There Theresa found her old lovers, and made new ones, her appearance being the signal for an ovation wherever she went. Monsieur de Fontenay was not jealous. He had his own pleasures and associates, and soon took up again his bachelor life, and visits to



DOORWAY, ST. EUSTACHE.

the opera, leaving his young wife to amuse herself as best she pleased. To do as she pleased, for Theresa, was to please; and to please was to awaken in her lovers' breasts a storm of sighs and supplications. Theresa was not cruel, and had few prejudices. She was only acting according to the customs of her world and the society in which she moved, a society which looked upon faithfulness as a grotesque and vulgar virtue practised only by the bourgeoisie; while a husband who would descend to such a sentiment as jealousy, was deemed a lout, and ridiculed as such. Certainly, the Marquis and Marquise de Fontenay, in this, as in other respects, were a couple that followed scrupulously the latest fashion. The Marquis was seen in the gardens of the Palais Royal, promenading a dancer on his arm, while the Marquise openly acknowledged the handsome juvenile, Lepelletier de St. Fargeau, as her lover. As a woman "à la mode," Theresa had her portrait made by the Queen's own painter, Madame Vigée Le Brun.

One day, while she and a number of her intimates were in the artist's studio—for wherever Theresa went she drew behind her a trail of admirers—the door opened, and a printer's boy came in, carrying in his blouse some proofs, to be signed by Riverol, one of the gentlemen present. The company were deep in a discussion as to the merits or demerits of the Marquise's likeness. Someone laughingly asked the printer's devil if he would give them his opinion. The latter advanced quite seriously, and, with perfect assurance, and without embarrassment, pronounced his judgment; fixing his eyes boldly on the beautiful model. "What is your name?" she asked carelessly, with the indolent good nature of a fine lady. "Jean Tallien," replied the young man, his eyes glowing with admiration as they met hers. Not displeased with the mute homage of the good-looking apprentice, the Marquise smiled at her humble admirer as he left the room slowly, with many a backward glance.

In the whirl of her life of pleasure, the Marquise de Fontenay, like most of the Society in which she moved, lacked



DOORWAY OF HOTEL DEFONTENAY.

both time and aptitude for the study of the larger world without, nor could she realise that the revolution's iron fist was already knocking loudly at the gilt doors of palaces. Theresa and her class had trifled airily with the "new ideas." The fine ladies and gentlemen of the 18th century, in their arrogant pride and contempt of the things that came from below, had played patronisingly with the revolution cub, as with a lap dog, little dreaming it was growing daily into a raging lion, that would rend them limb from limb. The Marquise de Fontenay had a political salon, where Rousseau and Voltaire were quoted, to which M. de Lafayette sometimes came to tell stories of his friend General Washington, and the American War, and where coquettes and dandies lisped the words "deficits," "vetoes," or "constitution," without well realising their import.

Suddenly, like a bolt from Theresa's sky, fell peril, hideous and imminent. To right and left the gay groups scattered. There was no more time for love-making or sighing; trunks must be packed hurriedly, passports obtained by gold or favour. Fashionable Paris became an army of emigrants, wakened by the cannon of the Bastille, from an opiate dream. Theresa, with the other birds of Paradise, took flight. The Marquis accompanied her; for the ill-assorted couple, though even then divorcing, agreed to travel to Bordeaux in the same post-chaise. The unsympathetic marriage of convenience ended with a voyage of convenience, prelude to a separation for life.

On the very day of his arrival in Bordeaux, the Marquis de Fontenay, having rapidly realised his fortune, and most of his wife's—which he forgot to return—obtained a passport under a false name, and sailed for Martinique; while Theresa was left to enter upon the most surprising career of adventure that ever a woman had.

The young Marquise de Fontenay had thought she would find in her brother's house at Bordeaux, a refuge, and a condition of affairs more secure than in Paris. She soon realized that she had but changed a fire for a furnace. In the Southern city,

where blood is hot, and passions are strong, the Revolution had taken complete hold of the population, and raged with even greater violence than in the capital of France itself. The aristocratic families who had been able to escape had already fled into Spain, or had embarked for foreign ports. Houses were closed, shops deserted, and the town given over to Revolutionary Committees, as unrelenting as those of Paris. Theresa was living with her eldest brother, who had established a branch of the Spanish bank in Bordeaux. He received her kindly, but gave his sister to understand at once that his position required the inmates of his house to conform to an orderly and sedate manner of living. Rigorous discipline, however, was not congenial to the Marquise's taste. Here, as everywhere on her path through life, she found admirers, but there was no means of meeting them, and the gay young Parisian of twenty ended by falling into a state of neurasthenia and depression, that left her a prey to morbid sentiments, for which her brother showed no pity.

The representative that the Revolutionary Government of Paris had named as Proconsul in Bordeaux, Jean Lambert Tallien, was then twenty-six years of age. Young as he was, Tallien had already acquired a reputation for violence, cruelty, and bloodshed, unsurpassed even amongst the men of that pitiless time. Born in a lodge—for he was the son of a concierge—he had profited but little by the education that his father's master, the Marquis de Bercy, had given him. Ungrateful, unstable, and resentful, he had drifted from employment to employment, until the tide of Revolution had swept him into a secretaryship in the offices of the Commune. It was Tallien who had been charged with the foul work of organising and putting into execution the massacres of September, 1792; a task so thoroughly performed that his zealous care gained him the confidence of the Committees. Elected as deputy for Seine-et-Oise, he became an active and assiduous frequenter of the violent club des Cordeliers, was amongst the most ardent

clamourers for the execution of the Royal family, and afterwards signalised himself by a hundred acts of low cupidity, and of insatiable vengeance against those unfortunate enough to fall into his power.

Such was the man, who, on the 16th of October, 1793, made his solemn entry into Bordeaux, accompanied by his co-delegate, Isabeau. A veil of cold mist hung over the town, when, with clatter of arms and tramp of feet, the Republican army passed slowly along the main thoroughfares of the city, which was to fall under their rule of tyranny and bloodshed. The two Conventionals, Tallien and Isabeau, rode at the head of the column, in their sombre, pro-consular uniforms. Isabeau, heavy and coarse, repelled every one by his vulgar appearance; Tallien impressed the crowd more favourably. He was tall, slight, and not ill-favoured, with regular features, light eyes, and curly hair. His new uniform was worn with an attention to detail and decorative effect, that showed he was not indifferent to the impression he created.

From behind carefully drawn blinds Theresa looked curiously down upon the sinister "cortège" as it passed. Did she recognise, that day, in the insolent Conventional who, with a sneer on his face, rode cavalierly through the throngs, her humble admirer of Madame Vigée le Brun's atelier years before?

She was not very favourably impressed by the gallant deputy, nor any the more so when she heard, next day, that the new ruler of Bordeaux had said, with a sardonic grin, as he rode between the trees of the "Allée des Quinconces," from which the October frosts had scattered the leaves, "The trees of Bordeaux need watering; we must nourish them with blood."

The first act of the Proconsul was to have the guillotine set up opposite the house he had chosen as a residence; nor did he leave it long idle. Whoever was suspected of royalist sympathies must put his head in the "national window," to quote the expression of the time. The ruthless bloodshed and

massacres began, and were carried forward as diligently as in Paris. Men, women, even children, followed each other by hundreds up the fatal steps, until Bordeaux, the town of wine, ran blood. Tallien, implacable, condemned innocent or suspected alike, without judgment or hesitation, his only regret being, as he said one day publicly, that he could not kill, with his own sword, all the aristocrats left in France. Hand in hand with extermination went bribery and spoliation; for the lackey's son was as venal as he was bloodthirsty.

On the 25th of November, Theodore Cabarrus's bank was visited, examined, and the silver in the house confiscated, on the pretext that it was marked with a crown. After the agents had retired, it was found that six hundred pounds in specie had been taken from the safe.

In Theresa's determined little brain a resolution had been formed. She vowed that she would not let things pass without a protest, and announced her intention of going to the Pro-consul herself to demand justice and retribution. It was a bold act in that time of terror, when the mere fact of being nobly born was in itself a death-warrant; but the Marquise de Fontenay was nothing if she was not courageous. Besides, the inaction and confinement of her life weighed on her restless spirit, always in search of sensation. Anything was better than the stagnation in which she was living. Perhaps the woman in Theresa told her that such beauty and charm as hers could disarm even the most savage hearts.

She was not mistaken. Tallien, flattered by the personal solicitation of a beautiful woman, had nothing to refuse, and promised a prompt restitution. He had not forgotten the smiling Marquise of Madame Vigée le Brun's studio. The grim Conventional dropped, for a moment, his harsh revolutionary language, to pay a compliment that savoured somewhat of the time of puffs and patches. Theresa went from her audience, flushed with triumph. She had bearded the lion in his den, and had found a lamb, of whose future protection

and interest she felt assured. However, a few nights afterwards, the Citoyenne Fontenay was awakened by the sound of bayonets hammering at her door. The police had come. They ordered her to dress immediately, and follow them to a carriage, which stood below, waiting to convey her to prison. Their route lay by the Place Nationale, where a shudder shook Theresa's delicate shoulders, for dark against the dawn stood the spectral shadow of the guillotine, awaiting the morrow's victims. A desperate desire for liberty and life seized the unfortunate girl, as the rude jailors pushed her, trembling with fear, into the dark cell, humid and foul as a sepulchre. In vain she strove, by closing her eyes, to shut from her mind the realization of her horrible surroundings. Long, long afterwards, she would remove her delicate, bare feet, ring laden, from her antique sandals, to show her admirers the marks left on the rosy toes by the teeth of the rats that infested the cells of the Prison of Hâ.

All night long she lay racking her brain to find a means of escape from a fate against which her determined spirit, her glorious body, and all the energy of her triumphant youth furiously rebelled. Tallien! Yes, Tallien! There was the gate of freedom; there the way of safety. She had seen a gleam in the Conventional's eyes, as he bowed her from his presence, that the experienced coquette could not mistake. Quick, turnkeys! pen and paper; a messenger! a messenger!

Two hours afterwards, voices and steps disturbed the silence of the prison corridor. They stopped before Theresa's door as she waited, her heart beating, breaking, almost in an agony of expectation. It was the deliverer! He had answered her desperate call! The *ci-devant* Marquise de Fontenay is at liberty; or, rather, she is dead; and Theresa Cabarrus steps again into the glory of the free sunlight. The man who had delivered her from her fate was a lackey; it was a lackey's payment he exacted in return. For he had imposed a condition—a condition so humiliating, that all the instincts of the

aristocrat recoiled from it with repugnance. Yet, in the other balance of the scale hung life; life, so sweet to the ardent nature of twenty. And she wished to live, to live, to live!! Love, supremacy, homage, adoration, all awaited her in the years to come. She had not the courage to forego the golden prizes she saw before her. On that very evening, Theresa took up her residence in the grim house overlooking the guillotine; and the powerful Proconsul held in his arms the most beautiful woman of her time.

Given the path into which she had turned, there was but one course to pursue. Theresa must play the Goddess of Liberty. The supple nature of the Southerner soon adapted itself to its new role. Bordeaux, astonished, saw Tallien, with the former Marquise de Fontenay at his side, drive through the streets in equipages whose luxury of appointment had in them nothing of Republican severity. Of the fêtes, galas, and rejoicings that celebrated the Republican victories, Theresa became the dazzling centrepiece. As she passed, dressed in the semi-Grecian style of the day, her fair neck and arms bare, her glossy, black hair crowned jauntily with a red, velvet, Phrygian bonnet, she seemed a very Venus.

If such public triumphs satisfied the insatiable vanity of the coquette, to the refined and educated aristocrat the reverse side of the medal was her daily intercourse with the coarse Radicals that gathered around Tallien's table. There she must listen to their rude sallies or ceaseless insults against the class from which she sprang, and to which all her sympathies were given. Tallien himself had been refined considerably by his desire to please the woman with whom he was as desperately in love as when he was a lad of 19. Every caprice of his mistress was gratified. Theresa realized her power; and, whatever her repugnance, she feigned submission, even love. Perhaps, after all, the fine looking young Conventional, with the prestige of his authority, was not very objectionable to a woman who had never been very fastidious in her choice of lovers.

The happiest days of Tallien's life were those he spent in his mistress's boudoir, which she had decorated and arranged with all the refined luxury to which she was accustomed. It was there that Theresa passed hours with her harp, her painting, or her modelling; for, like other fine ladies of her time, she dabbled in all the arts.

Under the benign influence of love, a change came over the Proconsul. The lists of his victims diminished. It began to be whispered abroad that Theresa's preponderant influence saved many a head which the Revolutionary Tribunals had condemned. Petitions and letters of supplication poured in upon the former Marquise de Fontenay. Undoubtedly, whatever faults she may have had, Theresa possessed a kind and generous heart, a hand always open to succour those in distress. Even at the greatest personal risk, she never hesitated to come to the rescue. She not only obtained quantities of passports, but saved a number of victims from the guillotine; nor was it with Tallien alone that the beautiful and gracious creature had influence and power. The ex-marquise was adored by all the band of savage "Sans-culottes" who surrounded her, and though she lived amid a tribe of ruffians, at least it was as their Queen. It would take too long to enumerate her acts of kindness at this time; for they were very many. The people of Bordeaux have remembered her by the charming sobriquet of "Our Lady of Succour," and, whatever sins or follies are imputed to her memory, none can deny that she was possessed of indomitable energy and courage, and of a kindness which she exercised without economy or thought of self.

But, in the midst of Theresa's reign of mercy, intrigue and jealousy were at work to undermine her power. At a supper party, one night, at Tallien's, a slim juvenile of some nineteen years, with a cherub face and insinuating manners, was brought up and presented to the mistress of the house. The new arrival was fresh from Paris, a friend and disciple of Robespierre, and the son of Julien, the deputy. He himself went by the classic

name of Mark Antony. Theresa, with her usual good grace, and moved by her insatiable desire to captivate, was full of amiable intentions, little dreaming that the candid brow of the young secretary hid a brain which was busily scheming a means for her overthrow.

A period of comparative peace had fallen upon Bordeaux. The Proconsul, notwithstanding his cupidity, had acquired a certain degree of popularity with the milder Republicans, thanks to Theresa's softening influence. On the other hand, the luxury in which he lived, his undoubted iniquity in all questions of personal interest, and his lax morals, had won him the unmitigated contempt of Robespierre.

Alarmed by the rumours he received through friends in Paris, Tallien determined to visit the capital, to defend himself from the attacks directed against him in the Assembly, by Maximilien and his partisans.

Theresa was left alone, glad to be delivered from the presence of her exacting slave, yet unwilling to take advantage of her freedom to escape. She did not love Tallien; but a sense of obligation, and, perhaps also, the dread of finding herself again alone and unprotected, bound her to his destiny for the moment. The days, preceding her lover's return, were passed agreeably enough, in company with a secretary of sixteen, Jean Guery by name, whom she had appropriated to her personal service, and whose youthful passion amused the coquette, pending more serious conquests.

Meanwhile Mark Antony Julien, indefatigable as a sleuth hound, was upon her track. After researches into Tallien's record of past iniquities, he succeeded in collecting such a mass of evidence against the Proconsul as would damn him, infallibly, and for ever, in the eyes of the Assembly. Theresa's blandishments had for once utterly failed to make a friend or ally of Robespierre's emissary, who was determined she should not play Cleopatra to a second Mark Antony. To the virtuous disciple of the Incorruptible, the open disregard of decorum

in which Madame Cabarrus—as she was now called—lived, was a slur upon the new Republic. Letter after letter was sent to Robespierre, denouncing the unworthy representative and his adulterous companion.

Meanwhile, all Tallien's advances towards Robespierre had been met with a discouraging coldness and open contempt, which showed the Representative of Bordeaux that, not only his position, but his very existence was in danger. Informed of the unfortunate turn affairs were taking, Theresa determined to start at once for Paris, and, on the 6th of May, loading the diligence with a few necessary belongings, she left Bordeaux with Jean Guery in attendance. The voyage was effected without incident. Near Blois, the postilions stopped to change horses. Theresa, seated on the roadside, was awaiting the moment to remount her carriage, when her attention was attracted by a tall, distinguished young man, who, with all the courtesy of the ancient "régime," approached, asking if he might be of some service, and inviting the beautiful traveller, before she proceeded on her way, to stop and take some slight refreshment in his father's château near by. The gracious host was the Count Joseph de Caraman, whom she was destined to meet again in after life.

On her arrival in Paris, Theresa received a letter sent by one of her friends in the Revolutionary party, warning her that the order for her arrest had been signed, and that two of Robespierre's most expert agents had been set upon her track.

The police were not long in discovering the imprudent beauty, who could never resist showing herself in public. While she slept she was awakened, as once before, at dead of night, by the familiar and terrible sound of heavy tramping feet at her door, while a voice cried to her sternly, "Open in the name of the Republic one and indivisible." Trembling, and half undressed, Theresa was pushed rudely, at the very bayonet's point, into a coach, that stood waiting. As they neared the

Place du Throne, her guardians forced her to pass her head through the window. There stood the same horrible shadow which she had so narrowly escaped a short time before, by the humiliating sacrifice of her person and dignity. "In three days time from now, Milady, you will be acting the principal part in yonder play," said one of her captors with a coarse laugh. With what dismay and what a horror of agony the words fell on Theresa's ears, she used to relate years afterwards. On her arrival at the prison, eight men undressed her, with scant ceremony. Her delicate body was thrust into a common, linen slip, her splendid black curls unpitifully shorn off, and the door of a cell again closed, with its iron shriek, upon Theresa's young and radiant beauty.

For five and twenty days she lay there, miserable and dejected, expecting each hour to be her last. And Tallien! Tallien! had he failed her? The dastard! She vowed to wreak a hundred vengeance on his head, should she ever escape. Tallien, indeed, had not forgotten her, but, though he loved her desperately, passionately, with all the elements of good there were in his venal and contemptible nature, he was powerless to help her.

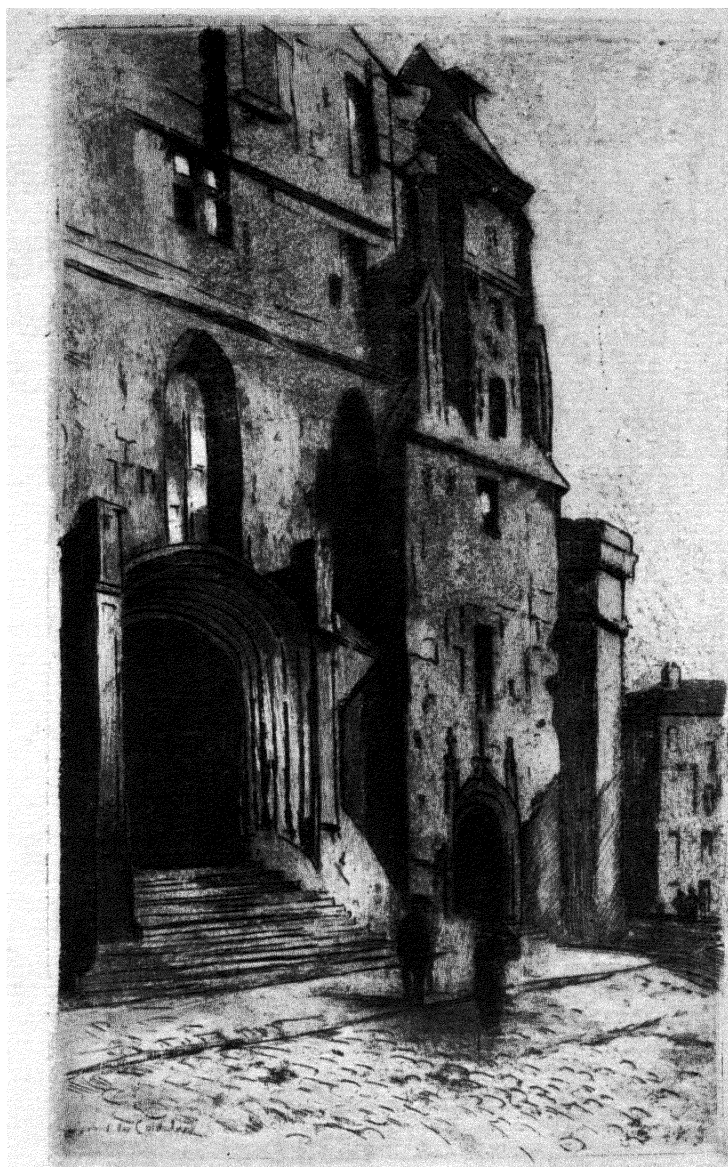
Tallien himself was fighting for his life. He had obtained a promise that the Citoyenne Cabarrus should not be judged immediately, and with that assurance he must rest content for the moment. There was, indeed, no case against Theresa. The only intrigues she had indulged in were amorous ones, and her only compromising letters were love billets. They were shown to her lover. In them he read the proofs of her lightness and infidelity; a mortal blow to the unsuspecting Tallien. Yet even that rude awakening could not cure a passion that had root in his very soul. His destiny was to love Theresa with an adoration so absolute that nothing could change it. This passion was to cease only with his life. Surely, coarse, ill-bred, brutal as the man was, he had in him something that we must admire. It is not given to all mortals to be

capable of such a stupendous passion. It lent to Tallien's soul an element of greatness, and a power of suffering that forces our sympathy. We grow to pity, even, the instigator of the massacres of September, the tyrant of Bordéaux, the perpetrator of a hundred acts of fanatical violence.

To enable him to catch a glimpse of the woman he loved, Tallien managed to hire a garret near the prison, whence he could watch the prisoners during their short daily exercise. His one pleasure was to feast his eyes upon his idol. Even amongst her jailors, Theresa's beauty and all-conquering charm had soon won her friends. The rigour of the prison rules was relaxed in her favour, and her cell exchanged for a room into which some light and sun penetrated. Life in the prisons was not one of the least strange features of the Revolutionary Period. There were gathered the remnants of that aristocratic society which the Reign of Terror had disbanded. There only were to be found the courtesy, politeness and refinement of a former century, nor was its gallantry wanting. Amongst the prisoners, rules of precedence still held good, titles were used, and conventions of breeding and etiquette unforgotten.

But the uncertainty of life determined those who might die to-morrow, to enjoy, to the utmost, the few brief hours remaining. Intrigue, more often amorous than political, was the absorbing occupation. The gods had pity on these poor mortals, who were soon to have their youth cut off by the untimely knife of the guillotine. Cupid, who fears neither bolts nor bars, installed himself boldly in the crowded revolutionary prisons, and gave many a moment of oblivion to those whose hours on earth were counted.

Theresa found herself once more amongst the men and women of her own class. She heard again the soft-voiced compliment, the musical laughter of her social equals. Theresa Cabarrus, the mistress of the sanguinary Conventional, became once more the Marquise de Fontenay. In a heart essentially aristocratic, arose a bitter resentment against, and contempt



CONVENT DES CORDELIERS.

for, the vulgar tyrant at whose side she had masqueraded under the Phrygian bonnet of a Goddess of Liberty. She determined, at least, to use him as an instrument. He was weak and sensual, and as clay in her dainty hands. But allegiance, loyalty to such a creature! she put the idea from her with derision.

Those within the prisons were not without news of what was passing outside. There was electricity in the air that portended storm. The prisoners gathered to discuss gravely their possible fate, for they felt that their lives hung in trembling scales. Theresa, burning with anger and impatience against her inactive and hesitating lover, determined to send to him a last, desperate appeal. "The prison director has just left me," she wrote, "he told me that to-morrow I would be summoned before the Tribunal, which means the scaffold. It is little like the dream that came to me last night. I dreamed that Robespierre was no more, and that the prisons had opened their doors to the innocent. Thanks to your contemptible and miserable cowardice, there will soon be no man left alive in France to put into execution and realise such a possibility." Without a word of tenderness she signed and sent the letter to Tallien.

He read it as he was preparing to enter the Assembly. The scathing words overcame his indecision, and aroused him to action. At all risks, all hazards, he must prove to the woman he loved that he was no coward, but a man, ready to do and dare. He must, he would deliver her, and be again her saviour and her lover.

Quivering under the lash of scorn, the crumpled paper still in his nervous hand, Tallien strode into the Convention. As he passed a friend, Gonfrilleau de Montaigu, he said firmly: "Come and watch the triumph of the friends of liberty. To-night, Robespierre will be no more."

The meeting began! St. Just, his beautiful, viper face fixed on Tallien, started an attack upon the Members of the Committee of Public Safety. Tallien, with an energy and bravado

that astonished the Assembly, interrupted the orator by saying that the time had passed for insinuation, that the Convention wanted proofs and facts. Let Robespierre and his satellites give them. "Robespierre," cried the orator, feeling his audience with him, "What is he? A Revolutionary renegade!" Robespierre rose, paling at the unexpected and violent attack. His voice was drowned in the clamour, and he stood uncertain where to turn for support. On that day, as it happened, most of his creatures were absent. For the first time the Assembly, which he had so dominated, escaped him. Tallien, like one possessed, mounted the Tribune, a poignard in his hand: "Citizens," he vociferated, "If you have not the courage to depose the tyrant, he will die by my hand." The deputies rose like one man, and a hundred voices cried, "Down, down with the tyrant!" There was no standing against the storm. Robespierre and his minions left the house precipitately. The day was won.

That night Robespierre's mangled body was carried, bleeding, to its judgment, and on the morrow he mounted the scaffold to which he had sent so many victims. The hyena had at last been conquered. The Reign of Terror was ended! and France, panting and surprised, looked gratefully towards the man who, by his simple daring, had overthrown the all-powerful despot.

Open, prison doors! Open, to let in light and liberty, to free the oppressed, to close again upon the oppressors! Tallien, the hero of the hour, the man who had delivered France, was acclaimed with wild enthusiasm by a whole frenzied population. But it was for one smile only that he waited, for one glance of appreciation from a pair of bright eyes, for one word murmured by soft lips. That was the prize he craved, and for which he had risked all, assuming a courage and energy foreign to his hesitating nature. It was not a patriot who overthrew Robespierre, and freed France from tyranny; it was a lover. The triumph was Theresa's. When, a few days afterwards, she appeared at the Opera, beside Tallien, radiantly brilliant in her youth and beauty, the audience rose to greet her with

cheers. The heroine of Thermidor accepted her rôle in all sincerity. She knew, indeed, that it was thanks to the lines penned by her dimpled hand that the destiny of France had been changed. As to Tallien, his jealousies were forgotten and forgiven. Theresa was about to become a mother. She was the woman he adored. The destinies of these two incongruous beings seemed interwoven; it was by mutual agreement that, on the 26th of December, 1794, the former Marquise de Fontenay became legally Madame Jean Lambert Tallien.

For a while Theresa was to reign as Queen of the strange, disorganised, though brilliant society of the Directory. Among her own personal possessions was a rustic farmhouse, called "La Chaumière," situated in the then uninhabited Avenue Montaigne. To this place the couple moved, fitting it with all the luxury dear to Theresa's heart; and here Tallien, the first man of the day, the hero of Thermidor, and his beautiful wife received all the Paris world of politics, finance, and fashion.

But Tallien was essentially a médiocre character; his unnatural burst of energy had been but a flash in a pan, inspired by his wife's scorn. He soon fell to the normal level of his own incapacities. Even in the circle of his receptions, it was the mistress of the house who drew, and held, the admiring crowds around her. The gloomy Conventional was left alone, and soon grew to be a mere cypher, almost a stranger in his own house. Sumptuously dressed, exquisitely graceful, seductive beyond words, Madame Tallien gathered all opinions to her side. The radiance of her victorious smile cleared the stormiest atmosphere into a sunshine of harmony; her salon was the Court of the Directory, in which she reigned supreme. More and more in the shadow, the master of the house was pushed into a corner. No one wanted him; no one cared for him. The lonely man's sole pleasures in life were his little daughter, Thermidor, named in memory of his triumph, and his resplendent wife, in whom his very spring of being was centred. The foppish young dandies of the Directory, who crowded the recep-

tions at the Chaumière, turned away their quizzing glasses from the instigator of the September massacres. The rising politicians passed by, almost unnoticed, the gaunt figure who was a living reminder of a time that each was anxious to forget.

Aristocrats were flocking back by every boat that landed. The country was sick of blood. France had had enough of storms and tears; she craved sunlight and laughter. The men of the Revolution had perished in the tempest, or had disappeared to give place to others.

Among the frequenters of the Talliens' receptions, one of the most assiduous was the Director Barras. His fine person, set off by the advantages of a handsome uniform, his lavish expenditure, the prestige of his position, made him the man of the hour, on whom all eyes were turned admiringly. Such an adorer was destined to knock, not in vain, at the open door of Theresa's heart. When Madame Tallien, leaning on the Director's arm, entered the salons of the Luxembourg, blazing with jewels and radiant in loveliness, the crowds made way for the splendid couple, and all but Tallien tacitly acknowledged in the triumphant Theresa, a Vice-Directress. Even Barras, coldly calculating as he was, was subjugated by the transcendent beauty of his mistress, and the Treasury of the Directory was opened to her grasping little hands.

On one of their drives together, Barras stopped his carriage at the door of a vast garden, in the Rue de Babylone. "What an enchanting retreat!" cried Theresa, "he is a fortunate being who inhabits such a paradise." The handsome Director took a key from his embroidered waistcoat and handed it gallantly to his companion. She did not refuse it.

Yet, with all her vices, follies, thoughtlessness, and wasteful extravagance, Madame Tallien's naturally amiable heart and generous nature won her warm friends. In becoming Our Lady of Thermidor, she had not ceased to be Our Lady of Succour. If she no longer had opportunities to save heads, she was able and willing to use her influence in a thousand acts of kind-

ness to those around her; for to oblige was her keenest pleasure. One day a friend brought to her reception a sallow, hungry-looking officer, in a coat a size too large for his narrow shoulders. Struck by the young man's magnificent eyes and the intelligence and depth of his remarks, Madame Tallien inquired his name. He was called Napoleon Bonaparte, was a lieutenant of artillery, and came of a poor, though noble Corsican family. Being but an officer in attendance, he must wear what was given him—hence his shabby appearance. The next day young Bonaparte had an order from the War Office for a new uniform. All doors opened to Theresa's gracious requests.

With the fair, Creole widow, Madame de Beauharnais, Madame Tallien was on intimate terms, and had rendered Josephine a signal service in getting her confiscated property restored. Scandal even whispered that the two beautiful young women shared Barras' affection. The situation, however, gave rise to no jealousies, and they were, and remained in after life, firmly attached.

So the years passed. Meanwhile, poor Tallien fell lower and lower; he had no friends, no influence, no ambition. The masters of the hour disdained the poor intriguer, the abandoned husband, the unsuccessful politician. Moral and social failure precipitated physical collapse: the handsome Proconsul of '93 became a cadaverous, shambling wreck, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks. Under failing health, his temper grew captious, and he was subject to violent nervous attacks. The unfortunate man knew that he had been betrayed by the woman he so persistently adored. He realised that he had become an object of derision and repulsion; yet he loved Theresa still. To see her, to live near her, he was willing to sacrifice the last remnants of his manly dignity.

Through the influence of the rising hero, General Bonaparte, Madame Tallien obtained an appointment for her husband in the army of Egypt, which she forced him to accept. She was left in Paris, freed, at last, from the presence which had grown

so odious to her, and able to pursue the life of pleasure and conquest, which to the inveterate coquette was as necessary as the air she breathed. By the post, which brought her daily a dozen declarations from her lovers, the exile's letters came regularly. In them he spoke of their past, feigned to ignore her present, and made fond projects for the future.

Unsympathetic as Tallien was, corrupt, base, and degenerate as we know him to have been, yet when we read these pitiful appeals there arises in our hearts a profound commiseration for the wretched man. Under all the phrases in which he drew pictures of his return to his happy home, to the love of his wife and daughter, under all his protestations of passion and recitations of gratitude for his wife's kindness to him, we hear the under song of the man's broken heart, ringing a funeral knell over the only happiness life could hold for him. We picture the poor brute in his hot tent, under the shadow of the Egyptian pyramids, writing the letters that were never to receive an answer, pouring out all his heart upon paper. Amid the burning sands of the desert, there passed before his hungry eyes a vision of the cool garden of the dear Chaumière, and of Theresa, in her diaphanous muslins, her dainty feet thrust into antique sandals, her dark curls caught by strings of pearls into a Grecian knot, her luminous eyes sparkling, her scarlet lips opening in a greeting to the admirers that flocked around her. Surely, in such moments, the Marquise de Fontenay was revenged upon the man who had won her by a humiliating bargain. She had given him back the cup of gall, and he must drink it to its dregs.

Meanwhile, from success to triumph, the beautiful syren moved. Her intrigue with the Director closed by Barras introducing her complacently to a rich financier, Ouvrard by name, whose resources were better able to stand Theresa's reckless assaults; for she spent thousands on her costumes, which were regal in their richness and quantity. The news of Tallien's return from Egypt left her untroubled. This time she was determined to let no question of sentimental pity interfere with

the dissolution of a tie that had become onerous. Tallien was not received by his wife. He bowed to her irrevocable decision.

Theresa had left the Chaumière, with her children—for several had been born during Tallien's absence—and was living in the house which Barras had given her. With Ouvrard's fortune she was free to indulge in all her caprices. In her new home Madame Cabarrus—for so she had called herself again after her divorce—held open house, receiving all the most prominent men in Paris, patronising letters, the arts, and the sciences, and acting the role of a Muse. Yet, upon her bed of roses, Theresa found a thorn, in the coldness with which the aristocratic society of the Faubourg St. Germain avoided the ex-Marquise de Fontenay. Even the Salons of the Tuileries were closed by Napoleon to the woman he had once courted and admired, and who had never ceased to be a friend of his wife. It was the cause of more than one domestic scene; for Josephine was unwilling to abandon the confidant and companion of her days of adversity. But the Emperor was inexorable: Ouvrard's mistress should not enter the charmed circle of the Imperial Court. Theresa tried a hundred ruses, and exercised all her influence to gain the Emperor's good graces. It was in vain; and she must needs, at last, resign herself to the inevitable, and limit her ambitions to shining in her own drawing-rooms.

It was at this time that the ranks of her admirers were swelled by a new comer—the young gentleman of the halt before Blois, heir to the Princely Crown of Carman-Chimay. Though no longer in its spring, Theresa was still in the glorious summer of her life. She captivated all who approached her, and none more than the Comte de Caraman, who had never forgotten the exquisite traveller of eleven years before. Cupid is proverbially blind, and it hardly required all Theresa's charm and tact to persuade her ardent admirer that his lady had been the victim of circumstances during her varied career of

adventure. He offered her his heart, hand, and crown, and the 18th of July, 1805, Theresa descended the steps of the Mairie of the 8th Arrondissement, lawful Princess of Caraman-Chimay, and a member of that ancient aristocracy from which she had so long been excluded. Paris did not call on the happy couple, but Theresa, during her troubled career, had learned enough philosophy to realise that "all comes to those who wait."

To Tallien, living alone and miserably, the news was brought. "She can call herself Princess Chimère," he cried bitterly, "history will know her but as Madame Tallien."

From this time forward, Theresa settled down into a peaceful sunset of prosperity; yet, before we leave her, we would evoke one scene in her strange life, that reunited, once again, for an hour, "Our Lady of Thermidor," and the unhappy man who had so long and hopelessly adored her with all the energy of his dark nature.

It was in April, 1815. Thermidor, the daughter born to Madame Tallien after the events of the 9th of Thermidor, had grown into a beautiful girl of nineteen. She was to marry the Count de Narbonne-Petit and, notwithstanding the little desire that the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay and her noble family had of seeing Tallien, it was difficult not to invite a father to his own daughter's wedding ceremony. When the Conventionier appeared, bent, shabby, haggard, and uncouth, amid that fashionable assembly, the guests shrunk away as from a leper. The very name of the "Septembriseur" was fraught with terror. The young bride herself turned with repugnance from the father she no longer knew, nor recognised. He was the skeleton at the feast. The only person present who remained unembarrassed, and greeted the unlucky man with quiet politeness, was the astonishing Theresa. Before her tranquil indifference, the abandoned husband suffered keener mortification and chagrin than from all the ill-disguised repugnance of those around him.

The ceremony ended, Tallien stood alone and uncertain upon the church steps. The Princesse de Chimay, whose

carriage was waiting to convey her to the wedding breakfast, turned to her former lover and, with a smile, offered him a seat in her berlin. Timid and trembling, he accepted; and, once again, in an equipage of gala, Tallien found himself seated beside the woman he adored. Once again his fond eyes could see, his hand touch her. A vision must have crossed his mind, of Theresa, in her youth and beauty, riding by his side down the crowded thoroughfares, her black ringlets crowned with the little red velvet cap of liberty, her dazzling shoulders draped lightly in an antique peplum, while the enthusiastic populace shouted their names to the echoes. Tallien lent an unheeding ear to the polite commonplaces of the Princess; his thoughts were back in the golden days of their adventurous past, when both were living, beneath radiant skies, the astonishing romance of their youth. The carriage stopped, all too soon, awakening him from his dream. At the door of his house, the Prince de Chimay waited to escort his wife to the wedding feast. The hand he encountered was Tallien's, and the courtesy of a grand gentleman exacted that the princely host should invite the unwelcome guest to enter. He did so, and placed him in the honoured seat, beside "their" wife. Theresa's amiability and unconcern never failed during that strange wedding feast, but, to all alike, it was a relief when the time came to withdraw. There are some situations that not even the greatest tact can render supportable.

Tallien never saw his wife again. The inhabitants of the village of Chimay told tales of meeting a gloomy, uncouth stranger, who would come sometimes and prowling around the gate of the "château," waiting as though he wished to see its occupants. It was the once arrogant Proconsul of '93, who, after his fruitless pilgrimages, would journey back to Paris, more dejected, more miserable each time. He lived poorly, wanting often the barest necessities of life, which he would procure for himself by the sale of some volume from his once voluminous library. One day, during the reign of Louis XVIII.,

the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Pasquier, brushed up against a needy-looking man, shabbily dressed, who was driving a bargain for a package of books he had under his arm.

"Monsieur Tallien!" said the Minister surprised.

"I do not try to hide myself, sir," answered the ex-president of the Convention, proudly.

There was an embarrassed silence, as Pasquier cast a look upon the books Tallien had brought to sell.

"But," cried Pasquier, "this is a collection of your journal, 'L'Ami des Citoyens,' and I have been looking for it for years."

"Then it is my good fortune to be able to offer it to you," replied Tallien.

The Minister took the volumes with some confusion. He did not dare to offer payment, yet he saw that their donor was in dire need.

"I shall have the honour of coming to thank you in your lodgings to-morrow," he said, as Tallien bowed and withdrew.

That night the Minister told the story to Louis XVIII. The King listened curiously, with a smile on his face. It was an opportunity for a subtle revenge on the man who had sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold.

"Pasquier," cried the King, "to-morrow you will carry Monsieur Tallien one hundred louis from my private purse."

Tallien accepted the pension; he was not one to refuse money, be its source what it might. But he did not live long to enjoy it. A few months afterwards he died, unattended and alone, save for his old servant. Not a soul followed the modest coffin to the cemetery, and the hero of Thermidor passed from off the face of the earth, unmourned, unhonoured, and almost forgotten.

Theresa's declining years were more fortunate. Surrounded by her children, interested in good works and educational schemes, she saw her beauty fade without too much regret. Freed by the Marquis de Fontenay's opportune death, she was

enabled to have her marriage duly sanctified by the Church of Rome, and the aristocratic and exclusive society of the Faubourg St. Germain at last pardoned and took to its bosom its long-erring daughter. In her old age she loved to relate the romance and drama of her youth. The very day before she died, in 1835, she said to her son, Dr. Cabarrus, "What a life mine has been! Has it not, indeed, been a dream?"

Posterity need not be more severe on Theresa than her contemporaries. Her qualities of heart outweighed her lightness of conduct. She shone out of the lurid night of the Revolution as a star of brilliant beauty. Her charm and fascination, come as a refreshing respite from the horrors of the Reign of Terror, which she, more than any other, was instrumental in ending.



STAIRCASE, 29 QUAI DE BOURBON, WHERE
MADAME TALLIEN LIVED AS A GIRL.



CHAPTER VIII

ALONG THE QUAIS

The wall built by Philippe Auguste, three metres high, "and mighty strong and mighty thick," so that a cart could drive upon its broad top, advanced to the edge of the river, along what is now the Rue Mazarin. It was terminated by a tower that looked towards the Seine, where the present south front of the Institut de France stands, and was named after Philippe Hamelin, Prévôt of Paris, at the time of its construction, and afterwards called la Tour de Nesle—a Seigneur de Nesle having built a château, forming a part of the Louvre, on the ground now occupied by the Mint.

Legend, that fantastic sister of History, is often mistaken for her sedater twin, and, as the years roll by, it is not easy for the antiquary or the historian to disentangle fact from the heap of fictions under which it lies buried. The Tour de Nesle has served poets and romancers, from time immemorial, as the background for tragic and dramatic events, and became a name fraught with such mysterious terror, that the good citizens of Paris crossed themselves at the mere mention of it. A Princesse de Bourgogne was reported to have dwelt here, luring her gallants within the dark walls, where, after scenes of the wildest

orgy, they were seized, tied in a sack, and precipitated, by a subterranean channel, into the current of the river beneath. It is the marvellous that always succeeds best in capturing the public imagination, and hundreds of victims were reported to have so perished, paying with their lives for a night of adventurous folly. Probably there was some basis of truth in the story, grossly exaggerated by generations of credulous listeners; yet it is no more than a legend, and as such must be taken. It is certain that Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe le Long, inhabited the Hotel de Nesle during the eight years of her widowhood; but research fails to attribute any such crimes to her memory. She died in 1329. Benvenuto Cellini also lived and worked there during the years he spent in Paris in the service of the King.

The Tour de Nesle and its adjacent château were then surrounded by vast pasture land, through which passed a canal known as "la petite Seine," following the present line of the Rue Bonaparte. Towards the south extended a field called le Petit Pré, occupied by booths and rustic cabarets, and frequented by the students and their gay companions, known as "les Vierges Folles." On the west was the celebrated "Pré aux Clercs," which the Clerks of Parliament had chosen as their promenade ground, and for the representations of the pageants in which they excelled. Large crowds, drawn by the wit and joviality of these open-air spectacles, came to the "Pré aux Clercs" from across the river; wandering merchants erected booths there, and it gradually grew into a permanent fair, at which the townspeople gathered to patronise the taverns, and merry jousts and games that abounded. On summer evenings all classes would flock to the "Pré aux Clercs," arriving by the "bac" or ferry, established in 1550, the present Rue du Bac being then but a pathway leading to the ferry. But, at the hour when the "couvre feu" rang out its warning knell, all peaceful citizens hurried home; for, as night fell, the neighbouring Faubourg St. Germain, an outlying village of evil repute, would

pour its uncertain population of brigands and noisy ruffians into the Pré aux Clercs. Indeed, it was from this disorderly and often murderous crew, that the Quai Malaquais took its name; Malaquest being a derivative of "mauvaise compagnie," and a term for all sorts of roughs and outlaws.

In 1557 the Reformers chose the Pré aux Clercs as a meeting place, in which to preach their doctrine, and sing the Psalms of David, set to the popular airs of the day, and translated, for the first time, into French verse, by Clement Marot. The Parisians, then, as now, the most curious population in the world, and always ready to gather in crowds at the slightest provocation, assembled "en masse" at the unusual spectacle. The Catholic clergy took alarm at the wonderful popularity the Reformers were gaining; for the beauty of the Psalms electrified the listening crowds, and the new religion acquired converts daily. The Church saw, with alarm, its power menaced; to sing the Psalms in a language which every one could understand was pronounced a sedition, and an open incitement to rebellion and civil war. Pain of death was the penalty paid by man, woman, or child, who dared to sing a Psalm in public; and the Reformers were forbidden to gather in any public square to hold their meetings. The arbitrary severity of the fathers of the ancient faith was seconded by the King, Henri III., a narrow bigot. But it was too late to stop the impetuous current of opinion; for the reform was led by men of austere and remarkable virtue, and numbered among its adherents some of the first names of France, such as Coligny and Condé, and three noble and honoured women, Marguerite de Navarre, Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV., and the beautiful Duchesse de Ferrare; while, amongst the bourgeoisie, Jean Goujon, Clement Marot, du Cerceau, Ambroise Paré, and scores of others, were ardent Protestants. The people themselves, restless and discontented under the tyranny of the Mother Church, greeted the new movement with a sympathy which the arbitrary measures of the Catholic clergy served rather to stimulate than to suppress.

BOOKSTALLS ON THE QUAY.



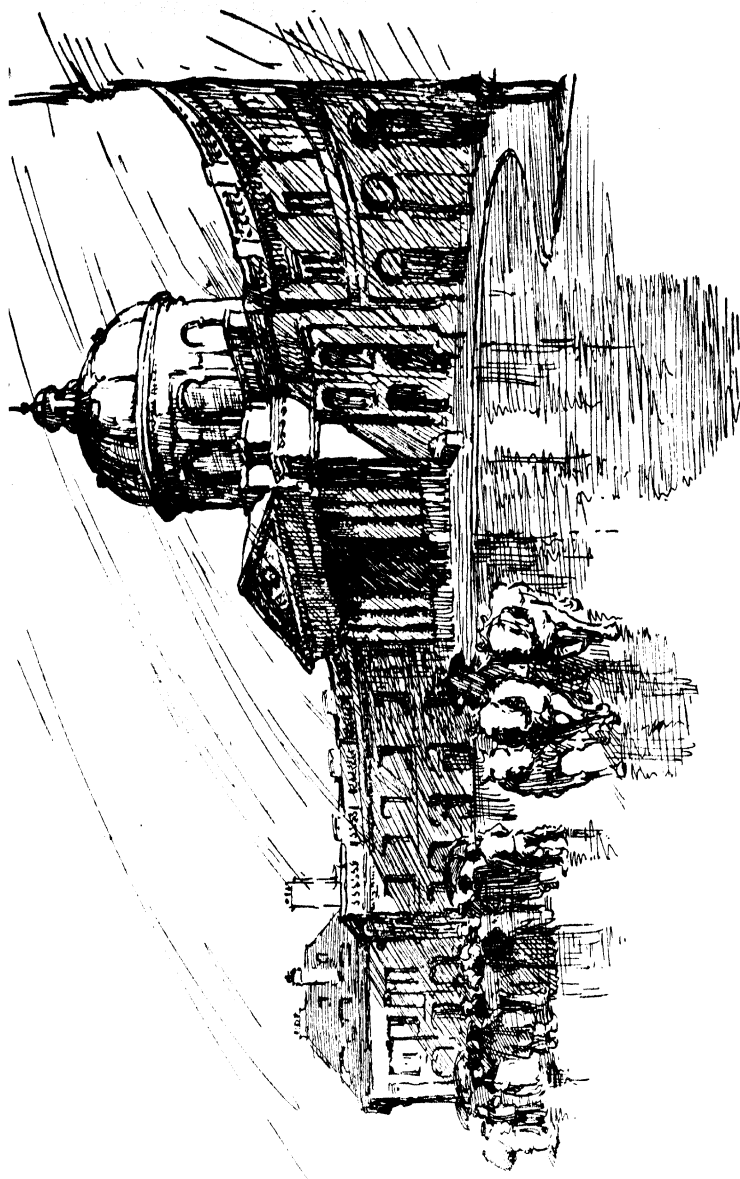
The Huguenots, forbidden to congregate in public, met in private, in the houses near the Pré aux Clercs. Their first Synod was held in the Rue Visconti, the Reformers choosing, by preference, the quarter of St. Germain, where they were less observed, and felt in greater security than in Paris itself. On the fatal night of St. Bartholomew, to prevent them from being warned in time of the massacre about to take place, the ferry, as well as all the boats that habitually carried passengers backwards and forwards across the Seine, were removed down the river. When the slaughter began, the Huguenots, finding themselves cut off and penned in the city, jumped into the river by hundreds, hoping in that way to escape. It was the more unfortunate of these desperate swimmers that Charles IX., spying from his window in the Louvre by the early morning light of the 25th of August, 1572, shot down with his own fowling piece, as though they had been so many bobbing wild ducks.

During the siege of Paris by Henry IV., the Pré aux Clercs was used as a camping ground by the Huguenot armies, and, after the establishment of peace, Marguerite de Valois built herself a palace there, surrounded by a spacious park, extending as far as the Rue du Bac. Marguerite died in 1615, after naming the young Louis XIII. as heir, but her numerous creditors seized the property, which was divided and sold in lots, except a space planted with elm trees, which was left as a public walk. It soon became the haunt of all the dubious inhabitants of the quarter, male and female, as well as a rendezvous for duellists, many notorious and fatal encounters taking place there. In 1639, the last remaining vestiges of the Gardens disappeared to make way for the Rues de Verneuil and de Beaume. The celebrated Pré aux Clercs has been sung in the opera that bears its name—

“ Ces rendez-vous de noble compagnie
Se donnent tous en ce charmant séjour,
Tout doucement on y passè la vie,
En célébrant le champagne et l'amour.”

On a winter day of 1661, twelve of the greatest medical authorities in France rose, with grave faces, from the table, around which they had assembled. The object of their consultation, the most important man in the kingdom, waited in an adjoining room to hear their verdict. With emaciated face, and tall, stooping form, Mazarin stood ready to receive the doctors, who filed silently in, one after another, each unwilling to break the fatal news. But the man with whom they had to deal had not studied physiognomy for nothing, through the long years of his astute career. He read his condemnation, twelve times over, in the averted eyes about him, and quietly, without emotion, spoke it himself. The doctors had hardly left his presence, before Mazarin, son of the Church though he was, turned his thoughts back to the world he was leaving, and began preparations by which to dispose of the immense wealth he had accumulated, since, as a needy, young Italian priest, he had first entered the service of France in the shadow of his predecessor, the great Cardinal.

To each of the seventeen Italian nieces who had come from Italy at his bidding, to be married to the first nobles of the kingdom, Mazarin left a colossal fortune; to each of the two queens, a handful of diamonds; and vast portions to servitors, parasites and retainers. But the vain Italian wished to have his name perpetuated in the land of his adoption, and decided to leave an endowment to build a College that would be called the College Mazarin, and so remain through all time. For this purpose, therefore, he appropriated a large sum, and named the young king as his executor. The scheming Italian passed away on the 9th of March, 1661, but disputes, disagreements, and hesitations as to a choice of locality, prevented the plan from being put into execution immediately. It was years before Levau, with the aid of the architect Lambert, finally erected the present Palais Mazarin, which now serves for the sittings of the various Academies which form the "Institut de France." The Bibliothèque Mazarine, begun by the Cardinal's own collection,



PALAIS MAZARIN, NOW THE SEAT OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.

was augmented, at the time of the Revolution, by the acquisition of one million, five hundred thousand books, part of numerous private libraries, confiscated in 1794 from the "Emigrés."

In No. 1, Quai Malaquais, we may find the type of a private residence of the time of Louis XIII. The architect, Visconti, lived and died there.

Close beside it, graceful and harmonious, with the red brick front and grey stone facings dear to the architects of the 17th century, is a house which had the dubious honour of being "condemned to death" by the Convention, in 1793. Buzot, the enthusiastic young Girondin député, who had inspired a passion in the patriotic heart of Madame Roland, lodged at 3, Quai Malaquais. When the milder and juster republicans were swept aside and overthrown by the violent revolutionists, with Robespierre at their head, the party of the "Gironde" fell, its members being forced to fly for their lives. Buzot, one of the most prominent and noblest of the young "Girondins," reached Bordeaux, but, finding public opinion adverse to him in the south, where the revolution was raging with even greater violence than in Paris; he escaped to Brittany. There, tracked by the emissaries of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he fled from hiding place to hiding place, until, overtaken by cold, hunger, and privation, he died miserably in a deserted cave. The Convention decided to have the house in which he had lived razed to the ground, and to inscribe on its ruins "Here dwelt King Buzot." The 9th of Thermidor saved the charming old mansion from such an unjust and ridiculous fate. It was inhabited, in 1820, by Humboldt, the geologist.

At No. 5 (the Hotel de Bérulle) dwelt Maurice de Saxe, the victor of Fontenay, lover of the beautiful Adrienne Lecouvreur, who was supposed to have been poisoned by the jealousy of the Duchesse de Bouillon, a rival in the affections of the Maréchal de Saxe. The body of Adrienne Lecouvreur was carried from

her house near by at dead of night, and secretly buried by a few devoted friends, in a deserted corner of the Faubourg, on the site of No. 13, Bd. St. Germain. The house in which the actress breathed her last was 21, Rue Visconti, where Racine also died, and where two other celebrated comediennes, Mlle. Clarion and Mlle. de la Champmeslé, afterwards lived.

9, Quai Malaquais, now occupied by the "Ecole des Beaux Arts," was built from an ancient manor. It served as Ministry of War at the end of the 18th century. The hall in which the exhibitions of the School are annually held, is on the site of a hotel given by Mazarin to one of his nieces, Marie Anne Martinozzi, married to the Prince de Conti. In 1775, the occupant was the Duchesse de Mazarin, a daughter of the Duc d'Aumont, a very beautiful woman, who died from tight-lacing, although she had posed for a statue of Venus. During the years of the Revolution, the house changed hands, and when Savary, Duc de Rovigo, came into its possession, the statue of the Duchesse was found in a garret, and made its reappearance to serve as a decoration for the antichamber. It was here that General Mallet, accompanied by General Lahorie, came to present Savary with a forged order deposing him from his office of Minister of Police.

Mallet's plot merits more than a passing mention, for, had he succeeded he would have changed the world's history. Claude Francois Mallet was born in 1754, and like so many of his compatriots, in 1791, enlisted, served with distinction, and became a General of the Republican, afterwards the Imperial, Armies. Mallet, though a valiant soldier of Napoleon's Legions, was an ardent Republican, and, as such, became suspected by the Emperor, who, as a measure of prudence, had him incarcerated in 1808. Profiting by the liberty which his exchange into a private asylum left him, and by Napoleon's prolonged absence in Russia, General Mallet organised an elaborate conspiracy which came within an ace of succeeding, and all but overthrew the Imperial Government.

He induced the Generals, Guidal and Lahorie, and a certain number of discontents to enter with him in the plot. They forged a "Senatus Consult," which declared Napoleon and his family to be deposed from the throne, and named a committee of five to exercise executive power, with General Mallet himself, as Governor of Paris, at their head. Escaping from his confinement during the night of the 23rd of October, Mallet visited the various barracks of Paris, where he circulated among the troops the news of Napoleon's death. He surprised the Civil authorities by presenting his papers, drove to the Minister of Police, and showed him a forged order depriving him of his office, and naming Lahorie in his place. He then ordered the astonished Savary to follow him to prison, which strangely enough, without the slightest resistance, Napoleon's Minister of Police prepared to do. The plan worked as if by magic, and the audacious conspiracy was nearly a complete success when a simple officer frustrated it by insisting on seeing proofs of what was told him. Mallet, annoyed at so unexpected an interruption from such a humble quarter, lost his temper, and, drawing his pistol, fired point blank upon the officer in question, Commandant Doucet; but the latter was too quick, seized Mallet by the collar, disarmed him, and the strange comedy came to a dramatic end.

No time was lost by the frightened authorities in judging the culprits, for all felt more or less compromised by the readiness with which they had fallen in with his plans. General Mallet and his companions were tried the next day and found guilty of high treason. "Who are your accomplices?" asked the Judge. "All of you, if I had succeeded," answered the unlucky General boldly. Mallet was condemned to be shot the following day. He heard his sentence with perfect equanimity, and only asked that, in consideration of his past services to the nation, he might give the command to fire to the soldiers who were to execute him. As they lifted their muskets to take aim, the General's practised eye discovered a want of unison

in their movement, which he reproved, ordering them to repeat it properly, and with the word "Fire!" on his lips, he fell, pierced by the bullets of twenty muskets.

At the corner of the Rue des Saints Péres was stationed the ferry, that served, in olden times, as a means of transport to those who wished to cross the river lower than the Pont Neuf, the only bridge then existing.

One evening, late, King Henry of Navarre, simply dressed and accompanied by but two gentlemen of his retinue, was returning to the Louvre after a long day's hunt in the forest of Montmorency. It was in 1598, and the Peace of Vervins had but recently been signed. Seeing that the boatman who was rowing them over the ferry had not recognised him, the King, who always loved to hear the frankly expressed opinion of his people, asked the ferryman what he thought of the newly-gained peace that France was enjoying for the first time in so many years. "My faith," remarked the ferryman, tugging at his oars, "I do not know much about peace, but what I do know is that rates and duties have increased on everything in the Kingdom, until even this poor barque pays such a heavy tax for its right to cross the river that it is all I can do to earn the scantiest living."

"And the King," asked Henry, "Is he not going to set all such things right for his people?"

"Pooh, Pooh!" replied the boatman, "the King, why, he is a good enough devil; but, look you, he has a mistress who needs so many jewels and fine dresses that there's no end to it, and it is we poor people who have to pay for them; and," he added slyly, "if she were but true to him—but she has a score of lovers."

The King, who had begun to laugh, looked thoughtful, and the next day ordered the ferryman to be brought to the Louvre, where he was sitting surrounded by his Court. He stepped aside, and calling the lovely Duchesse de Beaufort to him, bade the boatman repeat what he had said the previous

evening, which the man did, much to the mortification of the King's mistress, who grew so furious at what she heard that she cried out to Henry that the man must be taken and hung, or at least soundly whipped. But Henry, if an ardent lover, was also no poor philosopher.

"What folly!" he said, good-naturedly; "Here is a poor serf whom misery and overwork have put into a bad humour. We must put him into a good one again, and right the wrongs of Fortune, and I guarantee you that he cheers lustily enough in future for Henry and the beautiful Gabrielle D'Estrées."

When the ferryman left the palace, it was with the franchise of his barque, and a purse full of gold, and, after this, there was no more loyal subject in France than the boatman of the Louvre Ferry.

QUAI VOLTAIRE

The houses on the Quai Voltaire evoke a galaxy of distinguished names. No. 1 was the Hôtel de Braqueville, and, afterwards of the Maréchal de Tessé; Nos. 3 and 5, the residence of the Ambassador of Germany, in the 8th century. In No. 9, Louise Renée de Keroual, whom Charles II. of England had created Duchess of Portsmouth, came to close her adventurous life in bigoted old age, surrounded by the magnificent collection of paintings she had brought from England, a present from her royal lover. The house passed through many hands; amongst its other occupants were J. B. Gluck, an ancestor of the composer, Fouché, Napoleon's minister, and the painter Ingres.

At No. 14 lived the tragedian, Talma, of whom Napoleon was so enthusiastic an admirer that he said: "If I were not Napoleon, I would rather be Talma than any living man."

At the corner of the Rue de Beaune remains the house in which Voltaire died. It was built by Monsieur de Bragelonne, a Trésorier of Louis XIV., and was owned, at the end of the 18th century, by the Marquis de Villette, a friend of Voltaire's, to whom, notwithstanding Villette's reputation of being a confirmed

roué, he had married his adopted child, Renée Philibert de Vauricour, a young girl of a poor but noble family of Gex, whose beauty and sweetness of disposition had won her the gentle name of "Belle et Bonne."

It was to these friends that the great poet philosopher came, when, after an almost continuous exile of forty years, he returned to France. Paris acclaimed him with frenzy, and all classes of society flocked to welcome the Patriarch of Ferney, even though he lodged in a house whose master, the Marquis de Villette, was looked upon askance for his reputation of libertinage and his anti-religious ideas. The great American, Franklin, brought his grandson to be blessed by the man of genius. Voltaire putting his hand on the child's head, said: "God and Liberty! I can give you no nobler words." For each and all the Patriarch had an appropriate word; a smile, a tear, or a bon mot, according to circumstances. His mind had never been clearer or more penetrating, his wit had never seemed more dazzlingly brilliant, yet his body was racked with pain, and he was already a doomed man.

It was not the first time Voltaire had inhabited the house on the corner of the Quai and the Rue de Beaune—thirty years before he had sojourned there as the guest of Madame de Bernières, in whom—so scandal whispered—he had found not only a passionate admirer, but a most tender friend. Since then much was changed. The old France of the poet's youth was rapidly evolving into the new France of '89, and none had been more instrumental than Voltaire in the mighty evolution. At the first rumours of the great man's illness, crowds gathered beneath the windows, to get news of him. Death, which he had feared so bitterly during his long life, had overtaken him suddenly. He breathed his last, sitting upright in an armchair, near the swiftly flowing river and its moving life, in the centre of the Paris he loved, of whose faults he was so conscious, and of which he so truthfully represented the restless, brilliant spirit of progress and perpetual change.

As the end seemed to be imminent, the Government, alarmed at the enthusiasm which the hero's funeral honours would be certain to awake in the population, had arranged with a relative of Voltaire's, l'abbé Mignot, to bury the philosopher who had so systematically opposed the Church. It was agreed that the body should be transported secretly to Champagne. At midnight, the dead man, clothed in a dressing gown, his head and face hidden beneath an immense nightcap, was placed in a coach drawn by six horses. Straps secured the body in an upright position, and a servant was seated opposite to watch through the strange vigil of the long drive. In a carriage behind, followed his devoted friends, the Marquis de Villette and his wife; also two official delegates. "Belle et Bonne" was in tears for the loss of the man who had always been to her the gentlest and kindest of parents.

We can picture that grim cortège passing out of the gateway of the Hotel in the Rue de Beaune, turning the Quai, and crossing the river, on its ghostly voyage. Even the corpse of the mighty cynic was judged dangerous; and the authorities trembled at the power it could exercise. And so, a smile on his thin lips, still now for ever, no more to utter the biting sarcasms, the cutting ironies, or noble words of free and developed thought, the great Voltaire rode away from his good city of Paris, bound upon the last, long exile of the restless spirit. His work was done! The ancient monarchy, with its old creeds and methods, was shaken to its core. The un pitying philosopher of Ferney might pass from a world he had done so much to change; it was no longer his shrivelled mummy that was dangerous, it was the whole system of living thought which he left behind him. Surely, his eternal smile can never have been more cynical; for he knew now he could watch with all-seeing eyes the storm that was gathering dark on the horizon, could look down upon the stark body that was hurried furtively away at dead of night, and could also see it, after many years, returning, blown back by the mighty hurricane, surrounded with pomp,

amid the delirious shouts, the frantic and enthusiastic worship of a whole frenzied population; borne back with honours innumerable, to take its place in the Pantheon of regenerated France, where, not the kings among men, but the kings among minds were to be laid for their long rest.

At the excessive honour, as at the useless slight, Voltaire, the philosopher, would have smiled as sardonically, as enigmatically. It is not around his splendored mausoleum that his ghost stalks; it is along the banks of the river where he walked so often; it is along the Quai bearing his name and his image, beside which he lived, loved, and died.

For years, the Marquis de Villette left untenanted the room in which Voltaire died; then time and many changes scattered the pious relics. Arsène Houssaye occupied the house long afterwards, and wrote there, perhaps from the very room in which the poet spent his last hours, the book entitled "Le Roi Voltaire."

At the opposite corner of the street stands the Hôtel de Mailly. The Duc de Mailly Nesle, who built it, married a grand-niece of Mazarin, of whom more than one gallant anecdote is told. The Marquis de Richelieu inspired her with such a passion, that, hearing he had forsaken her for Madame de Polignac, she challenged her rival to a duel in the then wild and deserted Bois de Boulogne. They fought with pistols, and Madame de Mailly was wounded in the shoulder. It was this same Marquise de Mailly who was reputed to have been the first love of Louis XV. He did not long remain faithful, and deserted her for her second sister, by whom he had a son, who, from his likeness to the King, his father, was called "Le Demi Louis." This sister, the Countess de Vatimesnil, was poisoned, it was supposed, by Cardinal Fleury, jealous of the influence she was gaining over her lover. She was replaced in her turn by a third sister, who insisted on reigning alone in the affections of him whom his subjects had dubbed "Louis le Bien Aimé." Madame de Mailly was accordingly banished from

Court, and the Parisians, as usual, celebrated the episode in a song,

"J'al vu la Mailly tout en pleurs,
Voilà ce que c'est d'avoir des sœurs."

The poor Marquise de Mailly finished her life as a religious devotee. When she died, in 1751, it was found that she wore, hidden under her dress, a shirt of horsehair, as a penance for a past she bitterly repented. The Hôtel de Mailly was often frequented by the poet Leconte de Lisle, at the time when it was occupied by Victor Considérant, the editor of a review called "La Phalange," in which de Lisle published most of his celebrated poems. The poet would pass hours dawdling along the bookstalls of the Quais, his head bent over a volume, until, throwing it down, with a gesture of disdain and a shrug of his shoulders, expressive of all the contempt he felt for the book and its author, he would pick up and lose himself in another.

Let us not leave the Quais without a look at the old bookstalls, where lie the rows of dusty brown volumes over which de Lisle, and so many of France's poets, painters and philosophers have pondered.

To wander along, with the sparkling river beneath us, to finger the musty pages in search of an unexpected treasure; what lover of Paris has not so spent charmed hours? Perhaps he has been lucky enough to fall upon a coveted prize, has bought it for a few pennies, and hurried away with it under his arm, trying to look indifferent, while still under the eyes of the ancient bookseller with his spectacles and his duster, walking up and down before his wares. Once out of sight, the delighted purchaser, unable longer to resist, has crooned over his bargain, lost deep in the pages of some whilom writer, forgetting the crowds that in the lessening light pass on busy errands as the setting sun brightens the face of the river into a stream of burnished copper, and transforms into fiery dragons' eyes, all the windows along the old Quais.

Surely, it is not Voltaire's cynical ghost alone that stalks the banks of the classical river. It is haunted by a hundred mysterious phantoms, whose life-endavour lay there in the books that line the grey stone parapets with a multi-coloured record of the thoughts, dreams, and fancies of generations of the children of the Seine.



THE SEINE BELOW PARIS



FOUNTAIN, RUE GARANCIERE.

CHAPTER IX

OLD STREETS AND CORNERS

If we would picture to ourselves the Paris of a century or so ago, we must imagine a network of narrow, winding streets, filled with a motley procession of jostling townspeople, clattering men at arms, monks, friars, and priests, while, at every corner, there met the eye the most pitiable specimens of mendicant humanity; for the halt, the maimed, and the blind were obliged to depend largely on the generosity of the passer-by, there being but few institutions to harbour them. The houses were high, so that little sunlight ever penetrated to the street below, which was ill-kept and dirty. Down the centre ran a gutter, which served to carry off the rain that poured in



THE "COUR DU DRAGON"

torrents from the mouths of the gargoyles and roofs, on to the heads of the unfortunate passers-by. In any weather, the pedestrian, solicitous for his coat and beaver, would protect them under the ample shade of a large umbrella; for the housewives considered the street as public property, and, without word or warning, would open hastily a window in some high house front, and dash the contents of a greasy saucepan, or soapy bucket, down on the heads of those luckless enough to be passing.

It was only under Charles V., in 1370, that the streets were paved at all. Before that, man and beast floundered their way through the muddy alleys that, with the least shower, became a bog. The first public conveyances date from 1645. The idea was due to Pascal, but it was only as late as 1828 that a regular service was organised. The streets of Paris were lighted, for the first time, during the reign of Louis XIV. Even then, those who would venture abroad after nightfall must be armed and accompanied by a lantern bearer, for in every corner lurked thieves, cut-throats, and bandits, whom the insufficient police were quite unable to keep in check.

Of these old streets, some few remaining, here and there, about the city, give us an idea of its aspect, before broad thoroughfares had opened up access in every direction. Then rich and poor dwelt side by side, the hovel threw its stunted shadow on the carved gateway of its neighbour, the palace, while the lofty spires of the churches rose through the confusion of clustering roofs that humbly nestled beneath their spiritual protection. The silver tongued bells rang out not only the call to prayers and the hours of the day, but also sounded the alarm, and gave the time to rise, and that at which all honest men must be a-bed. Guilds gathered in the same quarters, and have left their trace in the names of many stree's, from which the last member of the fraternity has long emigrated, although, in the old Cour du Dragon, we find still congregated the small ironmongers who have made it their stamping ground for over a hundred years.

Of all the curious names of streets, as well as of all the obsolete cries of Paris that made the town so picturesque, there is no space here to speak, nor is there place to illustrate the quaintness of the signboards so rapidly disappearing.

It seems odd enough that in so cosmopolitan a city as Paris a Ghetto should still exist. But those who thread the heart of the Marais will find, in the Rue des Rosiers, types of the Hebrew race, that would tempt the brush of a Rembrandt or Teniers. It does not need the Hebraic sign, painted upon every house front, to tell us we are amongst the children of Abraham. Sitting in the shadowy recesses of their little booths and shops, are fat old women, whose pale, pasty faces look out from the frame of false fronts of coarse, black hair, dear to the aged daughters of Zion. The wares offered for sale are of the poorest; unsavoury meat and vegetables, or cheap household and toilet articles are all the unpalatable little counters hold. But such a bargaining is going on as might satisfy the soul of even a Turkish merchant. Evidently, with a Jewish dealer, it is not the article he sells that has its price, but rather the customer he would sell it to. Bearded patriarchs and thick-lipped juveniles guard the sordid wares suspiciously. Every other door is the haunt of the hook-nosed old clothes broker, whose piercing voice pleads lamentably with the passer-by to buy or sell. Here come and go Jews of every nationality—Jews German, Jews Russian, Jews Portuguese, and Jews Polish. Every imaginable variation of the same unmistakable type has flocked, as though by instinct, to this poor quarter of Paris. On a battered second story front, one sees Passover Bread advertised for sale. Indeed, the greasy rabbis one meets at every turn look orthodox enough, and there is precious little leaven of any kind in the heavy atmosphere of the Rue des Rosiers and its inhabitants.

Perhaps one of the great charms of Paris is that each quarter of the city is characteristic and different from its neighbour. Not one of the thoroughfares of the town is a more unique and



THE RUE DES PATRIARCHES.

complete world within itself than the Rue Mouffetard, once called Rue St. Marcel, that has existed since the Middle Ages. Here, on a Sunday morning, will be heard such a chattering and crying that it seems as though, in lieu of housewives, a hundred thousand parrots have met to do their marketing. The narrow passage is crowded from end to end with eager shoppers. Pavements, sidewalks, doorways are packed so tightly that it is with difficulty one pushes a way through the baskets loaded with provisions that each purchaser carries on her arm, and that give one many a sharp knock, as the surging crowd of humanity separates, only to close again into a compact mass. Hoarse-voiced hawkers scream the prices of their wares exposed to view, busy wives drive thrifty bargains, neighbours gossip and laugh, and everyone seems to say what they have to say at the top of their voices, while with their high-peaked alpaca caps drawn over their roaming eyes, the young Apache dandies of the "Fortifs" or the Buttes Chaumont, stroll negligently through the throngs, a flower or a cigarette stuck carelessly in a corner of their lips, their hair carefully combed forward over the temple in a studied curl, and a bright tie lightening the sombreness of a suit of shabby velveteen. As they pass through the crowds many an admiring glance follows these heroes of the Police Gazette. The Rue Mouffetard is one of the favourite haunts of the 20th century "Chevaliers d'Industrie." Many a dire plot has been hatched behind the zinc counters of these low-roofed, tiny cafés. Many schemes of vengeance or gnawing jealousy have found their final expression in a death stab from one of the cruel, curved knives we see protruding from the red worsted belts of the gentlemen of leisure, who are playing a game of dominoes around a table in the little bar. They play silently, swiftly, with few words. Now and then comes a rapid gesture, and we feel, as we look at them, that here is a world upon whose mysterious threshold we are but peeping intruders. We will never be able to comprehend a psychology so different from our own. For these people have their rigorous code of



THE RUE MOUFFETARD.

honour, their own laws, etiquette, boundaries, and limitations, all as sharply drawn and as tacitly accepted as our own, and all so diametrically opposed to the laws recognised by organised Society, that it is indeed a world of different mentality. That there can be good here, as well as evil, we do not doubt; one sees its possibilities written on many of the careworn faces. For what human crowd is not full of elements of nobility? But, in this overworked, swarming street, where life is a struggle and a perpetual wrangle, the majority of the tired eyes we meet are very hard. And the heteroclitic denizens of the Rue Mouffetard are comprised but of two classes of society—the hunted and the hunters.

Of the scholastic Paris of the Middle Ages, there are, unfortunately, but few traces left. One of the last remaining centres of the life of the universities is being rapidly destroyed in the clearing away of that nest of tortuous streets which surround the Church of St. Severin. Progress has long halted, uncertain where to begin its work, in this corner of antique houses pressed, one against another, like teeth in an overcrowded jaw. Unfortunately during these last few years, municipal reforms have been rife, and these isolated survivors of the past are fast giving place to the large avenues and colourless symmetry of the present. In olden days all this quarter of St. Severin was a popular one for the clerks of Parliament, the students of the various universities, and the learned doctors of the Sorbonne near by. At No. 3, Rue St. Severin, was a house dedicated to "Le Dieu d'Amour"; at No. 2 lived, in the XVIIth century, Fromageau, the confessor of those condemned to death. And near by, No. 20, "La Maison du Paon Blanc" was one of those Rôtisseries of which Paris possessed many until a few years ago, and of which Monsieur Anatole France has given us so delightful a picture in his "Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque." When the needy students of the University passed before the open door, from which a succulent odour of roasting chickens would greet their hungry nostrils, they might feast their eyes,

at least, upon the spectacle of dozens of golden capons steaming on the turning spits before a roaring fire. The poor scholar, whose cheek was as flat as his gusset, would stop, longingly munching his dry crust, within view of the tempting display. It was at this very Carrefour de Saint Severin that Seigni Joan, Rabelais tells us, rendered a judgment worthy of the wisdom of Solomon, against a "Rôtisseur," who had the pretension to claim payment from a poor devil, who had been lingering near the tempting entry, from which the fumes of hot fowl came pouring forth. Seigni Joan ordered the student to drop a coin on the pavement and pocket it afterwards; he then declared that the Rôtisseur's claims were settled, for the ring of a coin was certainly just payment for the fumes of a roast.

Founded during the Mérovingian period, under the patronage of St. Severin the Solitary, a contemporary of Childebert I., the Church of St. Severin was knocked down during the Norman invasions, and re-constructed from its ruins in 1050. The parish of St. Severin being in the quarter of the University, its ministers enjoyed the title of "Archiprêtre" and precedence over their fellows. The most ancient part of the present edifice is the wall which gives upon the Rue des Prêtres. The church was greatly added to during the 15th century. Under St. Severin still exist the charnel chambers of the ancient cemetery. Here, in 1587, Catherine de Lorraine, sister to "le Balafré," had several devotional paintings exhibited, representing, says l'Estoile, "the strange inhumanities exercised by the Queen of England against Catholics, all of which was done to excite the people to war against the Huguenots." The access to the charnel chambers was by a little passage which still exists between the numbers 10 and 12, Rue de la Parcheminerie. On the doorway was inscribed:

"Passant, penses-tu passer par ce passage

Où, pensant, j'ai passé?

Si tu n'y penses pas, passant, tu n'es pas sage,

Car, en n'y pensant pas, tu te verras passé."



CHURCH OF ST. SEVERIN.

Near this lugubrious inscription, a clerk lived in long bygone years, and, opposite to him, lodged his sweetheart. She was so well guarded that her lover could never meet her. So, one day, the legend tells us, as he was lamenting his ill-luck, Satan, who was passing at the time, heard him, and offered his services to help the gallant out of his dilemma. Leaning with his back against the wall of St. Severin, his Satanic Majesty lifted his tail against the opposite house, so that the amorous clerk might walk upon it to his ladylove's window. But, alack! when daylight bid the Romeo to be gone, the Devil's extemporised bridge appeared less solid than by the rays of moonlight. The clerk, trembling, made the sign of the cross, as he ventured on to the treacherous tight-rope, and immediately, at the holy gesture, Satan took flight, and down crashed the poor clerk on the hard pavement below, where there was an end to his adventures, for he was picked up in so sad a plight that even his lady recoiled from him in horror. And the legend adds that, when the fair one consoled herself with other admirers, she bade them arrive at her window by a surer road than the Devil's tail. Since when the French have called a mistake "un pas de clerc."

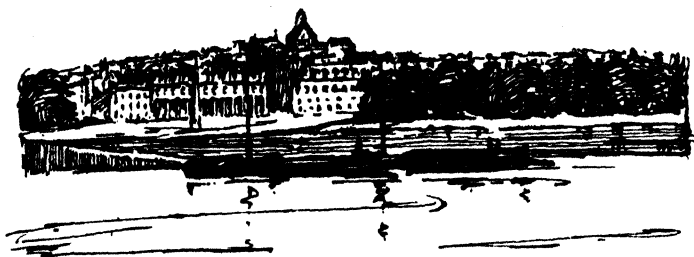
That immense highway of the scholastic Catholicism of bygone ages, the Rue St. Jacques, is still, in all its entity, filled with memories of the past. At 254, the ancient company of "Les Frères Hospitaliers de Saint Jacques" built the seminary of their military order, at the end of the 14th century. No. 284, now occupied by a smithy, was the entrance of the convent of the Carmelite sisters, on the model of the order of Santa Theresa. Its French branch was founded by the Duchesse de Longueville, in 1602. On the 21st of April, 1674, Louise de la Vallière, then but thirty years of age, quitted the pomps and vanities of Court life, and entered this convent door, which she was never to repass again. The Carmelite rules were no more indulgent towards the great King's mistress, than to the humblest penitent of the Order. The sisters were all treated alike: four



CARMELITE CONVENT, RUE ST. JACQUES.

bare walls, a wooden bed, shaped like a coffin, in which the nuns slept, covered by one coarse, serge sheet. A chair, a wooden spoon, an earthenware bowl, a crucifix were all that their cells contained. Their fare consisted of vegetables, rye bread, and milk. They had to rise at five, and could not retire before eleven. The long day was spent in prayer and penitence. On the 30th of June that followed her entry to the Carmelites, the Duchesse de la Vallière donned the dress of her Order, with its rough, cord sandals and coarse cloth habit. Before a year passed, the postulant was received. Bossuet himself pronounced the oration, before an audience which comprised the greatest personages of the realm. At the moment when the audience was left palpitating with emotion beneath the eloquent exhortations of the great orator, and as the peal of the organ filled the air, the Mother Superior advanced, and, taking the penitent by the hand, led her to a little space arranged to represent a grave. There, as she prostrated herself upon the ground, a black pall was thrown upon her. The Duchesse de la Vallière was dead to the world! For thirty-seven years Sister Louise de la Miséricorde lived immured within the walls of the convent of the Rue St. Jacques. At last, upon a fair summer day of that month of June, in which Louise de la Vallière had first made her appearance at the Court of Fontainebleau, she passed peacefully away, happy to be called from a life whose youth was torn by passion and unhappiness, and whose maturity had been but a long penitence and abnegation.

At No. 29, the Schola Cantorum occupies the ancient monastery of the English Benedictines, where, in 1701, the body of the Pretender, James the Second of England, was deposited. But the whole of this Rue St. Jacques is so full of memories that to recall them would fill a volume. Yet we would tarry an instant before the old house that bears the number of 218, for on this spot the charming "Romaunt of the Rose" was written. To think that these stones have echoed to the footsteps of



THE HILL OF MONTMARTRE, FROM THE RIVER.

CHAPTER X

MONTMARTRE AND ITS WINDMILLS

There are few travellers or tourists to Paris who have not visited Montmartre. Its very name is synonymous of all that is most "up-to-date" in the modern life of the capital. The life of "La Butte," as its frequenters call the hill of Montmartre, is a thing apart, unique and intensely representative of the movement of art, wit, and joviality, that makes Paris such an attractive playground for the civilised world, on pleasure bent. Yet the past of Montmartre was as typical and picturesque as its present—nay, infinitely more so. The little cabarets, where foreigners crowd to see the dancers of the quarter, or hear the lank-haired poets recite their own impromptu verses, are but the continuation of a long hierarchy of establishments of very much the same order. The "apaches" of to-day are the descendants of the bandits of a few centuries ago. And Montmartre has been the haunt of Bohemians of all kinds and classes, ever since that ancestral Prince of "Rapins," François Villon, wrote of it in the 15th century as "Ung lieu moult ancien."

When Paris called itself Lutece, and when Cæsar's legions drank unfiltered the crystal waters of the river Seine, the eminence, which overlooked the Roman City, was chosen as a suitable site for a Temple to be dedicated to Mars. It was on the hill named in his honour, Le Mont-Martis, that the Romans



LE MOULIN DE LA GALETTE.

accordingly came to worship the God of War who had led them to the pleasant land of Gaul and crowned their arms with victory. "The country of the Gauls is peculiarly favoured," wrote Cæsar, "and its inhabitants could have become masters of the world, were not each man for himself and everyone against his neighbour." The trait that Cæsar's keen eye noticed two thousand years ago has remained unchanged. But if it has made a divided and restless people, it has also been an important factor in developing the individuality and activity that makes the French race and its history so interesting to the observer.

The vines, imported by the Romans 150 years before Christ, prospered so exceedingly in Gaul that its fair plains and hills soon became covered with the graceful growth, and the hill of Montmartre especially was one of the first to be planted and given over to the culture of the grape. As Rome gave place again to the re-conquering Gaul, the Temple of Mars fell into disuse and a temple dedicated to Bacchus replaced it. The jolly god was always a popular one on French soil. As late as the 12th century there were altars in Paris at which he was adored, and he ceased to be worshipped only when the Catholic clergy received him into the Church calendar as Saint Bacchus. But more than the products of its vines, the lime kilns of Montmartre brought renown to the hill. They were worked at a very early date, and most of Paris has been built with the plaster extricated from these quarries. It was in a deserted quarry that Saint Denis, the patron of Paris, and his companions in persecution, found refuge. On the site of the martyr's resting-place, a chapel was erected in 1304. Later, in 1373, an abbey was built on the holy ground by the noble lady Abbess, Isabelle de Rieux, and it was she who owned the quarries and conceded to contractors the right of working them. This lime of Montmartre was of a rare quality, and made excellent plaster and pottery. Bernard de Palissy recommended it as superior to any other. When the Italian architects and

sculptors arrived in France, in the 16th century, bringing with them the Renaissance style of architecture, they found the friable stone well adapted to the carvings and ornamentation of the churches and palaces, which the Italian Queens, Catherine and Marie de Medicis, ordered to be constructed in imitation of those of Italy. It was these Italian workmen who first made the plaster statuettes that one so often sees being sold along the parapets of the bridges. Nothing is new, and the little copies of the Venus de Milo, or the Diana, or the Victory, are the direct descendants of an art that came from Greece to Italy and was introduced to France by the Italians. Maitre Raoul Bouterais, a Counsellor of the Palace of Justice in the 16th century, sang in a poem of many cantos the praise of this wonderful plaster from the quarries of Montmartre. It not only served to decorate Paris, but was imported across the Channel to England, and most of the original Adams' mouldings are made of the good, old plaster extricated from the hill of Montmartre.

It was on the 15th of August, 1534, beside the Fountain of St. Denis, that Ignace de Loyola, then 33 years of age, and his companions, came to partake of a frugal, symbolic repast, and pronounce the solemn vows of renunciation from the world, and absolute devotion and obedience to their order, which were to be the rules of the new Society of Jesus, founded on that day and approved by the Pope Paul III. under the title of "Clercs de la Compagnie de Jesus." Exactly one hundred years after the corner stone of the mighty Society of the Jesuits was laid, a new sect gathered on Montmartre, to found, in their turn, another society that was to rival, in absolutism and secrecy, that of the Jesuits. It was the Order of Freemasons. It is a strange coincidence that the two most autocratic organisations in the world—organisations destined to combat each other through centuries—should have sprung into being on the same soil.

Where the "Good Vincent de Paul" had come to exhort the labourers in the quarry by his words and example, the sorcerers of the 18th century established their profane temples. In January, 1752, a certain Delafosse was convicted of practising magic and holding black masses in an abandoned quarry, arranged as a mock chapel. Here, to consult him, ladies of the Court, masked to avoid recognition, would flock at nightfall. One of them, Madame de Montboissier, was exiled to a convent for life, as a punishment for having frequented and encouraged Delafosse.

The Revolution, that respected nothing, turned into lime ovens the chapel where the bones of St. Denis and Ignace de Loyola reposed. The quarries then served as a refuge, not for martyrs, but for all the cut-throats and thieves of the capital. Marat came to hide there during one of the periods when his violence had gained him the disfavour of the population of Paris.

What is now the Bois de Boulogne was known, in olden times, as the Forest of Rouvray. It extended as far as Montmartre, then a Royal preserve, where the stags were sometimes attacked, or run to death, on the border of the forest, at the foot of the Butte. Henri IV., who was a mighty hunter, and loved the Royal sport of chasing the stag, had a hunting lodge on the hill. It has disappeared long since, though at least a dozen shambling old ruins are reputed to be the rendezvous of the King and his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées.

In ancient days, Montmartre was supposed to be haunted by genii and fairies who lived in its grottos and springs and exercised charms upon the inhabitants. Of the many limpid sources and fountains once springing up from the rocky soil, few remain. Of them all, the most celebrated was the fountain of St. Denis, but there were also "La Fontaine du Buc," "La Fontaine de la Bonne," and La Fontenelle, around which the housewives of the Butte would gather to wash their linen, singing those old-fashioned roundelays and ballads, more humorous than delicate, so dear to the hearts of the people of

the Middle Ages. According to local belief, the Fountain of St. Denis was possessed of wonderful healing properties. It was situated on the west slope of the hill, and tradition averred that it was here that Saint Denis, after being decapitated, stopped to wash his severed head, which he had carried in his hand from the place of his execution. The peasants, who lived in the vicinity of the fountain, reported that, after night had fallen, choruses of angels' voices would often be heard singing around the holy spring. Loyola and his comrades had pledged each other in a loving cup of the holy water, passed from hand to hand on the day they pronounced their vows. The Virgins who drank at the Martyr's well remained faithful wives, and its virtues were celebrated by troubadours, and revered by the population.

If we cast our eyes over an old plan of Paris, dating from the 17th or 18th century, we are astonished at the quantity of windmills, to be seen marked in every direction. We can imagine the aspect of the city, with its numberless churches and convents, its fortresses, its narrow winding streets, lined by high-gabled houses; while, on every little eminence, stood the busy windmills, their thousand arms stretched in pursuit of the silvery clouds that sweep across the changing sky.

Paris was, indeed, a very city of mills; there were more than two hundred within sight. On the vine-clad hill of Montmartre alone, there were over thirty great and small pairs of brown wings whirring in the breeze. No lesser personage than the poet Tasso was struck by their beauty, and the charm they lent the landscape. The poet visited Paris in 1570, in the suite of the Cardinal Louis d'Este, who came as Italian Ambassador to the Court of Charles IX. Tasso wrote to his friends in Ferrare, complaining of the uncertain and capricious climate of Paris, in harmony with the changing humours of its population. Neither the one, nor the other, pleased the Italian, and he lamented over the monotony of the misty landscapes, so dull and colourless to one accustomed to the revel of hues and

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radiance of light of the sun-kissed land of Italy. Even the marvelous Gothic cathedrals seemed but massive and severe to Tasso, though he acknowledged some admiration of their wonderful stained glass windows. But his enthusiasm was awakened by the windmills of Montmartre turning and twisting on their pivots. Here, at last, was a spectacle of ever-varying beauty, and he is loud in his praises of their quaintness, charm, and poetry. These same debonair windmills of Montmartre have acted their noble part in the historic pageant of the nation. In time of war their towers served as posts of observation. The old "Moulin de la Galette," that dominates Paris in this year of 1910, was built in 1295, and from its high galleries Etienne Marcel, in the year 1358, watched with anxious eyes the bands of foreign mercenaries who were devastating the faubourgs of the city. The windmills lost some of their popularity under Louis XVI., when a desperate famine threatened the population. Flour was known to be hidden somewhere within the city walls, and the people clamoured for bread. The Government had all the grain contained in the mills of Montmartre transported secretly and at night to Havre. From there it was brought back to Paris by boat, and reported as having freshly arrived from America. It was sold for literally its weight in gold. When it transpired that the bread for which the poor were paying so dear, was made from the grain stored at Montmartre, the populace grew furious, and would certainly have burnt the mills, had they been more accessible. But luckily they were perched on the steep hill, up which only a footpath led, and the Parisians contented themselves with looking up and cursing them from a distance.

The mills of Montmartre, and particularly the "Moulin de la Galette," were the scene of a courageous defence, at the time when the allied armies entered Paris, in 1814. Notwithstanding the strategical advantages of its elevated position, the Butte had been but poorly prepared for its defence, and possessed only nine pieces of ordnance. On the morning of the 30th of

March, Napoleon's brother, King Joseph, established his headquarters at "Le Château Rouge," an ancient royal hunting box, in the Rue Clignancourt. There he passed in review his troops, composed of several companies of National Guards, reinforced by volunteers, who were to man the batteries on the Butte. The hill was a key to Paris; and its retention was most important. "Hold your ground, gentlemen," cried Joseph, addressing his little army, "The Emperor is at the gates of Paris and in possession of La Villette." Unfortunately, Joseph was mistaken; it was not Napoleon, but the allies who even at that very moment were advancing to the attack.

The fighting soon began! On the heights of Montmartre, it was fast and furious, and the artillerymen, overpowered by numbers, notwithstanding a heroic resistance, were hacked to pieces beside their cannons which they would not abandon, although the odds against them were fearful. Amongst the bravest of the defenders were the four brothers Debray, sons of the proprietor of the mills, which were the principal point of attack. Riddled with bullets, the three younger brothers fell while defending their position. The eldest Debray still remained unharmed, and, with the help of a young son and a few followers, served with fatal effect the piece of ordnance planted on the terrace of his mill. He had watched his brothers fall, and vowed he would avenge them. The order to cease firing was given in the allied ranks. The news of the capitulation of Paris had reached them. Debray, undaunted, remained quietly beside his cannon, as the order to advance upon the mill was given. A column of Russian infantry began to climb the steep ascent. Debray waited until it was within easy range, then taking a cool and steady aim, he poured two full charges of shot into the ranks of his enemies. Their loss was fearful! For a while they staggered and retreated, but their officers rallied them, and, leaping over the bodies of their comrades, they rushed with a yell of rage upon the heroic miller and his little band. Debray advanced from his companions, and

as the Russian officer was about to lay his hand upon him, he raised his pistol and shot him dead. There was a savage howl from the enemy, and, in a moment, the devoted defender of the mill was torn to pieces. His body was taken, cut in four, and each limb bound on a wing of his windmill. The sunset went down on the great brown arms, whirling round with their ghastly burden, as though they were taking the master, who had so often set them in motion, on a long, mysterious journey into the wild country of the winds. The following night, Debray's widow came to detach the mutilated remains from their strange, uneasy vigil. They were carried in an empty flour sack to the little cemetery of St. Pierre, where they were buried. The lad, who had served with his father in the defence of the post, was found, by the Russians, hiding inside the mill. They dragged him out, and nailed him with a lance to the pivot on which the wheel turned. The next day he managed to escape, living, from his horrible crucifixion. He recovered, and only died thirty years afterwards, although from that day he was never able to take any nourishment more solid than milk.

It is the great-grandson of the hero of the defence, Monsieur Auguste Debray, who is the actual proprietor of the old mill which still bears, in its time-blackened timbers, the bullets of the Russian infantry who stormed it in 1814.

This last surviving relic of the windmills of Montmartre was known by the name of "But-a-fin," until its proprietors rechristened it "Moulin de la Galette." It has been in the hands of the Debrays, from father to son, for centuries; for their names figure in the leases of the "Dames Benedictines de Montmartre," as farmer millers, since the 14th century. The mill came into their actual possession in 1640. The "Moulin de la Galette" has evoked the admiration of such painters as Charles Jacque and Corot, and has been sung by a hundred poets, amongst whom, perhaps, the most enthusiastic was Gerard de Nerval, a devoted frequenter of Montmartre.

The charming situations of the windmills made them an easy point of access to the excursion-loving Parisians, and there were no lack of mills to choose from, the "Moulin de la Route," "Moulin du Paradis," "Moulin de la Lancette," and "Moulin des Brouillards" (I like the latter name, it suggests the huge arms feeling through the fog to catch the first breath of wind abroad). Gradually most of the mills fell into disuse and decay, or were absorbed by the growing city. During the last centuries, on sunny holiday afternoons, the people of the faubourgs would wend their way afoot up the steep path of the vine-clad hill of Montmartre, to enjoy, as only a Parisian public can enjoy, the simple pleasures of a rural site, a glass of wine, and a slice of the homely, grey bread served by the miller's wife, on the terrace overlooking the shining valley of the Seine, and the distant roofs of the city spread far below.

It is thanks to the Debray family that Montmartre still possesses a survivor or two of these rare old sentinels of its primitive past. In 1833, one of the descendants of the bold miller decided to open a rustic dancing place, and the historic windmill was dedicated to Terpsichore. The Debray of that time was an ardent lover of the dance. He passed for the lightest and most agile foot of the quarter; indeed, there was not his equal to be found in Paris for cutting a pigeon wing. Nothing amused him more, after his day's work was finished, than to gather together a band of jolly young people, who made the venerable mill tremble to the movement of their lancers and polkas. Debray was the presiding genius of the festivity, correcting this one, exhorting another, and setting the example to all. So the whole Butte of Montmartre became dancing mad, and the "Moulin de la Galette" a veritable temple of the Goddess of Movement.

One day it occurred to Debray that what he did for his amusement, he might as well do for his profit; and so the public ball of the "Moulin de la Galette" was founded. Its success surpassed all expectations, and a large hall had to be built to

hold the crowds that thronged to "foot it on the light fantastic toe." So the great, restless wings at last folded themselves into a final and immovable repose, and their perpetual motion passed into the eager young feet that came to dance away a happy hour under the benediction of the ancient arms. Such is the story of But-a-fin, who has stood on the top of the Butte, perched precariously on one leg, during six hundred and fourteen seasons of successive storm and sunshine. The aged, black rafters look indulgently down on the passing generations of pleasure seekers or lovers. Yet, as it looms against a lurid winter sky, high above its sordid and mundane surroundings, the rude windmill of the past hardly seems part of to-day. When the winds of March tear through the nakedness of its skeleton arms, old But-a-fin will moan and tremble in all its venerable frame. Perhaps, it is then that it remembers! remembers the sombre evening, a hundred years ago, when, all through the wild March night, it carried to his eternal resting place the valiant miller, who had defended its rights so desperately against the invader's foot.

But, alas! from the antiquaries' point of view, the golden days of Montmartre are a thing of the past. Its picturesque mills, its primitive little cabarets and vine-clad heights have disappeared, to give place to pretentious, modern music halls, or high apartment houses. Busy streets are opened on the site of the lime quarries, where Loyola sought retirement from the world, or where the masked Court ladies came to consult the mysterious sorcerer Delafosse. There are few points which would now tempt the brush of a Corot or a Jacque, or evoke the enthusiasm of Tasso. Yet, such as it is, Montmartre is not wanting in a certain sordid quaintness. It is a world and population apart, that has an atmosphere of its own. The great Cathedral, raised by the subscriptions of the people, crowns the heights where once the music of the whirring windmills filled the air. Lit by the splendour of the setting sun, it seems, as we look at it from afar, a very Walhalla, or fairy palace of the gods, built to be



occupied by the vanished genii and nymphs who once inhabited the grottos, caverns, and the fountains of the ancient Mont-Martis.



AN OLD STREET CORNER.



OLD FOUNTAIN-HEAD IN THE MARAIS.

CHAPTER XI

NINON DE LENCLOS

Surely beauty, which is, perhaps, of all perishable things the most fragile, is yet the one gift of the gods on which the memory lingers tenaciously. Helen of Troy will be spoken of when Ajax and Achilles' exploits, or old Priam's wisdom, lie long forgotten. Though the flower of human loveliness fade from the earth, it leaves its perfume in the air.

The fair woman, whose image we would evoke, was one of the world's greatest sirens. For more than the three score years allotted to man, she wielded the sceptre of an unchallenged supremacy. She was the lustre and love light of her time, and her marvellous seduction held captive the generations of that century of pleasure in which she lived and moved.

Anne de Lenclos was born in Paris, in 1620. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of Touraine, who served in the suite of the Duc d'Elbeuf. Monsieur de Lenclos was obliged to leave France, shortly after Ninon's birth, having killed the Baron de Chabans in a duel, which savoured somewhat of an assassination, for Chabans had not put up his guard before Lenclos ran him through the body. Henri de Lenclos was a jolly gentleman, with not too much morality, nor too many

scruples, whose chief aim in life was pleasure. Madame de Lenclos, on the contrary, was a woman of great piety. She educated the young daughter left under her sole care and direction, according to the custom of that day, which consisted in giving her a complete knowledge of the Prayer Book, the Lives of the Martyrs, and a deportment suitable to her rank as a gentlewoman. Mademoiselle de Lenclos was most accomplished in the intricate measures of the formal dances then in vogue. She sang and played the lute, wrote more or less correctly (a person of quality was not required to spell) and possessed, above all, to crown her accomplishments, a beautiful face and figure, and a particular grace of manner.

The quarter of the town which Madame de Lenclos inhabited was one of the most fashionable, as it was also one of the most "gallant" in Paris. Ninon lived surrounded by examples that hardly tended to cultivate austerity. Such a charmer was bound not to pass long unnoticed, and, at the age of fifteen, Mademoiselle de Lenclos had already a host of admirers. Her choice lighted on Charles de Beaumont, Sieur de St. Etienne. Madame de Lenclos, thinking the gallant was a possible husband, encouraged his visits and assiduties. But Ninon was as little inclined for matrimony as St. Etienne himself. After a brief idyl, each went their way. Ninon's was to the arms of the Chevalier de Raray. One day, when, during the absence of her mother, she was talking to her lover before the door, a beggar, whining for alms, planted himself near the couple. Nothing would induce him to leave the young people alone, though they had not a penny in their pockets. "Here," cried Ninon, throwing him her lace pocket handkerchief, "take this and sell it, but, at least, leave us in peace!" Mademoiselle de Lenclos had begun her career!

It was hardly possible to remain longer under Madame de Lenclos' pious roof, notwithstanding the toleration of the customs of that time. Ninon moved to a house of her own, Rue des Trois Pavillons (now Rue Elzevir). To those who did not please



HOUSE OF NINON DE LENCLOS, IN THE RUE DES TOURNELLES.

her, she was inexorable, whatever the advantages they offered; to those who half pleased her, she would say, "I can promise you nothing. Await my caprice, if you choose." With those who pleased her wholly, she herself took the initiative.

Mademoiselle de Lenclos was not venal, and she had the rare quality of sincerity. Her admirers were divided into two categories, known as the "favourites" and the "martyrs." Her rule in life, if she acknowledged any rule, was never to give the slightest favour to those who left her heart untouched—true, that Ninon's heart was easily won, and she counted her adorers by the dozen. When she tired, she would tell her admirers that as she had had enough of them, they must seek good fortune elsewhere. Yet, in ceasing to be a mistress, she remained a loyal and devoted friend. "I think I shall love you for three months," she said to Rambouillet, and, when he chid her for fixing so short a limit, "My dear," she answered, "for me it is an eternity." All the town crowded to Mademoiselle de Lenclos' house. During Lent she held open table, and, contrary to the custom in all classes, meat was served daily to her guests. One of them got his hostess into disgrace by throwing a bone out of the window, which unluckily fell on the head of the priest of Saint-Sulpice, who was passing. Ninon received a visit from the authorities, and it required all the influence of her friends to protect her from the ire of the Church and the punishment of the Law.

Mademoiselle de Lenclos' lovers were amongst the highest in the kingdom; her love affairs, her witticisms, her beauty, were the topic of Court and town. In the young Duc d'Enghien, she perhaps recognised the future conqueror, Le Grand Condé, though she said that "it required a hundred times more wit to make love than to lead an army." Richelieu did not please her, and she would have none of him. He never forgave her.

She considered that he who would love must be rather the master than the slave of passion, and she invariably left her

lovers before they had time to tire, or even to grow accustomed. Ninon regarded love as the first of all arts, and certainly, in her profession, she was a great artist. She was the cause of more than one fatal duel; but she did not reproach herself, having always told her lovers that she would be faithful only while her fancy lasted, which was never long. Ninon's motto was, "*Be inconstant* as long as you can, for the times comes when you can no longer be so." Some of La Rochefoucauld's maxims on love were, perhaps, inspired by Ninon, for he was one of her assiduous frequenters.

Mademoiselle de Lenclos, though already about forty years old, was as yet untouched by the hand of time, when she had the good, or rather ill-fortune, to meet Villarceaux. He was to give her heart the only lesson in fidelity that it ever acknowledged. He united physical advantages with a lively intelligence; his jealous disposition was a perpetual burning of incense on the altar of love. He was the sincerest passion of Ninon's life. She left the adulation of a whole population to live with him in the seclusion of the country, where for three years she exiled herself from friends, admirers, and pleasures. He was a jealous lover, and, to appease him one day, when he was ill, she cut off her magnificent hair and sent it to him as an offering.

It was the one occasion in her career in which she was wanting in science; she revealed the secret, that a woman should always keep from the man she loves—that he was indispensable to her. Villarceaux was the first to tire. After such a long period of fidelity, Ninon threw herself into a vortex of folly, which ended by exciting the ire of the Queen Mother, although Anne of Austria, more than any other, should have forgiven those who listened rather to the promptings of their hearts than of their heads. Perhaps Madame de Villarceaux had influenced the Queen; she was desperately in love with her husband, and jealous of Ninon.

It was with small enthusiasm that Mademoiselle de Lenclos received the Queen's order to retire to a convent. The person,

who bore the letter, suggested that she should choose the "Repentant Sisters," as the Queen had left her free to go where she liked. "I am neither a sister, nor repentant," she answered when she was sent to "les Madelonnettes." The authorities were obliged to have a guard to surround the convent, as the army of Ninon's admirers swore they would destroy it to liberate her; she was therefore moved to Lagny. On her visit to France, Queen Christina of Sweden expressed a desire to see the celebrated beauty. They had an admirer in common, the Maréchal d'Albret, who had sung Ninon's praises, and it was he who arranged the interview which lasted for some hours.

In the bibliothèque de l'Institut, there is a memorial of the entry of the Swedish Queen into the City of Paris, and of her sojourn there. The author informs us "that Christina separated from Mademoiselle de Lenclos with such admiration and esteem for the fine quality of her intelligence, that she immediately wrote to the King, Louis XIV., requesting him to liberate her and recommending his Majesty to send for Ninon, as he would certainly find great diversion and profit in her society." The request was acceded to, and, although she was not called to Court, Ninon was allowed to return to her house, in the Rue des Tournelles, where she received her numerous visitors in the famous yellow room, from which she wrote, one day, to St. Evremond that "she thanked God every night for her wit, and prayed to Him every morning to preserve her from the follies of her heart." Ninon's salon, if not one of the most prudish, was one of the most brilliant and exclusive of the town. The best tone prevailed, and the first statesmen, nobles, and poets gathered round the bewitching woman, who, if no longer in the spring of life, had retained all the fire of youth, and gained all the savour of maturity. Her charm was of that quality which, knowing no age, pervades, like a delicate perfume, the atmosphere around the woman who possesses it.

Amongst the most assiduous frequenters of Mlle. de Lenclos' salon was the poet Scarron. On Ninon's return from her

enforced seclusion, she found that Scarron had taken a fair young bride, Mlle. d'Aubigny. Scarron had said of his wife: "I will not ask her to commit follies, but I can teach them to her." Ninon also undertook the education of the future Madame de Maintenon, while Villarceaux, the charmer, laid siege to her heart. She did not remain insensible to his courtship; they met in the yellow room, which Ninon complacently placed at their disposal. But Mlle. de Lenclos found her pupil somewhat unsatisfactory. "In her youth," she says later, writing of the Marquise de Maintenon, "she was virtuous by weakness; I should have liked to cure her, but she was too God-fearing."

Meanwhile, Monsieur de Lenclos had returned to France after his long exile. He found his daughter at the climax of her career, nor was his pride in her diminished by the various incidents of her adventurous existence. But Henri de Lenclos was not troubled by unnecessary scruples. His chief aim in life had been enjoyment, and he appreciated the same taste in his daughter. When a sudden malady interrupted the current of his peaceful life, he felt that his end was approaching, and sent for Ninon. "My child," he called to her feebly, as she entered his room, "My child, the only regret I carry away with me is that of the enjoyment which I must leave behind. You, who remain, be rather scrupulous in the choice than the number of your pleasures," and, with these words on his lips, Ninon's father died.

Saint Evremond said of Ninon that, "Nature had wished to show that it is impossible to become old." One of her lovers, at this time, was the son of that Marquis de Sévigné, who had died in a duel, for her sake, twenty years before. Madame de Sévigné is hardly indulgent to Ninon in her correspondence, but she is forced to admit a wit that was undoubted, and she agrees as to the refinement and perfection of her manners. To frequent Mlle. de Lenclos was considered a liberal

education for the young men of the day. A course with her was the finishing touch in the forming of a courtier.

At sixty, she still inspired passions. Ninon had had a son by Monsieur de Gersay. The Chevalier de Villiers was ignorant of his origin, as he had been educated by his father. Like all young men of fashion, he was taken one day to be introduced to Mlle. de Lenclos, with the result that he fell in love with her. To cure his passion, Ninon revealed her identity, and the unhappy Chevalier killed himself. Perhaps such an adventure did much towards calming her coquetry. "Madame," the Regent's mother, writing about this time to the Duchess de Hanovre, says: "Since Mlle. de Lenclos has begun to grow old, she leads an absolutely irreproachable life. It seems that she says that she would never have reformed, if she had not found that, at her age, love becomes ridiculous. Her admirers were known as "les Oiseaux des Tournelles." At seventy-nine, she inspired her last passion in the breast of l'Abbé Gedoy.

At eighty-five Ninon's friends found her failing. Her health was not what it had been; her dreams were haunted at nights by a little man in black, who had always fore-warned her of the momentous events of her life, and she attached great importance to his visits. If not religious, Ninon, like most of the women of her time, was superstitious; L'abbé Teste undertook her conversion. "He believes it will gain him great credit and an abbaye," she wrote, "but I am afraid, if he counts on my soul, he will die without honours." The Abbé gave up his hopes of gaining a proselyte in one who had put all the force of her mind and body, for three-quarters of a century, into the science of living joyously. "Mademoiselle," he cried in despair, "in waiting your conversion, at least offer a sacrifice of your incredulity to God."

It was in her house, in the Rue de Tournelles, that Mlle. de Lenclos passed her declining years. Here, one day, a lad of thirteen was brought by his godfather, M. Arouet, who was Ninon's notary. The young scholar pleased the great courtesan; she, who was no mean judge of men, divined the future Voltaire

in the shy schoolboy. On his side, Voltaire never forgot her. He had been told the legend of the celebrated beauty, and was surprised to find only a shrivelled old lady, who frightened him by her big eyes and her questions. In her will, Ninon left the young Voltaire a legacy with which to buy books.

The 15th of October, 1705, as Ninon slept, her sombre visitor reappeared three times, and pointed with a warning finger. She judged that his premonition was definitive, and sent for her friends. They called for the priest to come and administer the last sacraments, but when he arrived, it was too late! Ninon's rebellious heart had already fled to regions of perpetual youth.

Fifty years later, the Court ladies adopted the fashion of keeping a skull, with a lamp burning in it, in their oratories. The Queen Marie Leczinska had one decorated with ribbons, which she called "*la belle mignonne*." It was supposed to be the skull of Ninon de Lenclos. To such complexion had she come at last.

At the back of the Place des Vosges, once the centre and theatre of the life of the 17th century, runs the dingy Rue des Tournelles. In it stands the house where Ninon de Lenclos spent the long and brilliant years of her extraordinary career of pleasure. It was here also that she died.

One autumn day, a few years ago, curiosity led me to visit the place which holds so many memories of the beautiful courtesan. The Corinthian columns of the door stand back from the street in a mouldy courtyard, the entrance is dilapidated and the handsome balustrade of the stone stairway has been removed. The concierge gave me the key, hoping to find a tenant in a visitor who seemed so eager; I mounted the steps, and stood at the door before which so many hearts have beaten wildly. Here was the little ante-room, in which Dukes, Marquises, even Princes of the Church, anxiously awaited the caprice of the coquette, who, be she sixteen or sixty, could equally charm, captivate, and enchain.

And this was Ninon's salon! Ninon's room, with its once graceful garland of roses and cupids, rudely touched by the rough hand of time. And Ninon, where is she? Tell us, ancient mirror, silvery, transparently-green, like some mysterious lake upon which float fantastic flowers of shadowy mould. You, who have seen the great Mademoiselle de Lenclos in a hundred varying moods, what was she like? Did you ever murmur to her that truth which her lovers never realised; for to them she seemed endowed with eternal youth!

There is nothing in the palpable world more terrifying than the mirrors of the past! Silent witnesses, partakers even, of the lives which their immutable surfaces have once faithfully reflected, and which have vanished, as a warm, human breath, to leave not a trace upon the translucent surface of the brittle glass. Yet a single passionate blow of hands that are gone could have shivered the delicate fabric into a thousand atoms! Why has fate, unrelenting to humanity, spared you? What secrets do you hold? You have watched the three supreme moments of human life—birth, passion, death. Surely you are symbols of that great question which only eternity will answer.

Yet, I fancy, Ninon's mirror must have told her the truth sometimes; must have seen her bright eyes weep at the inevitable marks Time leaves on even the most transcendent youth. She was lovable, this same frail Ninon; she was not all a courtesan. She was capable of devotion, unselfishness, disinterestedness, tenderness; and, though inconstant, she was not unfaithful.

I opened the window with its blue-green, antiquated panes of glass, and, leaning out in the autumn sunshine, looked down below me upon the scenes that Ninon, in her beauty, witnessed many years ago. Pondering on the past, idly dreaming, I saw all the splendid shadows of those bygone times traverse the little courtyard to mount the stairs which lead to Ninon's yellow room: Condé, Turenne, de Retz, the gaunt and stately cardinal, the dashing Sevigné, Molière, Lulli; men of the Court, men of the

Church, men of letters, science and art, the long procession, on pleasure bent, come to lay their homage at the feet of the most bewitching woman of her time.

"Ah, Ninon, Ninon," I sighed, and the words were re-echoed by the empty walls, "Ninon, the incomparable! what darkness is made luminous by your dazzling smile? If I could but see you! What a vision of delight might I not carry back to the prosaic, grey world of every day modern life, from this old house, where you have lived and loved!"

A slight hand, laid lightly on my arm, compelled me to turn, at the magnetism of its touch. I was scarcely surprised to see the vision of a lady standing by me. Her gracious shape and fair shoulders were set off to advantage by the richness of a blue brocaded dress, embroidered and caught up with garlands of roses. Her hair was dressed in a loose mass of ringlets at the back of her head, while a quantity of small curls made a frame for her delicate face. Around her white throat, a string of pearls held one of those emerald ornaments we have sometimes seen in our great-grandmothers' jewel boxes. Beneath her skirt, one caught glimpses of wonderful, little, high-heeled, satin shoes. Upon her perfectly formed arms, she wore a pair of long, black mittens, from which peeped rosy fingers. The apparition was so startlingly different from all I had ever seen, the dress was so elaborate, its style so formal that, for a moment, I wondered whether the strange lady were beautiful or not. Yet, when she opened her voluptuous lips to murmur, in tones whose music recalled the faint melancholy of an old spinet; "I am she you would evoke," I was no longer in doubt that one of the most exquisite persons I had ever beheld stood before me. Every word seemed full of grace and meaning, and in each gesture there was the rhythm of a minuet movement, while from her resplendent person there emanated a subtle and lofty fascination that subjugated and held captive.

"Yes," sighed the phantom softly, her eyes lighting with an arch smile; "I am, indeed, that Ninon de Lenclos you have come

here to seek. A hundred biographers have taken my name and acts in vain; the silver thread of my life has been interwoven with a hundred romances and legends. But look you! The story of such a woman as I was, can be told but by herself. How would you have justice done to one who was loved by all men, and whom all women envied! It is not possible. Therefore, to those who would know me, I come, that they may judge me as I was."

Ninon continued musingly: "There is no defending the life of a courtesan. Our arguments must be found in our persons. Was not Phryné's gesture, when she dropped her veil before her judges, more conclusive than the verbal eloquence of all the orators in Greece?" Ninon was indeed convincing.

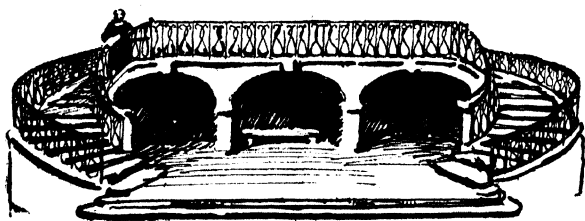
"But stop!" she cried, "it is already past two o'clock, and, at such an hour, the tapers are lighted in any fashionable house." I did as she bid me, and the room scintillated with light. Mlle. de Lenclos' manner had in it something that imposed obedience to her slightest command; a dignity, imperious but gentle, as of one accustomed to reign. And how wondrous fair she looked, standing there in the blaze of a hundred wax candles!

"My world," she continued, "was divided into two distinct elements—those who loved me, and those who hated me. Sometimes the former became the latter, but that was rare, indeed, for, during my long and complicated career, I made but few enemies. I gave largely, and I received in consequence. Love," continued Ninon authoritatively, "is a fragile tie, a spark sent up to heaven, for the briefest joys are the truest. Surely, pleasure is an aim in life as worthy as ambition, and less injurious to those we meet upon our path. Believe me, we who choose love as a career, are not the least philosophers of life. Is it not the one human illusion that is god-like, for it is immortal, and perpetually reborn from its own ashes. It brings us moments so exquisite that we can well afford to pay for them with hours of sharp regret or bitter pain."

"Where is he who would renounce having loved, even at the cost of suffering? For, those who have really loved know the supreme beauty life can offer. And true beauty is triumphant in this, that its image resists the assault and effacement of Time. Pain, and all that is ugly, fades and vanishes from our memory, but who has forgotten the most beautiful hour of his life? It is of an essence so divine that its colours are eternal."

The twilight had crept into the old room; one by one, the candles I had lighted burnt out. Mlle. de Lenclos' voice grew fainter, and, even as I looked at her, she faded from my sight. I would have retained her; but she, the impersonification of love, like love itself, as I tried to hold her, slipped intangibly from my grasp. I was left alone in the deserted room; left with the memory of her mysterious smile, and a poignant longing to behold again the beautiful creature, who had vanished, I felt, for ever. Her strange, formal grace, rhythmical as a strophe of Alexandrine verse, her bewitching charm, her noble and high-bred air, haunted me with regrets. I thought of the women of our own day, as they would have looked beside Ninon, and I smiled as I pictured the modern female, in drab tweeds and hob-nail boots, clamouring for her rights on a platform before a crowd of jeering roughs.

And again Mlle. de Lenclos' enigmatical and mysterious grace rose before me, as she had murmured in her cadenced tones: "Believe me, those who choose love as a career are not the least philosophers of life."



17TH CENTURY STAIRCASE.



HÔTEL DE SENS

FACING PAGE 177.



CHAPTER XII

“LE MARAIS”

There is no part of Paris where the voice of the past speaks louder than in that old quarter of the Marais, which derived its name from a swamp in which Labienus, Cæsar's lieutenant, all but lost the Roman army in 53 B.C. Drained and cultivated, the marshy ground was enclosed within the great wall built under Philippe-Auguste. The 17th Century found it the most fashionable quarter of the town. But, like most things human, the Marais's glory was followed by its decline; it gradually fell out of mode, and the aristocrats deserted the narrow streets to build their houses along the sunny quays or in the breezy gardens of the Faubourg St. Germain. During the Revolution, the splendid palaces of the Marais were confiscated or sold, and fell into disuse and decay. Stripped of their finery, they have grown to be mere workshops, warehouses, or tenements. All the wholesale industries have found convenient lodgings in the vast rooms where Princes and Ambassadors received Royalty; dealers in bronzes, porcelain merchants, organ builders, glass-blowers; a hundred such busy trades have installed themselves under the richly decorated ceilings, from which gilded nymphs and Cupids once smiled down upon the intrigues and amours of the Grand Monarch's brilliant courtiers. Yet, even in its decadence, it is easy to realise the charm that once endeared the Marais to the worldlings of the 17th Century, and made it the pride of the City. Its intricate streets still hold more

real architectural beauty than any other part of Paris, for neither gold nor genius were spared in raising the magnificent buildings that sprang up by hundreds during the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. Every other doorway bears a proud escutcheon; every one of these stately palaces is historical. The mouldy walls have looked impassively upon the long procession of events and their actors; they have seen the gold chariots of great nobles give place to the howling mobs of '93, clamouring for blood. They have echoed to the tramp of Napoleon's legions, and the cries and carnage of the revolutionists of the barricades of July.

The names of the old streets tell us their history and evoke our interest. The Rue du Temple is all that remains of the romantic Knight Templars and their palace. The Rue des Tournelles awakes the memory of the Royal residence of the Kings of the Renaissance period. And such names as "La Rue du Chat qui Pêche," "Rue des Mauvais Garçons," "Rue des Lions St. Paul," "Rue des Quatre Fils," "Rue des Deux Ecus," "Rue des Francs-Bourgeois," and "Rue des Blancs Manteaux," and scores of others, quaint or curious, have remained in this unprogressive corner of old-world Paris. Here the ducal coaches would crowd on their way to Parliament, or Court, or to and from the beautiful "Place Royale," the heart—as the surrounding Marais was the bone and sinew—of elegant Paris, in the 17th Century. At night, the torches of running link boys would set odd shadows dancing on the tall house fronts, as my Lord Marquis and his lady, sitting stiffly on the velvet cushions of their painted carriage, would roll by majestically, while slashing postillions rattled the swaying coach along the cobble stones, to the detriment of the humble but admiring pedestrians, who would squeeze against the wall to gaze at the great folks as they passed. From some dark corner of the ill-lighted streets, a brigand, as likely as not, was awaiting his chance to assault the passer-by, as befel, one night, to a certain Madame Corneul, on her way home from a rout in the Rue

Francs-Bourgeois. “Unhand me, my friend,” cried the old lady cheerily, as a ruffian thrust his hand on her throat; “You’ll find neither charms nor pearls to tempt you.”

We can see, in the Hotel de Sully, Rue St. Antoine, a specimen of a great noble’s house. The old Huguenot favourite of Henry IV., stern Protestant though he might be, was yet no anchorite. Behind the Hotel de Sully was a little house, still existing in the Place des Vosges, where Sully enjoyed many a clandestine revel, and received many a pretty visitor, to whom the great house could hardly have opened its doors. But to be loyal to the King, valiant in battle, and diligent at Mass, was all that the time of Louis XIV. exacted of its noblemen, and doubtless they were no worse than their latter day brothers.

The Hotel de Mayenne, built by du Cerceau, and the Hotel Salé, Rue de Thorigny, are of the same period as the Hotel de Sully, and not less magnificent. The Hotel Lamoignon, Rue Pavée, belonged to Diane de France, a legitimatised daughter of Diane de Poitiers and Henri II. Diane’s crescent is carved in the stone work.

But to enumerate all the interesting and splendid relics and historic memories of the Marais, would fill volumes. On every side we see here a noble stairway, there an ancient cloister, while many a door, enriched with armorial bearings, opens on a great courtyard where ragged urchins are playing a game of marbles on the pavement, upon which Kings’ favourites or prime ministers have waited, bareheaded, beside the coach door of their sovereign. It is a poor, busy, and industrious population that inhabits all these mansions. Most of the shopping is done in the streets, from those little hand-carts whose vivid coloured array of fresh vegetables and flowers adds just the touch of colour that the grey streets of Paris seem to need. The vendors’ cries fill the air with their quaint song, and the passers-by jostle one another amiably, with many a familiar word and laughing sally. Gaiety and good nature are characteristics of the crowds that throng the Marais; the whole atmosphere



WELL. HOTEL DE SENS.

is sympathetic, and even the homely smells of the district have a savoury old-world flavour.

In the Place de L'Ave Maria stands the Hotel de Sens, built by Tristan de Salazar, for the Archbishop of Sens, in 1474. It was inhabited by successive Cardinals and Bishops, and also by Marguerite de Valois, the divorced wife of Henri IV., known as “La Reine Margot.” When the Queen's favourite page, Julien, was murdered by a rival lover, the Comte de Vermond, “Margot” abandoned the Hotel de Sens. During the Revolution, it became the office of the Lyons coaches, and is associated with the tragic mystery of the “Lyons Mail,” which has been reproduced in the well-known play of that name.

On the 27th of April, 1796, the post started, as usual, on its long road, carrying 15,000 francs in specie, and 7,000,000 in assignats, the paper money of the time. As the diligence rattled over the Bridge of Pouilly, near Melun, about nine in the evening, four mounted horsemen appeared, and before the frightened postillion, Audebert, could whip on his tired nags, he fell from his seat, shot through the head. The conductor was seized, and assassinated without mercy. Two women, who were passengers were allowed to escape uninjured. Laborde, another passenger, evidently an accomplice, disappeared in the confusion. The highwaymen were traced, captured, and proved undoubtedly guilty. A few days after the crime, a young man of irreproachable reputation—Joseph Lesurques—happened to enter the police office with a friend who had business there. Two women were waiting to see the Judge; as Lesurques entered, they started and whispered together. They disappeared into the Judge's private room, and, a moment afterwards, to his astonishment, Lesurques was told that he was required by the Judge. He had no sooner crossed the threshold than he was seized and arrested, charged with being an accomplice in the crime of the Lyons Mail. The women, who had been whispering in the waiting-room, were called as witnesses to testify to the robbing of the diligence. Deluded by the coincidence of an

extraordinary likeness, they had denounced Lesurques to the Judge. The unlucky man protested his innocence in all matters pertaining to the robbery. Rich, a man of position and family, he would have had no motive in risking his life and honour in a vulgar crime. But the more he tried to exculpate himself, the more inexorable the Judge became. Not all his friends and family's influence could prevent Lesurques from being brought to trial. The criminals swore, one and all, to having never laid eyes upon him before, but the unfortunate young man was unable to establish an alibi. He was condemned on mere circumstantial evidence, and guillotined. He met his fate with perfect calmness and courage, protesting up to the moment of his death his absolute innocence.

In the Rue de Sévigné is the Hotel Carnavalet, built by Jacques de Lignerais, in 1550, under the direction of Jean Goujon. It is here that the Marquise de Sévigné spent the last twenty years of her well-filled life. It was from her dear "Carnavalette," as she called it, that she poured fourth volumes of those sprightly letters, which have remained such precious documents of her time. The Municipality of Paris has had the fortunate idea of preserving the Hotel Carnavalet as a museum of Revolutionary and Parisian relics. To enter the old rooms and to pore over the contents of their curious cases is to wander in a house of precious memories. There is something very startlingly unreal in the realities of the past. We grow to treat history as legend rather than truth, we forget that humanity has been capable of committing the crimes and violences which have left so little imprint on our own time. It is perhaps a salutary lesson to realise sometimes that legend and truth are one, and there are few more poignant ways of doing so than to study these strange, touching documents, which, from the wrecks of centuries, have been thrown upon the sands of the present. Of all frames, there could be no more admirable one than the stately and beautiful Carnavalet. As we stand before a great fire roaring in the wide grate, we can fancy that, in a moment,



56, RUE DE LA VERRERIE

the witty, kindly Sévigné will trip in to join us, fresh from the "Place Royale" or the "Marais," where she has gathered no end of delightful gossip.

Here is the desk at which she wrote, here the room of the good Abbé Corbinelli, who occupies such a place in her letters. And here the little apartment, so lovingly prepared for her beloved daughter, the Marquise de Grignan. As the case of an old Stradivarius violin is resonant with the harmony of all the melodies born in its fragile body, so the wood of these walls must be mellow with the wit and laughter of the "Grand Siècle." The very silence is replete with fine sayings; there is the rustle of brocade and the click of red heels in every creak of the polished floor. Rooms have a personality of their own. They are not what we make them, but what they become through those whose atmosphere they absorb. So the Marquise's "Carnavalette" is an aristocrat to its very beams, and on the time-worn face of stone there lies the conscious dignity of innate nobility.

At No. 11, Rue de Sévigné, an unpretentious "Etablissement de Bains" occupies the site of the "Théâtre du Marais," built by Beaumarchais. It leans upon a rude and massive wall, that of the "Prison de la Force," at whose door the Queen's friend, the beautiful Princesse de Polignac, was massacred. From the gloomy walls, now demolished, thousands of innocent victims went forth to the guillotine.

It is only on looking over an old map of Paris that we realise the quantity of religious orders the city once harboured. At every few paces, there rose the blank wall of a convent or seminary. The Revolution swept most of these communities away, especially the smaller ones, of which there were hundreds. The little cloister belonging to the Carmes Billettes is a remnant of a 15th Century building. The chapel alongside, dating from 1754, was built on the site of a house in which the Jew, Jonathus, was condemned for having burned the body of God, by throwing a holy-wafer into the fire.



The present is unpitiful to the past, and plants an arrogant foot upon decaying beauty. Those charged with the Municipal reforms of streets and quarters have little love of the picturesque, or they would be less keen on the destruction of many of the old streets and buildings, which give so much character to certain parts of the town. It seems that the fate of those two delightful streets of the Middle Ages, the Rues Taillepain and Brisemiche, is even now in the balance. They date from the Middle Ages, and owe their names to the bakeries of the chapter of St. Merri, which were lodged in them. Under Louis XI. they were the headquarters of a certain class of the population. There is still a hook in the wall marking the place of the chain that was drawn across the street at night. The Rue de la Verrerie, just alongside, was so named from the Guild of the glass painters, who were established there in 1187.

All these tortuous, twisting little thoroughfares of the Middle Ages, hardly bigger than a passage-way of to-day, and in which two men can just walk abreast, served as strongholds for the revolutionists of the time of Louis Philippe. It was easy enough to rip up the rough cobble stones and form them into barricades, and the bell of Saint Merri was the tocsin that called the revolutionists to arms. As it rang out, the old streets poured forth an eager army of volunteers, ready to defend to the last gasp their improvised forts. On the evening of the 5th of June, 1832, the whole centre of Paris, especially the Marais, was bristling with barricades. All night long the fighting lasted, and, one by one, the positions were captured by municipal troops. As daylight dawned, it revealed a horrible scene of havoc and confusion. Streets were torn open, and corpses lay in every direction, as they had fallen, fighting desperately, hand to hand. On the walls of the houses, the mark of musket or cannon ball had bitten savagely into masonry or plaster, while doors and shutters hung dejectedly on one hinge, and windows, shattered and gaping, stared blankly from the abandoned house-fronts. Before the Church of Saint Merri, an immense barricade,



THE RUE BRISEMICHE

stoutly defended by a desperate handful of men, was held doggedly, notwithstanding all the efforts of the troops to capture it. Ten times they had summoned the revolutionists to surrender, and ten times the latter had answered with a shout of derision and a murderous shower of grape and canister. The men who defended the barricade seemed as indifferent to death as the grey walls of the old church above them were indifferent to the rain of bullets pattering on the gothic stone. And ceaselessly, gloomily, the tocsin tolled, as though chanting the requiem of those who fell, enemies, yet brothers!

To look at the busy, peaceful quarter now, we can hardly believe it could ever have been roused to such violence and enmity. The grim story of the barricades is a dim legend to these men and women, whose chief preoccupation in life is their daily breadwinning, and who look up, with wondering eyes, at the artist who sits sketching under the shadow of the old church of St. Merri, when he might use his brush to paint the glories of the Champs Elysées or the Boulevards. All these palaces and memories of the Marais are passed daily by the unconscious inhabitants of the quarter, ignorant of, and indeed wholly indifferent to, the fact that they are stepping amongst historical stones. It is not they who will waste a minute over the splendid Hotel de Beauvais, designed by Lepautre, for an ennobled and enriched confidential maid of Anne of Austria, to whom the Queen had entrusted the amorous education of her young son, Louis IV. The great King remained on the friendliest of terms with this middle-aged, cross-eyed Griselda, and often returned to visit her in the residence she had built with the enormous fortune she owed to her intimacy with the Royal family. She was supposed to know more State secrets than the Cardinal himself. At least, she showed herself to be a woman of remarkable taste; for it is hard to find a more harmonious and graceful style of architecture than that she adopted for her house in the Rue St. Antoine, now Rue François Miron. It seems a fitting frame for the young Mozart, who lived



CLOISTER, RUE DES ARCHIVES 25.

there when he came, as a child prodigy, to Paris, to astonish the world with his precocious genius.

Near the Rue François Miron is the sinister little Rue des Barres, named after the Hotel des Barres, belonging to Louis de Boisredon, that lover of Isabeau de Bavière, whom her husband, Charles IX., had thrown into the Seine, sewed in a sack, upon which was written “Laissez passer la Justice du Roy.” It was to the Rue des Barres, amid the cries of the populace and the flare of smoking torches, that Robespierre, the younger, was brought, bleeding and wounded, after having jumped from the window of the Hôtel de Ville, on the night of the 9th of Thermidor. On that evening, Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just and a few partisans were assembled in a decisive conclave at the Hôtel de Ville. A few hours before, Tallien’s violent onslaught had gained the Convention, and overthrown the tyrant’s power. The Assembly had pronounced against Robespierre and his party. It was here they had met to decide upon the course of action that remained open to them. Each felt that his destiny hung in the balance. St. Just, beautiful as a demoniacal angel, stood calmly contemplating the fallen chief. Robespierre was indeed unlike himself. Evidently under the influence of violent emotion, he talked incoherently, moved nervously, and showed, by his disordered dress and dishevelled hair, how little any thought of the moment found place in his mind. His thin lips twitched convulsively in the unpleasant grimace which Mirabeau had likened to that of a cat who had drunk vinegar. Couthon, the paralytic, leaning forward in his rolling chair, vomited insult upon insult on the man who, a few hours before, had been the master of all those present.

Suddenly the fallen tyrant raised his head, and seemed to rouse himself for action. All was not lost, he argued; defeated by the Convention, he remained powerful with the Committees of the Sections and the people. With the aid of these, he would surround and seize the National Assembly, paralyse his enemies, and regain the reins of Government. His calculations were



THE RUE DE L'HOTEL DE VILLE.

well founded, for he was still intensely feared, and not one of his political opponents was his equal in intellect and energy. The Tribune's fire roused and subjugated his adherents. The partisans ceased their quarrelling, and set to work to write a proclamation to the people. The others had signed, and Robespierre's hand, still trembling, had traced the three first letters of his name, when the door was burst open with violence, and a municipal guard advanced to where Maximilien sat before the table. There was a rapid interchange of words, and before the others realised what was happening, the young officer had fired point-blank at Robespierre's head. He fell heavily forward on his arms, his jaw bone smashed by a ball from Meda's pistol. In a moment the room was crowded with municipal troops. Seeing the lion fallen, the crowds seized him with the rage of long delayed revenge. Robespierre's partisans were arrested. Lebas shot himself. Robespierre, the younger, jumped from a window and broke his thigh in his attempt to escape. Couthon, the paralytic, was powerless to move, and the superb and terrible St. Just, disdaining any attempt at defence, glanced with haughty indifference at his captors, as they led him with the others to meet that summary justice which Robespierre and his creatures had dealt to thousands of innocent men, women, and children. It was in the old Rue des Barres that the angry crowds gathered, and as we traverse that now quiet street it is impossible not to evoke the culminating drama of that fearful night of Thermidor.

But our pen could ramble on, blackening pages with the memories which every one of the streets of the Marais evoke. Here, as in life, tragedy and comedy are to be found side by side, and, as we look at the crumbling walls, the men and women of bygone times awake and take possession of their long-abandoned habitations to tell us their story. And yet this evocation is a dangerous drug. One must use it with moderation, for the past paralyses the present. But sometimes, when that present pushes us too rudely, it is salutary to let our

fancy loose in the glades of bygone centuries, and trace back to its mysterious source the rapid current of events.

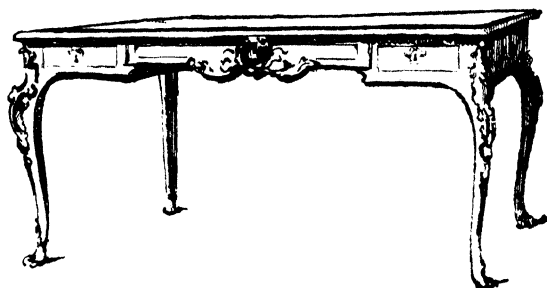
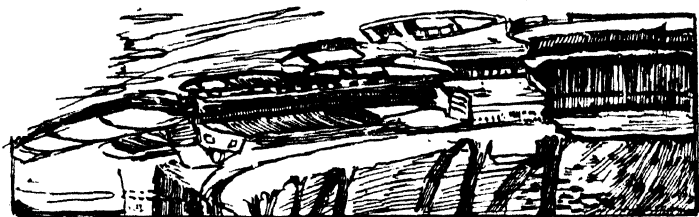


TABLE ON WHICH ROBESPIERRE WAS THROWN WOUNDED ON THE
9TH THERMIDOR.



THE END OF THE "ILE DE ST. LOUIS."

CHAPTER XIII

THE "ILE ST. LOUIS"

There are few quarters of Paris that have remained as full of charm as the Ile St. Louis. It is untouched by the 19th Century spirit of improvement which has razed the old houses of its neighbour, the "Ile de la Cité," and has taken from the environment of Notre Dame the confused picturesqueness of clustering, irregular roofs, above which the giant Cathedral towered supreme. The Ile St. Louis, more fortunate, has kept its old-world aspect, and air of quiet. Its pavements are uneven, its streets narrow and unfrequented, free from the clatter and discord of commerce; while its shady "quais," lined with rows of breeze-stirred poplars, throwing quivering shadows into the green water below, give it a delightful air of retirement and privacy. It is a fitting frame in which to evoke pictures of the past, a spot where even the busiest feel tempted to pause, and dream away an hour beside the flowing river. And, indeed, the tranquil little island has long been the haunt of poets, painters, and all those to whom colour and outline are dear, and who willingly sacrifice the rush of the present for the peaceful past, that, even in its decay, is harmonious and full of beauty. As a matter of fact, the occupation of the Ile St. Louis is comparatively recent. Until the reign of Louis XIII., there was not a house on the Island, which was known as "l'Ile aux Vaches," on account of its rich grazing pastures, belonging to a neighbouring community of monks, who were

proprietors of the land. During the Middle Ages, the townspeople had permission to use the Island as a feast ground, and crowds gathered around the booths and May-poles, to dance under the grateful shade of the tall poplars.

In 1315, Philippe le Bel had the "Ile aux Vaches" decorated with carpets, banners, and tents to receive his English visitor, King Edward the Third, in whose honour he prepared a banquet of unusual magnificence. There were merry jousts, and games of strength and skill, and, to wind up the entertainment, a pageant, with scenes from the New and Old Testaments—Pilate washing his hands before the people of Jerusalem, the Martyrdom of John the Baptist, Adam and Eve, before and after their banishment from the Garden of Eden. The naïve chronicler of the time, who is loud in his praises of the sumptuous spectacle and costumes, does not tell us what were those in which Adam and Eve appeared, before their sin had driven them to adopt the classic dress of fig leaves!

In 1614, a rich bourgeois, Christopher Marie, associated with the treasurer of the King's Swiss Guard, Legrattier, undertook to buy the Island, and to build bridges to connect it with the opposite banks. It was no small affair to open a street in those days. "Trésorier Général," "Prevôts," "Conseillers," and scores of others, must gather and deliberate before the privilege was accorded. Poullétier, the King's Secretary, joined with Marie and Lagrattier in the scheme, and the King, Louis XIII., and his mother, formally laid the corner stone of the first bridge, and pronounced the Island open. But the stones and building material of the contractors were waylaid, and diverted to another purpose, and it was some time before the plans were carried out and the new colony arose. The Island took its present name from the existing Church of St. Louis, begun as a chapel in 1622, by Nicolas Lefèvre, enlarged in 1664, sold at the time of the Revolution, and re-opened in 1817.

In reality the "Ile St. Louis" is composed of two small islands, which were originally divided by a narrow creek that

ran where the Rue Poulletier now exists, and was filled up at the time when building began. During the 17th and 18th Centuries, numerous splendid houses sprang into existence along the quais of the Island. Financiers, magistrates, and nobles, were all anxious to live in the new and fashionable quarter, which became known as the "enchancing Isle." Amongst the artists who have lived here, in our own century, we find such names as George Sand, Théophile Gautier, Baudelaire, Meissonier, Corot, Daubigny, and a host of minor luminaries.

At the extreme upper end of the Island, No. 5, "Rue St. Louis," stands the Hôtel Lambert, built by the celebrated architect Levau. Le Brun painted its galleries, and Lesueur decorated its salons, through which generations of beauty and wit have passed and repassed.

Madame du Châtelet, whom Voltaire named "La Docte Uranie," reigned at the Hôtel Lambert over a circle in which Voltaire himself was the principal adorer. The splendid ceilings have echoed to the great philosopher's shrill and pitiless irony, to the discussions of the encyclopædists, the licentious "bons mots" of the débauchés of the Regency, and the arch coqueteries of the beauties of the 18th Century. Later, the house was lost, in a night's gambling, by its then owner, M. Dupin de Chenonceaux. The tidal wave of the Revolution came here, as elsewhere, to sweep all before it, and the noble structure like its noble patrons, saw days of adversity and disaster. The house was dismantled, the paintings were torn from the walls they had so long ornamented, and some emigrated as their owners had done; a few, fortunately, found their way eventually to the Louvre. A mattress factory took possession of the halls where beauty and genius had revelled, and rows of hard-worked, sordid women sat sewing coarse linen in the rooms which Le Brun and Van Ostade had so floridly decorated. Later on a Polish nobleman, Prince Czartoriski, bought the Hôtel Lambert, and rescued it from imminent destruction, so that it remains, restored to some of its pristine splendour, a

superb specimen of the architecture and taste of the 17th Century.

Almost beside the Hôtel Lambert, No. 5, Quai d'Anjou, is a house with a curious little balcony over the entrance. It was inhabited by Madame de Pompadour's brother, and must often have seen the beautiful Marquise pass beneath its doorway, dressed in the puffed and panier silks to which she left her name. What would one not give to be able to draw from the blind old stones the pictures they once beheld?

At No. 17, Quai d'Anjou, we read, in gold letters, carved over the shady doorway looking towards the river, "Hôtel de Lauzun." The house, one of the most beautiful now existing, was built for the financier, Gruyn des Bordes, in 1650. Gruyn, like many another successful man, was the son of a tavern-keeper. His father had owned the famous "Pomme de Pin" in the Rue de la Licorne, in the "Cité," which, in honour of its literary clients, had been dubbed "L'Académie Joyeuse." Charles Gruyn, not wishing to succeed his father in the business, sold his succession to Boileau. He became prosperous, married a rich widow of the Cité, and, as it was the fashion for successful men of finance to own a house in the Ile St. Louis, he bought a lot, and built. However, after a few years of great prosperity, he became entangled in the fortunes and subsequent failure of Fouquet, and was obliged to sell, in 1657, to Antoine Nompar de Caumont, Count—afterwards Duc—de Lauzun.

Lauzun, the third son of a noble, though needy, Gascon family, had been sent to Paris, at the age of fourteen, to seek his fortunes in the Suite of the Maréchal de Gramont, a cousin of his father. Small, insignificant, even somewhat ridiculous in appearance, badly educated and poor, he had not been born a Gascon for nothing. In a few months, not only had he pushed his way into his cousin's good graces, but his puckered little face, frizzled hair and bright eyes were to be seen everywhere about the Court, in the houses of the great, even in the Royal



THE HÔTEL LAMBERT.

ante-chamber. From the ante-chamber to the King's good grace was but a step for the sharp-witted, ready Southerner. At twenty-four years of age, to the surprise of everyone, Lauzun was given the command of a regiment. Favours and benefits denied to older and worthier applicants were showered on him. He accepted all gifts of fortune as his due, with an insolence and arrogance worthy of a prince of the realm.

He was feared for his caustic wit, and respected for daring where others quailed. With the Marquise de Montespan he was on the most intimate terms, and never hesitated to use her to serve his own interests. The insatiable little intriguer had put it into his head to obtain the nomination of Grand Master of Artillery, a post usually reserved for the highest in the Kingdom, and one to which Lauzun certainly had no claims. Louvois, the Prime Minister, though aware of the King's desire to please his favourite, opposed Lauzun, and Louis XIV., notwithstanding his partiality towards the young Gascon, was unwilling to offend his Minister, whom, at bottom, he knew to be in the right. Lauzun, accordingly, addressed himself to the Marquise de Montespan to further his cause, and she agreed to solicit the King in his favour at her next interview. Lauzun had induced the Marquise's waiting woman to allow him to introduce himself in her mistress's bed-chamber, where, hiding himself under the bed, he patiently waited the hour of the King's visit. True to her promise, Madame de Montespan, soon after her Royal lover's arrival, turned the conversation to Lauzun and his ambitions, but what was the hidden listener's annoyance to hear his supposed friend and advocate draw, with a great deal of wit and malice, such an unfavourable portrait of himself that the King was set roaring with laughter, while the unlucky Courtier lay fuming in his hiding place, not daring to disclose himself, though literally shaking with rage.

As the Marquise left her apartments, dressed for the ball that was about to take place in the "Galerie des Glaces," she found the Comte de Lauzun waiting to conduct her. He

offered his arm, and, somewhat stiffly, asked her if he had not been forgotten in her interview with the King. Madame de Montespan answered by giving a list of all the services she had rendered the Count. Lauzun allowed her to finish, and then gave way to such fury and volleys of abuse that the favourite all but fainted: nor could she conjecture how her conversation had been carried back, word for word. Not content with maltreating the favourite, Lauzun took his grievances to the King himself, and, with a boldness and insolence astonishing enough from a Courtier, in that age of servility, he broke his sword in the Royal presence, crying that he was unwilling to serve so ungrateful a master. Louis' conduct, during this strange scene of violence, has always been remembered. He opened the window and threw out his cane, saying "that he did so to avoid breaking it on the back of a noble and a servitor." But, tolerant as the King had remained, the next morning found Lauzun at the Bastille. One did not beard the Grand Monarch with impunity! The Court imagined Lauzun disposed of, and congratulated itself on being rid of him, when, at the end of a very short time, what was the astonishment of all to see the insolent little Gascon quietly make his reappearance, high in the Royal favour again, and declaring that a prison was better than Versailles, and the Bastille a delightful sojourning place, where the fare was excellent, and the library most instructive.

It was at this time that he captivated the already mature heart of Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, cousin of the King, familiarly known as "La Grande Mademoiselle." Born in 1627, she was six years older than Lauzun. One of the richest heiresses in Europe, she had imagined that she would share the throne of France. Successively disappointed in her matrimonial hopes, by Louis XIV., Philippe III. of Spain, and the Emperor Ferdinand, she had thrown herself into the War of the Fronde, where, for a time, she figured as a successful *généralissimo*. But her military glory did not last long, and, reduced to submit to the Royal authority, she was relegated in

disgrace to her estates at Eu. It was only after years of punishment for her rebellious spirit, that Louis XIV. recalled her to Court, to take her place as a Princess of the blood, and to serve as a satellite in his all-absorbing constellation. The mingled arrogance and servility of Lauzun's attitude seems to have specially adapted him to win the affection of Royal masters.

In person he was far from being either attractive or imposing. Abnormally small, yet not without an air of distinction, his carelessness and eccentricity of dress often bordered on slovenliness. Acerb and bitter, he was disliked and feared for the sharpness of his tongue, which was ready on all occasions to serve him as an arm against his many enemies. His desire to have the "grand air," and his taste for strange accoutrements, often rendered him absurd, as when he would receive visits dressed in a scarlet cloak, a perruque, over that a night cap, and, crowning all, a plumed hat—and woe to those who dared to venture a smile, which he was as quick to perceive as to resent and punish. Lauzun, though a good friend, was an unreasoning enemy, and, even where he was devoted, he could be strangely ungrateful.

Such was the personage that La Grande Mademoiselle chose as the object of her affections: yet she, who had fought battles, was loath to acknowledge, even to herself, the possibility of such a quick and complete surrender to a man whose character and reputation were none of the best, who had lived too much in the glare of courts for his faults not to be well known, and who, though of an old and distinguished family, was a mere gentleman by birth, and no fitting partner for the first Damsel of the Realm. She was, at first, alarmed and dismayed at her obsession, but she was not one to stop at half measures, and soon made up her mind that Lauzun must know and share her sentiments. Strangely novice at the game of love, though she lived in a court where intrigue was the chief occupation, it was not without difficulty that she decided on a plan of action. The wily Gascon had no doubt seen through Mademoiselle's

mask of sighs and elderly blushes, yet, though alive to the advantages of such a union, as a means to serve his advancement at Court, he affected coldness, and acted the part of a disinterested friend. At last it was the sentimental spinster, more and more in love, who declared herself, and, by her tears and pleading, from the King even won a doubtful consent to her marriage. It seemed as though, for once, however, Lauzun was wanting in the aplomb of which he was such a past master. The honour was too great, and inspired hesitation in the mind of the courtier. The King, above all, was to be conciliated; the King who, notwithstanding the affection he bore his favourite, accepted with but lukewarm enthusiasm the idea of receiving him into the Royal circle.

So the comedy went on, while Mademoiselle indulged, by turns, in violent attacks of nerves or lovesickness. The people of Paris ended by solving the difficulty, declaring themselves opposed to the union of a Princess of the House of Bourbon with a simple Gascon gentleman. It is not known if there was a secret marriage, though every indication, except the actual, written proof of the ceremony, exists. Lauzun's attitude towards la Grande Mademoiselle became rather that of a master than a courtier, and she was completely under the dominion of the little man, who grew more insolent, violent, and spoilt than ever. But a flame kindled even in the heart of a maid of forty-two, may die out. Finally, the scenes and tyrannies of Lauzun tired the heroine of the Fronde, who sadly came to the conclusion that the pleasures and joys of domestic life are denied by destiny to the great. La Grande Mademoiselle retired, this time voluntarily and alone, to her Château d'Eu, to spend the remaining years of her life. She died at the Palais du Luxembourg on the 18th of April, 1693, and all the town crowded to her funeral. The unconscious burlesque that had been her life did not end with her demise, for, in the middle of the funeral mass at St. Denis, the urn containing her mortal remains

exploded with a dreadful noise, and the horrified congregation rushed in dismay from the church.

Lauzun, who had distinguished himself meanwhile by bringing James II. of England to France, and was high in Court favour, attended the funeral ceremony dressed in deep mourning, and, to emphasize the fact that he had been married, made an offer, the very next day, for the hand of the Duc de Lorge's daughter. His young wife accepted him, thinking soon to be a rich widow, but he only died in 1723. Even at eighty years of age, when riding one day in the Bois de Boulogne, he excited Louis XV.'s admiration by his skill as a horseman. Such a strange figure as Lauzun could have existed only in the time of the "Grand Monarque"; he was a typical product of the Court of Versailles, a curious example of the courtier, and favourite. mingling servility and insolence, pride and humility, honour and scheming, disinterestedness and cupidity.

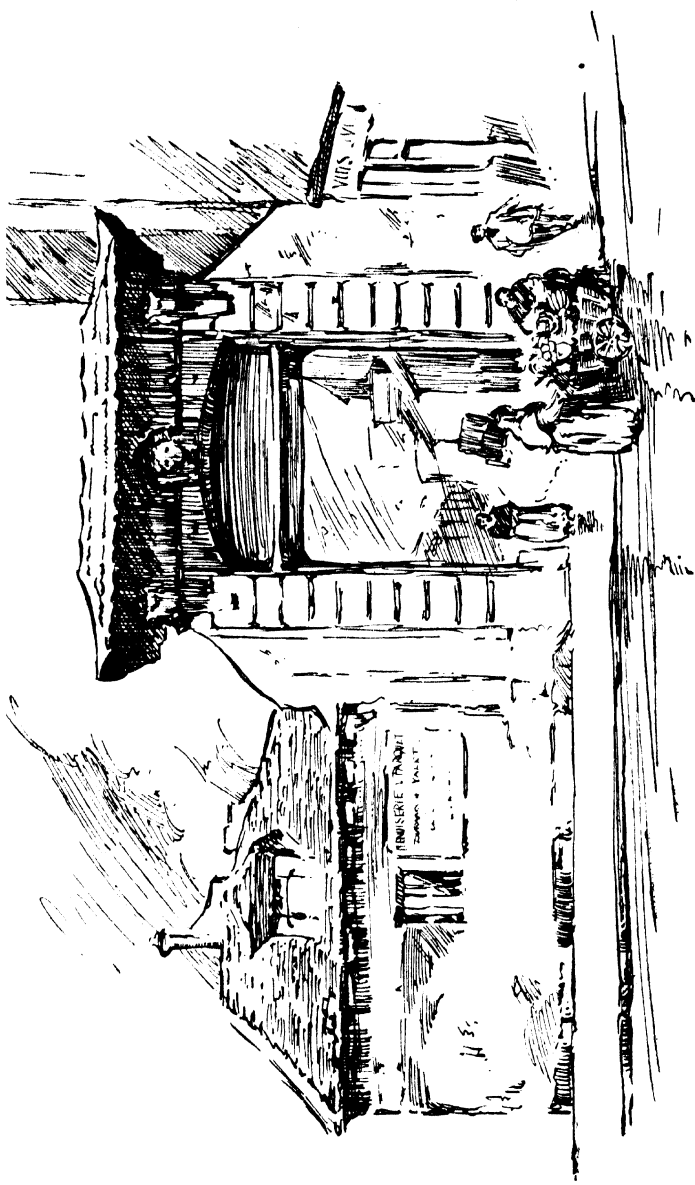
The house that he prepared for the reception of the heiress of Gaston d'Orleans is still decorated with the sumptuous golds upon golds of the style of Versailles. In 1723, it was bought by the Marquis de Richelieu, a nephew of the Cardinal, one of the most licentious and profligate men of the Regency. He began his career of amorous adventure by stealing his fourteen-year-old bride from the convent where she had been placed after their marriage, according to the fashion of the day. The story served long afterwards for the plot of the comic opera of "Le Petit Duc." Richelieu, who rapidly tired of everything he possessed, sold the Hôtel de Lauzun, to move to the opposite bank of the Ile St. Louis. The proprietors who succeeded him were P. T. Ogier, the Marquis de Tessé, and the Marquis de Pimodan, brigadier of the King's armies, who remained quietly in occupation of his residence during the Revolution, refusing, unlike most of his order, to emigrate. The Revolutionary Comité ordered his arrest, and the old nobleman had his gala coach harnessed to drive him to prison. The advent of the 9th of Thermidor came just in time to save his head, and restore him



to the proprietorship of the Hôtel de Pimodan, as it was then called. Finally, after changing hands, the house was bought by Baron Jérôme Pichon. The poet Baudelaire occupied the apartments on the second storey, where he installed the black divinity to whom he wrote so many of his poems. It was in his rooms that the famous club of the Haschisch eaters held its midnight meetings. The house is now owned and occupied by the Baron Louis Pichon, and is a wonderful specimen of the lavish decoration of the 17th Century.

Scores of the fine houses in the Ile St. Louis were built by the important Croesus of the time, Poullétier, Hesselin, and others.

No. 18, on the Quai de Béthune, is the house of that Duc de Richelieu, nephew of the Cardinal, who was such a Lothario and lady-killer in his time, and of whom a hundred anecdotes are told in the scandalous Memoires of the 18th Century. The Quai de Béthune was formerly known as the Quai du Dauphin. At the corner of the Rue Bretonvilliers is the Hôtel d'Astray. The apartments bear traces of their ancient splendour. The stairway continued down into the cellar, where a barge, always manned, awaited the pleasure of its rich owner, the financier Comans d'Astray. Pleasure boat and owner have long since been rowed across the river Styx by the grim boatman, who awaits all. Wealth, so omnipotent at the time, is of all the gifts of Destiny the most palpable, and yet the one which leaves least memories. These mighty Princes of Fortune have passed away, and we recall the fact that they existed and wielded immense influence and power, merely by a name faintly graven on the pompous doorway, from which so many supplicants have turned away disappointed. But the gentle names of Daubigny and Corot, who inhabited the Quai d'Anjou in humble lodgings—when will they be forgotten? It is to them that we bow low, as we pass from the quaint, old-world island, with its quiet streets and shimmering poplar shade, back into the dust and roar of the city.



LA FOLIE TITON.



HOTEL CORVISARD. BOULEVARD AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

CHAPTER XIV

A FOLLY

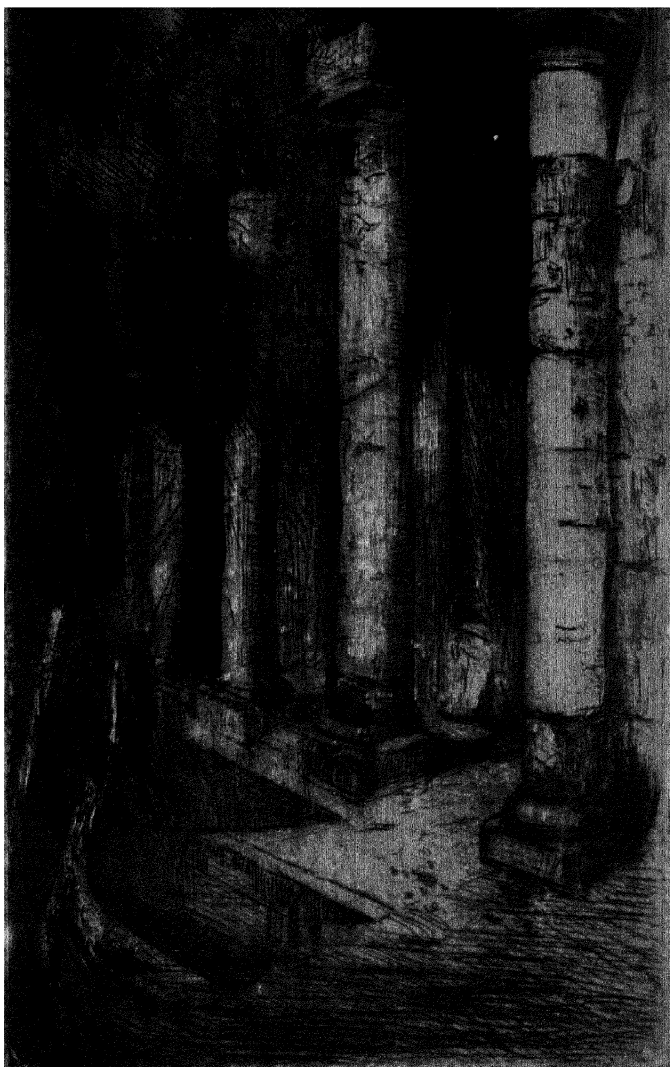
The closing year of the eighteenth century saw great fortunes, rapidly accumulated, dissolve as rapidly. Law and his Mississippi bubble had given the public a taste for speculation; money lost its value, as it does with the gambler, who, when in luck, idly flings a gold piece to a beggar, or, if he loses, borrows from an indigent friend—even to his last penny. In a society about to be swept away, pleasure was a whirlwind which carried all prudence before it. Immense sums were squandered around the green baize of the gambling tables; fortunes changed hands on the race course; extravagant wagers were recklessly offered, and taken; fabulous amounts were spent on gratifying the caprice of an hour.

The King's brother, the Comte d'Artois, leading the fashion in this as in other eccentricities, was first and foremost in the mad rush for amusement. We hear how he built the Château de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, because he had wagered his young sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette, that he would invite her within sixty-four days to a "fête" in a house perfectly appointed to receive a Queen. An army of workmen was employed, woods were cleared, flowering shrubs planted, lawns laid down. Exactly at the date and hour named, the Prince stood upon the steps of the beautiful pavilion to receive his Royal guests. Every luxury that taste could suggest, and money realize, made the picture a perfect one. The flower beds bloomed as enchantingly as though they had been imported from a land of dreams; the velvet turf

seemed to be the carpet of years of culture. In the house, rare works of art and statues ornamented every corner. The guests, amazed, could scarce believe that in two months a creation of such perfect order and beauty could have sprung into existence in the midst of what had been a wild and deserted forest.

The Prince having set the fashion, the rich nobles, and especially the financiers and farmer-generals, all felt bound to follow the royal lead, and build "a Folly." Huge fortunes were spent in erecting and arranging these festive retreats, which were delicately and suggestively decorated by the first artists of the time. Some even had stages attached, where plays and operas might be given, in which actors and authors were allowed a free rein to represent what would hardly have been tolerated in a theatre to which the public were admitted. So the wind of pleasure blew, precursor of the coming tempest.

Within a short drive from the centre of Paris, nestling amid foliage, bowered in lilacs, and shut in by high walls from the vulgar gaze of the passer-by, these temples of pleasure, like flowers in the night, arose in a hundred directions. The gardener, as he went to protect his early lettuce from the night frosts, would hear the sounds of revelry, the music of fiddles floating from over the high walls into the fields beyond. "Jacques Bonhomme," plodding along the country lane, would be splashed, and all but run down, by the fast horses of the man of pleasure, driving recklessly back to town after a night of debauchery; and the peasant would grind his teeth, with a curse upon his rich neighbour that boded trouble for the future. The rosy milkmaids would stare with wide-eyed surprise and envy at the rattling chariot, bearing away some queen of the opera or ballet; or, maybe, a dishevelled great lady's tired face would gaze for a moment disdainfully from behind the mysterious half-drawn blinds of her coach, as it carried her home from a midnight escapade; for, sick of etiquette and state, the most exclusive and high-born members of the fair sex were eager to mix with and elbow all the vice and folly of the capital. To know



a celebrated actress, to have penetrated into the intimacy of a courtesan, were the strange ambition that a love of sensation had awakened in the breast of many an aristocratic lady of the 18th Century.

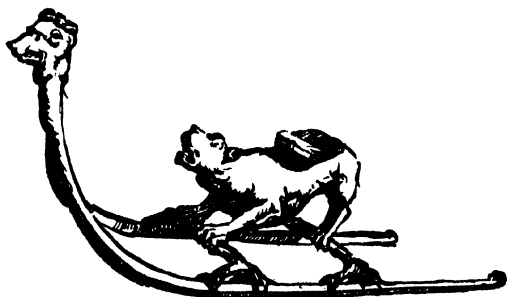
Did not the Queen herself go disguised to a masked ball at the opera? and mix with a mad crowd who jostled her at Ranelagh, an open-air pleasure resort, kept by an Irishman named Morison, and frequented by all classes? The scandal was the talk of the town at the time, and filled the dowagers with as much horror as it did the young woman of fashion with envy.

Nor were amusements the only occurrences in these toy pleasure houses. More than one of them was the scene of sinister and tragic events. Such as they were, they lived their brief lives and disappeared, swallowed up by the octopus arms of the growing town. All, or nearly all, have vanished. Yet, here and there, along a modern avenue, shorn of the privacy of its once shady gardens and high walls, through which the modern town has rudely pushed, there stands some graceful pavilion falling to decay, yet retaining in its proportions all the subtle charm of the eighteenth century.

Such an one is "Le Cour Payen," on the Boulevard Auguste Blanqui, built in 1762. Erected by the caprice of some lover of pleasure, for mere purposes of gallant rendezvous, it survived the Revolution and became the residence, during the Empire, of the celebrated physician Corvisard. Here, for years, the good old doctor led his simple, active life; kind to all, honoured by the rich and respected by the poor, to whom he never refused help and advice. Here, after his busy day, he would sit peacefully amid the marble columns of his porch, resting, and enjoying the fresh country breezes blowing from the fields and orchards through which the Bièvre then wound its clear course. Now the columns of the porch are awry and falling; the Bièvre, throttled and stained by the ugly tanneries along its banks, exists but as a noisome canal, the playground of the poor urchins of the quarter of the Gobelins.

Le Cour Payen served in our day as the atelier of the sculptor Rodin: it was there that he executed his famous statue of Balzac, the cause of such hot artistic discussion and criticism. Le Cour Payen, alas, like so many of its contemporaries, is doomed to disappear. As we walk through the abandoned and ruined house, what phantoms of elegance and fantasy attend us, step by step, along the echoing rooms. What an old world music rings in the falling stones! Born of an age in which pleasure and beauty were supreme rulers of the hour, though it has lived little over a century—a short life for bricks and mortar—the existence of the little pavilion has yet been complete, its cycle well rounded. Following on a youth resounding to folly and festive pleasures came a maturity which sheltered the serenity of noble science, while its declining years have served to frame the poetic dreams of a great artist.

From every direction around the grimy factories frown menacingly down upon their aristocratic neighbour. The resounding axe of the destroyer is cutting the last pear-tree blooming in the old garden which Corvisard loved, soon to give way to rows of sordid tenements or the hideous workshops of the twentieth century. Is the fate of the crumbling walls not almost to be envied? They, at least, will not long survive their graceful past, and will be saved by destruction from the all-absorbing degradation of a utilitarian age.



MADAME DUBARRY'S SLEIGH.



XVTH CENTURY CARVING.

CHAPTER XV

THE MARQUISE DE BRINVILLIERS

The religious ardour of the Middle Ages, which had filled the Calendar with Saints and Martyrs, sent Crusaders to Asia and Africa, and found expression in the stupendous genius of Gothic architecture, was to undergo a reaction during the 17th Century. Black magic and sorcery were but forms of natural mysticism. Throughout centuries, the Church had fostered in her children a habit of submission, that deprived them of the faculty of self-government. It was the Mother Church who thought for them, constituting herself guardian and directress, not only of their spiritual, but of their temporal welfare. Thought and reason are but acquired faculties in the human animal: leave his powers undeveloped, he soon loses them. As the influence of the Church declined, the minds of the masses turned insensibly in other directions. Charlatanism lies dormant in all communities, awaiting only the slightest encouragement to make its appearance. The 17th Century was a propitious one for such a growth, and sorcery, black magic with its foul practices, and every imaginable sort of quackery sprang up like evil fungi in the night, and flourished lustily. It was the energetic and upright spirit of one resolute man that saved France from the power of crime.

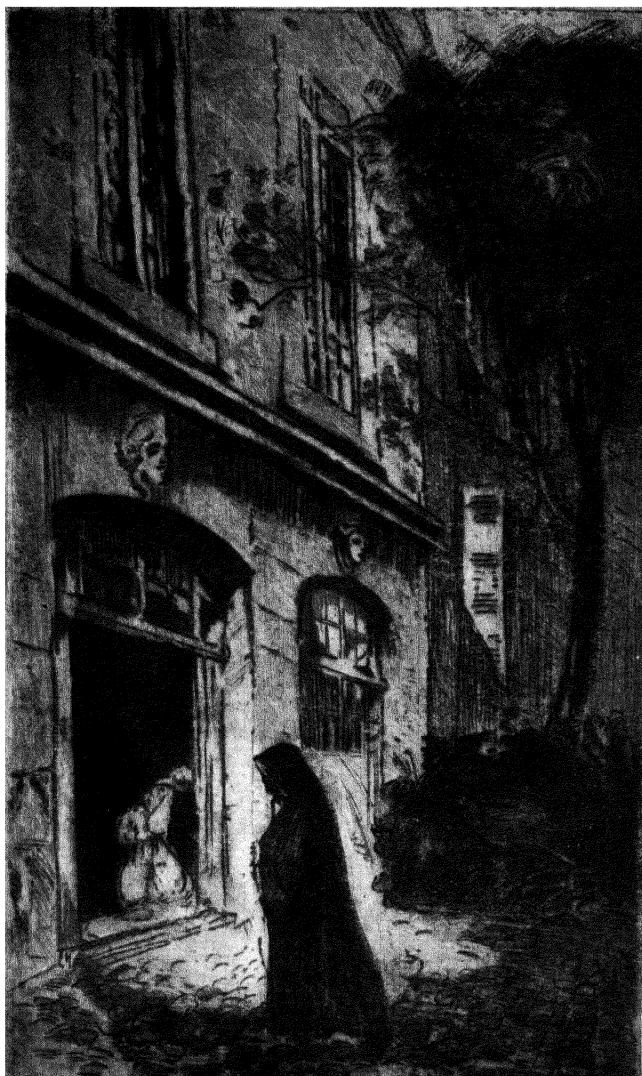
Gabriel Nicolas de la Reynie, Louis the Fourteenth's Lieutenant of Police, was a type of the devoted, enlightened and incorruptible magistrate.

Thanks to his honesty, courage, and loyalty, France was purged of the monsters, who not only lived on the public credulity, but were the instigators and executors of a series of horrors and crimes, that threatened not society only, but the throne itself. La Reynie's task was not an easy one; to accomplish it he had to fight against the whole aristocratic class that found itself compromised in the revelations made by the Lieutenant of Police. Such a state of corruption as then existed, seems incredible in a society that prided itself upon being the most enlightened in Christendom.

In the old Rue Charles V., the house yet stands that was the theatre of the Marquise de Brinvilliers' hideous drama. It brings us near the story of one of the world's most celebrated criminal causes. In its quiet side street, the stately "Hôtel de Brinvilliers" has remained through centuries untouched. Tragedy still broods over the place. Its past seems more real than its present. We can fancy Madame de Brinvilliers' golden head thrust from one of the tall windows, as her blue eyes sweep the court-yard, with a haughty inquiry in their wide gaze, at the stranger who dares intrude on the exclusiveness of her aristocratic residence.

But, as we stand looking up at the old, grey walls that hold the secret of many tragedies, we hear the hum of voices floating from the garden beneath, all garlanded with ivy and bright with pots of sweet flowers. In the rooms where the beautiful, inhuman marquise mixed her poisonous doses, meditating fresh iniquities the while, there are now but a few gentle-voiced, black-robed sisters of Mercy, who teach their kindly lessons to the poor children of the quarter.

Marie Madeleine d'Aubray was born the 22nd of July, 1630. She was the eldest daughter of Dreux d'Aubray, Seigneur d'Offémont and de Villiers, Councillor of State, Civil Officer, Lieutenant-General of the mines of France. Marie Madeleine was carefully schooled, but her moral education was sadly neglected; she seems, from early childhood, to have fallen under unfortunate influences.



HOUSE OF MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.
FACING PAGE 210.

Had she been wisely led, her energy might not improbably have been directed into healthier channels, and she would not have developed that excessive impressionability which converted the smallest slight into an insult, over which her pride brooded for days.

At 21 years of age, Mademoiselle d'Aubray married an officer, Antoine Gobelin de Brinvilliers. The young couple started life with every advantage; both were rich, and occupied distinguished positions in society. In person, the "Marquise" was charming; an oval face crowned by masses of golden hair, a complexion of dazzling fairness, eyes remarkably large, soft and blue, with an intelligent and thoughtful expression. Her manner was lively and playful. Her body, though small, was exquisitely formed, and full of graceful dignity in all its movements. Possessed of decision and character, she expressed herself with ease and judgment, and, unlike most of the women of her time, wrote fluently and correctly. The natural violence of her temper only showed itself in moments of extreme annoyance, when a rapid convulsion would pass like a sombre cloud across the April beauty of the smiling face, leaving it distorted and dark. Such moods were rare, however, as the young Marquise was rather of a sunny nature, and apparently held her passions in control.

The Marquis de Brinvilliers was a gambler, a man of extravagant and dissipated habits, and, apparently, as weak as he was selfish. Amongst the associates that he introduced to his house was a certain Sainte-Croix, captain in a cavalry regiment and a crony of Brinvilliers' in his pleasure parties. The new acquaintance was superior to the Marquis in physical attractions and intellect. Possessing, moreover, extraordinary seductiveness, he was the man of all others to captivate Marie Madeleine, herself remarkably intelligent and fascinating.

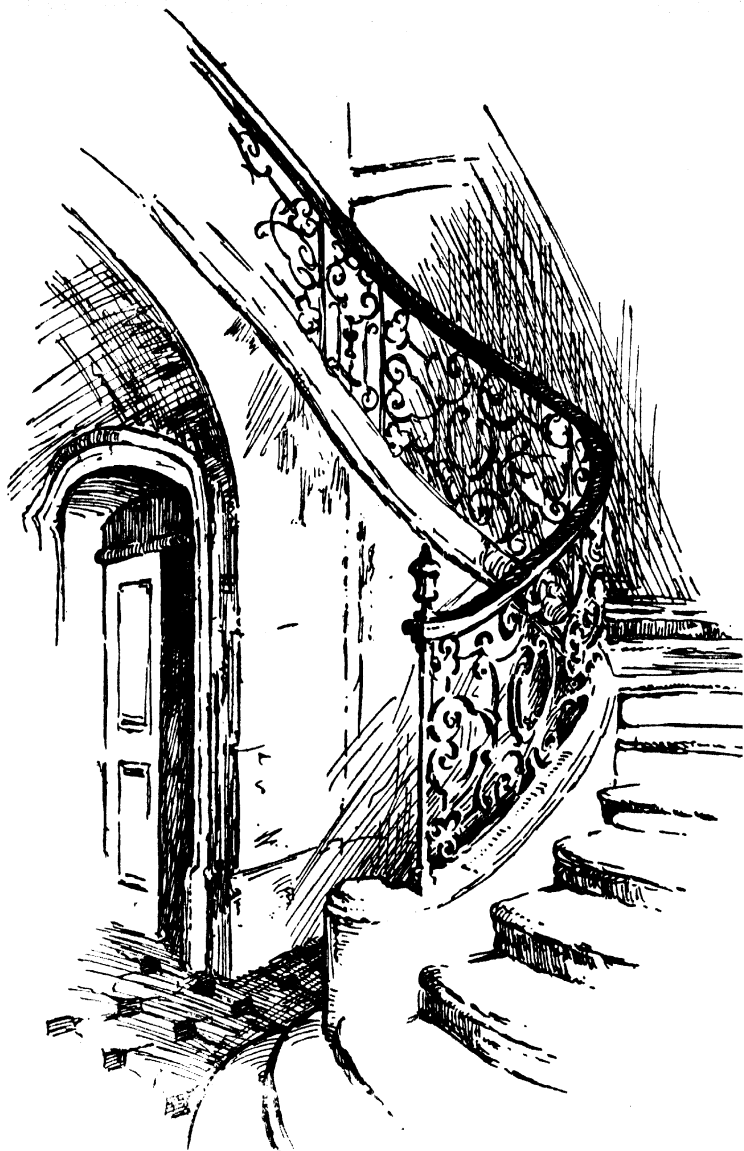
Like most married couples of this epoch, the Marquis and Marquise de Brinvilliers were singularly without prejudice. Each allowed the other to lead the life of his choice, without remonstrance or jealousy. It was a curious state of society, and shows

us how little human, at heart, were the grand ladies and gentlemen of the 17th Century. We can have but small real sympathy or understanding with people so far removed from us in all our feelings. To our more earnest generation, their preoccupations seem futile, while their utter absence of sentiment and idealism jars rudely on our more matured and less primitive sensibilities.

Madame de Brinvilliers, unfortunately, was a typical example of the woman of her time. Her father, the Councillor, Dreux d'Aubray, was of other stuff. Indignant at the footing of intimacy on which Sainte-Croix had been received into his son-in-law's household, and at the utter indifference of the Marquis regarding his wife's conduct, Monsieur d'Aubray obtained a "lettre de cachet" against his daughter's love. He was arrested while driving in Madame de Brinvilliers' carriage, and was thrown into the Bastille. Sainte-Croix seems always to have been a man of loose morals, but, before his imprisonment, his conduct had never been open to accusations more serious than—to state the case leniently—a culpable disregard of delicacy in the means by which he obtained sufficient money to meet the expenses of his extravagant way of life.

During his confinement, he made the acquaintance of an Italian who had served with Queen Christina of Sweden. This man was supposed to be versed in the secret of preparing poisons. Sainte-Croix was also intimate with the chemist Glazer, who held the title of apothecary to the King. The officer would often go to Glazer's laboratory and spend hours in his society; it was from these two men that Sainte-Croix learned the receipts he imparted to his mistress and which were generally spoken of between them afterwards as "Glazer's recipes."

On his liberation from the Bastille, Sainte-Croix reappeared at the house in the Rue Charles V. on the same terms of intimacy as before. The unfortunate passion he had inspired in Madame de Brinvilliers' heart had been rendered only more violent by their enforced separation. A feeling of resentment had grown in her towards the father who had thwarted her



STAIRCASE IN THE HOUSE OF MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.

dearest attachment. Sainte-Croix's dissipations and extravagant habits soon induced him to have recourse, in his difficulties, to a mistress who dared refuse him nothing, and who was wealthy enough to keep his purse replenished. But the very facility with which he obtained money induced him to gamble more heavily, and his demands became so great that the Marquise's fortune was quite inadequate to meet them. But for her unfortunate devotion to such a villain as Sainte-Croix, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, though not a good woman at heart, might, at least, have remained an inoffensive member of society. When an absorbing love takes possession of a woman, her moral sense becomes completely blunted, and she is capable of acts quite foreign to her nature under ordinary circumstances. So it was with Marie Madeleine; she grew to be a mere thing of instinct, with as little thought of others as of self, putting from her every obstacle, surmounting every repugnance, and becoming a fiend incarnate.

It is strange that passion deprives creatures so absolutely of reason, that they can calmly set to work to plan the direct follies, or the foulest crimes. The Marquise de Brinvilliers' resentful nature, which no influence for good had ever softened, saw in her father an obstacle which prevented her from satisfying her passion for Sainte-Croix. The Councillor no longer there, she would be able to give her lover all he asked. It is improbable that the idea of killing her father germinated in her mind alone. It was Sainte-Croix certainly who planted the seed in Madame de Brinvilliers' brain, and facilitated the execution of the crime. The Marquise took to visiting the sick at the hospitals, bringing them cordials, dainties and biscuits, of her own making. But it seemed as if a malignant fate hovered in the wake of the beautiful young woman. Those in whom the Marquise became interested, sickened, and rarely recovered. That year, there were many deaths in the hospital she attended. Finally, the preparatory experiments having succeeded, the Marquise de Brinvilliers got ready to play the great game for which Sainte-Croix had educated her.

After some months of constant indisposition, Dreux d'Aubray's pains increased to such an extent that he determined to try change of air, and moved to his château in the country. His daughter, who soon followed him, installed herself as his companion and nurse, but, a very few days after the Marquise de Brinvilliers' arrival, her father became worse. He was removed again to Paris, but his mysterious malady only grew with every change of domicile, and after great suffering, he died on the 10th of September, 1666. Madame de Brinvilliers confessed later that she had administered 29 or 30 doses of poison to the Councillor during the eight final months of his life.

Marie Madeleine mourned her father with conventional ceremony. But her conduct after his death hardly showed much profound grief.

Notwithstanding her infatuation and her jealousy of Sainte-Croix, the Marquise took other lovers, though, when she heard that her husband was openly acknowledged as the protector of a certain Mademoiselle Dufay, she gave way to a violent access of rage in which she threatened to kill both Brinvilliers and his mistress. The resources of the couple soon felt the strain of their wasteful habits; the heritage which had come to Marie Madeleine through her father's succession was dissipated. Sainte-Croix's demands were more and more frequent. What had succeeded once could succeed again, and, accordingly, the Marquise now planned to dispose of her two brothers, who had inherited the Councillor's dignities and estates. She placed a creature of hers, a lackey called La Chaussée, in her eldest brother's household; but, as Antoine d'Aubray was younger and stronger than his father, the poisons, prepared with the help of Sainte-Croix, and regularly administered by La Chaussée, were slow to take effect. The unlucky man began to suffer cruelly. Seeing that her scheme was working successfully, Madame de Brinvilliers now began operations on her second brother, and, as the two men were often together her plans were made the easier. Sometimes La Chaussée would make a mistake and give the whole household a

poisoned tart for dinner, yet, strangely enough, no one suspected foul play. Between while, if the behaviour of the servants was unsatisfactory, Madame de Brinvilliers would administer, by way of punishment, a dose which would set the poor wretches squirming with fearful pains. One day, annoyed beyond measure at her daughter's stupidity, she made the child drink arsenic, but, filled with remorse a moment afterwards, gave her an antidote.

By 1667—both brothers being disposed of, after frightful death agonies—the “Marquise” was able to come into an inheritance which left her free to give Sainte-Croix a large sum and remunerate the lackey La Chaussée handsomely for his work. Meanwhile, the wily Sainte-Croix had obtained papers from his mistress that compromised her so utterly that she was completely in his power. She began to comprehend with no small chagrin and mortification that the man she had loved with such passion had used her but as a means whereby to obtain money for his own dissipations. The exclusive and aristocratic Marquise de Brinvilliers was not only an instrument in the hands of a cunning villain, but, to further his ends, had placed herself at the mercy of a low valet who could betray her when it suited his purpose. To obtain La Chaussée's silence, she was forced to treat him with a consideration and indulgence that scandalised those around her. On every side, complications and difficulties arose. Sainte-Croix held possession of the proofs of his victim's guilt, and had locked the same away in a certain casket which he had put in a place of safety out of reach; nor could all his mistress's prayers and entreaties induce him to part with it. Desperate at last, Marie Madeleine sent him, one night, a letter: “I have determined,” she said, “to put an end to a life that you have made miserable, by taking the recipe that I have paid so dearly for. You see I sacrifice to you even my very existence.” Another day, it was Sainte-Croix, himself, who gave her a dose of arsenic. Warned by the symptoms she had provoked in so many others, Madame de Brinvilliers was able to save herself by drinking large quantities of hot milk. The unfortunate woman seems to have

become possessed by a very demon of poisoning. Did some one displease her, she threatened him with extermination; on one occasion, she insinuated that a box she was carrying contained "a dozen inheritances." She loved to talk of cases of people who had been poisoned, as if the horrible subject was one of particular charm.

Disillusioned on the score of Sainte-Croix, she attached herself to her children's tutor, Briancourt. Gradually, during moments of intimacy, Madame de Brinvilliers revealed her crimes to the young man, who, had he not been paralysed by fear, would have fled from the house of his redoubtable mistress. Sainte-Croix, meanwhile, never ceased frequenting the family in the Rue Charles V. He assured Briancourt of his interest and protection, particularly recommending one of the children to the tutor's indulgence, as being his own son. The unlucky Briancourt, who was no villain—though a coward—thus became an unwilling party to the Marquise's awful secrets. Madame de Brinvilliers, not satisfied with having disposed of her father and her two brothers, was meditating plans to do away with her sister, Mademoiselle d'Aubray, and her sister-in-law. Briancourt was at least bold enough to warn the two women to be on their guard, and to tell his mistress that he considered her the worst and most cruel woman it had ever been his bad fortune to meet. The Marquise determined to get rid of an admirer, who dared to sermonise her, and to come between her future victims and their fate. She invited the tutor into her room that evening at midnight. As Briancourt went along a gallery at 11 o'clock, he perceived that the curtains of Madame de Brinvilliers' chamber had not been drawn, and, through the window, he saw the shadows of two figures cross the light. Full of suspicion, he drew softly near, and was able, from his position in the gallery, to discern distinctly what occurred in the room. Madame de Brinvilliers was in deep confabulation with an individual, who, notwithstanding his sordid disguise, Briancourt recognised as Sainte-Croix. At the end of half-an-hour, as the

time was approaching when the tutor was to join her, the Marquise pushed Sainte-Croix into a large chimney-place, where he was completely hidden.

Indignant at the perfidy of his mistress, Briancourt knocked. The Marquise opened the door, her face distorted by one of its violent and rapid contortions of rage. She invited her guest to enter, questioning him on his agitation, and putting her arms caressingly around his neck asked him solicitously why he appeared so sad. Briancourt, who suspected foul play, disengaged himself rapidly, and going to the chimney, pulled down the screen that hid Sainte-Croix, crying out "Villain, you are in wait to kill me." Sainte-Croix, thinking that, under the circumstances, prudence was the better part of valour, came from his hiding-place, and disappeared rapidly, without any further explanations, leaving Madame de Brinvilliers to receive the indignant reproaches of the outraged tutor. From this time on, the existence of the poor man was a series of alarms. He lived upon antidotes, in perpetual fear of an attempt on his life. Yet he was without the courage to throw off his obnoxious chains and escape from the proximity of the Marquise and Sainte-Croix, who kept him hypnotised with fear.

Family life at the Hotel Brinvilliers was anything but reassuring. Brinvilliers had been poisoned half-a-dozen times by his wife, and lived in such terror of everything he touched, that he hardly dared break bread in his own house. The Marquise lived in terror of Sainte-Croix's fatal casket, which held all her secrets; the tutor lived in terror of both Sainte-Croix and the Marquise; while Sainte-Croix, himself, lived in terror of not having enough money to meet his morrow's gambling debts.

Madame de Brinvilliers had tried, on various occasions, to dispose of her husband, in order to marry Sainte-Croix; but the latter had no mind to fall in with his mistress' plans, and Brinvilliers was on the watch. If Marie Madeleine administered a dose of poison, Sainte-Croix administered an antidote, until the unfortunate victim, who had been tossed like a shuttlecock from

life to death and back again, half-a-dozen times, ended by falling into the most deplorable condition of health, with a weakness in the legs which left him a cripple for the remainder of his life.

The poor man was obliged to carry on his person a snuff-box filled with an antidote, which he would take as a precautionary measure, and administer to all his household every few days. This extraordinary state of affairs went on for some time, no one daring openly to accuse Madame de Brinvilliers. An autopsy of her two brothers had shown they had met their death by unnatural means, and the fact that the Marquise had not only poisoned them, but her father also, was beginning to be an open secret, though no one dared to accuse her. In the time of Louis XIV., birth and position carried such tremendous prestige with them, that noble people were, in a way, immune from the effects of public opinion. The tutor had managed, at last, to disentangle himself from his onerous service in the Brinvilliers household, and was living in the country, away from his terrible mistress.

The sudden death of Sainte-Croix was to bring things to a climax. He had left instructions that, in case of his death, the fatal casket was to be delivered to Madame de Brinvilliers. But, as he died owing money in every direction, all his personal belongings were seized, the casket among others. His widow immediately informed the "Marquise," who flew to the commissioners to claim it, but they were inexorable. Money was offered, influence used, all to no purpose.

Feeling that her hour had come, Madame de Brinvilliers left Paris hurriedly, giving her lawyer full power to represent her. The casket was opened before witnesses. In it were promises of large sums to Sainte-Croix, compromising letters, and vials which were analysed and found to contain poison. The affair became the one topic of Paris. Tongues were at last let loose, and a hundred stories repeated of the Marquise's mysterious doings, her visits to Glazer's laboratory in company with Sainte-Croix, the threats she had so often let fall. The list of her victims was exaggerated by popular

rumour, until she was accredited with having poisoned half the town.

Antoine Dreux d'Aubray's widow heard the accusations made against her sister-in-law. She arrived in Paris post-haste, and demanded that La Chaussée, the former valet, should be arrested immediately. She brought proofs of her husband's, brother-in-law's, and father-in-law's unnatural deaths. La Chaussée was found and put to "the question of the boots," as it was called, which consisted in squeezing the feet and legs in a series of planks screwed together. The lackey showed extraordinary fortitude, and remained silent during his torture. But when he was brought to himself by restoratives, and placed upon a couch before the fire, he was taken with contrition and announced that he would confess everything. He did so, and the Marquise de Brinvilliers was completely compromised. Neither influence nor rank could now prevent an order for her arrest being issued. The King himself gave instructions that on no consideration was the working of justice to be stopped. La Chaussée was condemned to be publicly drawn and quartered.

Meanwhile, Madame de Brinvilliers had fled to England. A special convoy was sent over, requesting Charles the Second to operate an arrest; but, owing to the laws of extradition, some time was lost, and the "Marquise" was able to escape. From England, she crossed into the Low Countries where she roamed from town to town, wanting the barest necessities, and in perpetual fear of capture. She had begged her husband to join her, but Monsieur de Brinvilliers, who was tranquilly installed in the country house which Marie Madeleine had inherited from her brothers, had no mind to move. "She will try to poison me again," he said plaintively, and remained where he was.

Finally, at Liège, where she was in hiding, the Marquise de Brinvilliers was captured and brought to Paris. On the road the unhappy woman tried to commit suicide in several horrible ways; but she, who had made away with so many others, was unable to take her own life, her vigorous nature resisting every effort of

self-destruction. She essayed bribes to induce her guardians to allow her to escape, and managed to let her servants (who, strangely enough, were devoted to her) know that she was imprisoned. They attempted, ineffectually, to rescue her. Eventually, she arrived in Paris, having carefully thought out on the road her plan of defence.

The Marquise de Brinvilliers' rank and birth entitled her to claim judgment in the highest courts of the realm. The evidence against her was damning. Her course of action was to deny everything. "It is a nature that fills us with terror," said her judges. Her self-possession never gave way, she showed no sign of emotion, as fact upon fact of her past was proved against her. Her depraved childhood, her immoral youth, her crimes were evoked; all the acts of her life were enumerated. She did not flinch, nor tremble, nor show the slightest weakness. She denied any knowledge of poison. Her delicate head held high, she fixed the judges with the gleam of her large blue eyes, until her accusers showed more emotion than their prisoner, and consternation was written on the faces around her. Finally Briancourt appeared, and was sworn in to make his deposition. He did so, his voice broken by sobs. The tutor's evidence was conclusive, and left no doubt in the minds of his auditors. "Madame," he cried, as he ended, "I have warned you a hundred times that the cruelty and disorder of your life would ruin you." His former mistress looked at him contemptuously, and merely remarked icily, in her slow well-bred tones: "You have but little heart, for you are weeping." The stony face of the Marquise de Brinvilliers never changed its expression when her judges condemned her to bear the "question extraordinary," which she knew to be the most painful torture inflicted. She was told that a confessor would be sent to her, and she was dismissed, the Court remaining to deliberate.

The man who was chosen to attend Madame de Brinvilliers was l'Abbé Pirot, a professor of La Sorbonne, a man of ardent faith, extremely intelligent and sensitive, and gifted with

remarkable psychological insight. Pirot has left a detailed account of his intercourse with the Marquise de Brinvilliers during the last days of her life. The priest was taken to the room in one of the towers where the prisoner was lodged. He entered, and, to his surprise, was greeted by a small, delicately-built lady, who rose to receive him. Her eyes, of a cerulean blue, large and limpid, met the priest's gaze frankly. She thanked Pirot gratefully for his visit, saying she imagined he was the spiritual director the President Lamoignon had sent to her. Pirot answered in the affirmative, adding he had come to render what help he might to the accused, only wishing that it had been under other circumstances that they met.

"Sir," replied the Marquise gently, "One must be resigned to meet the worst."

She turned to a priest, who was beside her, and thanked him graciously, saying: "Adieu, my father, I would now be left to this gentleman, for I must treat with him of matters that demand we should be alone." Madame de Brinvilliers at once gained the good Pirot's confidence and indulgence. "I will make you a complete confession of my life," she said with sincerity, and the priest seized that opportunity of begging her to make a full confession also of the means she had used, and the accomplices who had helped her in the execution of her crimes.

"Are there no sins so great that they are denied pardon?" asked Marie Madeleine, anxiously.

"None," replied the priest with conviction; and the prisoner sighed, as though a weight had been removed from her soul.

Gradually, the powerful and sympathetic influence of the Abbé drew from the miserable woman the history of her life from infancy upward. The benign effect of Pirot's pity and commiseration softened Marie Madeleine, and her heart melted as in a crucible. The tale she unfolded was a terrifying one, yet it evoked all the priest's immense compassion. Before receiving her final confession, Pirot retired to pray and ask guidance in the church adjoining the prison. Strengthened in his charity, he

said Mass and rejoined the Marquise de Brinvilliers in her room above. He found her awaiting him, serene and very gentle. At that moment they came to read the prisoner the verdict which the jury had just returned. It was death. She heard the sentence with perfect composure. "It is better so," she said quietly, "I can only gain salvation now by death at the hand of the executioner. I have protested innocence, thinking that it would be impossible for the judges to condemn me. Since the verdict has been unfavourable, I will make a full confession of my crime. Pray excuse me to the President. See him after my death, and tell him that I imagined my attitude would serve my defence. I have been touched by grace, however, owing to this good man."

When dinner was served, she begged her two guardians, one of whom was a personal attendant, to sit and share her last repast. Turning to her maid, she asked pardon for the trouble she had so often given her. "To-morrow you will be free of me," she said, "you must go to your home in the country, for I doubt not your heart is too kind to wish to see me executed."

While those to whom she spoke, wept, the Marquise remained quite tranquil. Her voice and manner were gentleness itself, and a profound humility marked her words and attitude. She spoke kindly, even affectionately, of Monsieur de Brinvilliers, and expressed solicitude concerning her children's future, begging Pirot to be a mother to those she was leaving.

Her confession to the priest showed a contrite and humbled spirit. The Abbé Pirot speaks of his own emotion, which he says was equal to that of his penitent. He passed the hours of the night, awake, in prayer. Early in the morning he rejoined the "Marquise." She had slept all night, peacefully as an infant.

Madame de Brinvilliers was then called before her judges to hear the act of her condemnation read. She listened calmly, but asked that it should be re-read a second time. One point of the judgment—that she was to be taken to the place of execution in a mule-cart—had shocked and mortified the proud aristocrat. After the reading of the sentence, the condemned was conducted

to the chamber of torture. "Sirs," she said, "I will make you a complete confession. Not that I pretend to escape torture, since my judgment has pronounced that it is indispensable. I assure you that, had I seen three weeks ago the person you sent me yesterday, you would have heard the whole truth at once." She proceeded to make a concise statement of her crimes and the methods she used. The only poisons with which she was familiar, were arsenic, vitriol, and toad's venom; her only antidotes, quantities of warm milk, which she had employed with efficacy on the occasion when Sainte-Croix had attempted to kill her. Her accomplices were Sainte-Croix and the lackey, La Chaussée. No others had ever aided her.

The frankness of her manner struck the Parliament as convincing; but she was, nevertheless, put to the "question extraordinary" the most frightfully painful of all tortures, namely, the introduction of enormous quantities of water into the body by means of a funnel forced into the throat.

During the ordeal, Madame de Brinvilliers displayed the most superhuman fortitude—not a cry or sign of weakness escaped her. When Pirot was called again, he found her lying extended before the fire on a mattress. The priest had left a woman who had become humbled, contrite, gentle, and submissive under his influence. He found a creature mad with pain and mortification, whom internal suffering had again hardened to adamant. She raved against her judges, and denied the evidence of those who had testified against her. Under her torture, the penitent had become once more the haughty Marquise de Brinvilliers, filled with rage, pride, and rebellion against her fate. Little by little, the priest regained his wonderful influence over the arrogant spirit, and led Marie Madeleine to the altar, where she threw herself down in an ecstasy of repentant supplication. As they left the chapel together, Pirot and Madame de Brinvilliers found themselves surrounded by a crowd of fashionable people, come to look at the "Marquise" in her hour of degradation. With level eyes, the prisoner met the

gaze of those about her, and turning to the priest beside her, said, "Sir, surely this is a strange and unpardonable curiosity."

At the door, the little cart was waiting to receive them. The doomed woman, who had donned a coarse, linen garment, the costume of the condemned to death, was lifted into the straw. The priest and the executioner mounted with her, and the mule was sent forward at a foot-pace towards Notre Dame. The crowds were dense, the streets black with spectators; all Paris, high and low, had turned out to see the humiliation of the notorious Marquise de Brinvilliers. As she met the curious eyes of thousands turned upon her, Madame de Brinvilliers' courage flinched for a brief moment. One of the rapid convulsions that disfigured her delicate face passed over it, and turning to the Abbé Pirot, "How is it possible," she cried bitterly "after all that has passed, that Monsieur de Brinvilliers has heart to be alive." The good priest exerted every effort to soothe and calm her. As they passed along the streets, voices were raised in imprecation, others reached them in accents of pity and commiseration. One of Madame de Brinvilliers' greatest faults had always been an overbearing pride. The horrible mortification of the moments she was enduring struck deep into her morbidly sensitive being. An angry gleam shot from her blue eyes, and her features hardened into a fearful rigidity of expression. The sight of Desgrez, the officer who had arrested her at Liège, filled her with sudden anger, and she requested the headsman to change his seat, so that Desgrez might be hidden from her view. But a moment afterwards, remorseful for her display of temper, the "Marquise" told the executioner to resume his former position.

As they proceeded, the courage and fortitude of the prisoner seemed to augment rapidly. She descended from the cart, to kneel, taper in hand, on the steps of Notre Dame, and repeated docily the words of her public confession and repentance. During the remainder of their gruesome drive, a light as of inspiration filled her eyes with radiance. Her words were

gentleness itself. When they reached the Place de Grève, and the appurtenances of her execution came into view, she looked at them without a tremor, speaking to the priest beside her with perfect serenity.

The executioner, leaning forward, urged her to make any denunciations that she might have neglected, and she answered that there remained nothing to say. She had no accomplice living; she was alone and wholly to blame for her crimes, and was ready to answer for them at the Supreme Tribunal. She thanked Pirot with expressions of the deepest gratitude for his ministrations. "You have promised me," she said, "not to leave me before my head falls." "I could answer nothing, being choked by emotion," recounts the Abbé in his memoirs, "She repeated her demand, saying, 'Indeed, Sir, I beg you to pardon me, and not regret the time you have given me. Remember me, and pray God for me.'"

Madame de Brinvilliers then turned to those about her, and asked their pardon for the trouble she was giving, and with a final adieu, mounted the ladder leading to the scaffold. She knelt patiently while the executioner made her last toilette. The luxuriance of her golden hair rendered it difficult to cut quickly, so that the painful suspense lasted nearly half-an-hour. The neck of her gown was torn open, and she, herself, held out her wrists to be tied. The Abbé then chanted the *Salve*, and the crowds, pressing around the scaffold, took up the chant which was repeated by the masses beyond. Meanwhile Marie Madeleine's face seemed literally transfigured with such divine joy that there was a murmur of admiration from the people as she knelt to receive her death blow.

At that moment the setting sun, illuminating the figure of the kneeling woman, was gilding the distant spires of Notre Dame, and turning to fire the Seine and the windows along the river. There was a hush in all the multitude, then a dull thud! The Marquise de Brinvilliers' head had been severed by one powerful stroke.

The body was carried to the funeral pile prepared beside the scaffold. It was burnt, and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven. The crowds who had witnessed the execution, went home that night, crying that never had been seen so impressive and edifying a spectacle as the courage, faith, and humility which shone on Madame de Brinvilliers' face, as she met her fate. Those who had been nearest the scaffold, declared that they had seen the head encircled by a halo as it fell. Her death was considered almost a martyrdom, and Justice, which had wished to strike a lesson of terror into the population of Paris, only succeeded in evoking such a storm of pity and admiration for the dead woman, that the Marquise de Brinvilliers' crimes were forgotten, and she became almost a popular heroine. Poisoning had been made the fashion.

KEYSTONE OF THE XIIITH CENTURY.



DOOR-KNOCKER IN THE HOUSE OF
LA REYNIE, RUE QUINCAMPOIX

CHAPTER XVI

THE SORCERERS OF THE 17TH CENTURY

Madame de Sévigné, writing to her daughter, in 1676, says, "At last it is done. La Brinvilliers is in the air. Her poor little body has been burnt in a great fire. Her cinders are scattered to the winds; so that we are now breathing her, and, by the communication of the small demons of the atmosphere, we will all be taken with a contagion of poisoning humours." The words of the "Marquise" were to come true enough; Paris was to pass through a very epidemic of poisoning. The Brinvilliers' trial and execution had been the one topic of interest to the Parisians during the summer of 1676. The sympathy of society had been evoked by the tragic end of one of its well-known and prominent members. A series of sudden and dramatic deaths, occurring in rapid succession, had impressed and terrified the public. The priests reported, without divulging names, that they were alarmed by the number of confessions they heard, in which their penitents alluded to having been implicated in cases of poisoning. Rumours of a plot against the King and the Dauphin were mooted abroad. The greatest feeling of uneasiness reigned in all classes. Suspicion was rife, and anonymous denunciations and warning letters literally poured into the hands of the police.

Determined to sift affairs to the bottom, and to discover the source and fountain head of so much mysterious crime, the King's Lieutenant of Police, Nicolas la Reynie, instituted enquiries as thorough as it was in his power to make them. His earliest researches yielded him little that was satisfactory,

until his investigations led him amongst the alchemists and magicians who infested Paris at that epoch. A chance allusion, dropped at a supper party, was reported to the chief. It gave him a clue he was not slow to follow up, with astonishing results. The Lieutenant soon perceived that he had discovered the source of the trouble. Courageous and undaunted, he began a systematic attack on what he soon found to be an organised society and association of criminals—already at work in every direction, undermining the foundations of the law, the equity, the religion of the kingdom. It was immensely powerful and difficult to cope with, but La Reynie was no ordinary adversary, and he set to his task of slaying the dragon with all the ardour, devotion, and faith of a St. George.

During the reign of Louis XIV., magicians and sorcerers had almost entirely monopolised the clients of the doctors and apothecaries. Experience had put them in possession of the uses of simples, herbs, and minerals. They were in possession of secret recipes for the concoction of balms for wounds and bruises. They healed broken bones by massage, and treated nervous diseases by hypnotic suggestion. They were, undoubtedly, far in advance of the science of that time, which was hardly worthy of the name. The "wise men and women" did not confine their ministrations to the body. They practised black or white magic, were astrologers, read the future in the lines of the hand, or drew horoscopes by the stars. They had immense influence with the masses, and enjoyed protection from powerful members of society; all classes patronised them, and most believed in them firmly. They were consulted on grave occasions. Had their practices stopped there, all would have been well; but there was a darker side. In a Court where jealousies and ambitions were legion, these people were the natural intermediaries in many a criminal intrigue. Beneath the brilliant surface of life at Versailles or Saint Germain, there was an under-current perpetually flowing. Wherever the Court moved, it carried in its wake the army of those who lived and grew



RUE QUINCAMPOIX, WHERE LA REYNIE LIVED

fat upon its weaknesses and vices. Once started, La Reynie's unerring instinct and unwearying researches soon put him on the track of the information he wanted. In the heart of Paris had grown up a big organisation, from which many branches sprung. Chemists, magicians, alchemists, astrologers were but shoots of the tree whose roots were sorcerers and criminals. Chief amongst the popular sorceresses of the time was a woman named Catherine Monvoisin, commonly known as la Voisin. She openly professed chiromancy, divination, and fortune telling; but the practise of these gifts was no more than the cover for far more varied and sinister practices. La Voisin, whose reputation was considerable, was frequented by most of the ladies of the Court. She was extremely clever, and had extricated more than a few of her clients from embarrassing situations. It became the mode to pay a visit to the sorceress. Her waiting rooms were crowded with clients as distinguished as those of a fashionable doctor to-day. Her discretion was absolute, her resources inexhaustible; her powders, potions, and charms worked like magic. La Voisin's income was semi-regal; for, if her counsels were useful, they were not disinterested. She was a patron of scientific and industrial experiments and enterprises, she interested herself in rising chemists and astronomers, and gave evening parties at which the entertainment was of the choicest. She was of a gallant turn, and though neither young nor beautiful, had many a lover at her feet. She chose them from all classes of society. A hangman or a Minister of State was equally qualified to please, be he stout of heart and person. Solicitous to impress those who came to consult her, the oracle was always sumptuously dressed in fabrics specially woven for her, costly as a queen's coronation robe. She would be waiting her clients in a darkened room, decorated with cabalistic signs, the lights carefully arranged to throw her own face in the shadow, that of her client into relief. A cunning student of the human countenance, observant of all that she touched, conversant—far more so than those who consulted her

believed—with all that passed at Court, it is not surprising that la Voisin's predictions and divinations were often marvellously near the truth.

When, on one occasion, a lady of the Court arrived, masked, the sorceress told her she could not read velvet visages and obliged her to uncover her face. No mean psychologist, the woman summed up quickly and thoroughly those she had to deal with. Did she see that they were of a superstitious frame of mind, she served them with a black mass.

In these sacrilegious and grotesque simulacres she was aided by a horrible old priest, the Abbé Guibourg by name. The supplicant would be completely undressed and laid upon an altar, candles burning on either side, as in a mortuary chapel, the walls hung with sable draperies and symbolic ornaments of silver. The calice was placed upon the nude body, while a newly born baby was held on a silver ewer upon the mock altar. At the moment when the offertory was chanted, the infant's throat would be cut. The blood of the victim would be mixed with that of bats and other gruesome ingredients, solidified into paste, and given to the patient in the form of a wafer. Encouraged by these foul rites, the cases of infanticide and child-stealing became extremely numerous.

La Voisin had another auxiliary, a certain Lesage, an alchemist whose wonderful ability for conjuring had induced him to become a magician. By performing what seemed miracles, and which were nothing more or less than adroit tricks of legerdemain, he exerted the greatest influence over the superstitious population. Those who consulted him believed him infallible. Lesage sometimes worked in conjunction with la Voisin, sometimes alone. He would appear in a long white robe embroidered with black pine cones. To any person who wished to operate against another by influence or by charm, he delivered a small wax ball, with injunctions that after three days it was to be melted in a fire. This was supposed to have a direct influence on the health of the intended victim.

These that we have named were some of the greater luminaries; but there were also a quantity of smaller ones, and of those who aided and abetted them, a very army.

As the magnitude of these extraordinary and criminal mummeries gradually unfolded itself, the upright soul of La Reynie was filled with consternation, and he pursued his inquiries more and more actively. The revelations made by the Lieutenant of Police horrified Louis XIV. He gave instructions that no effort should be spared to purge the kingdom of an infection he had been far from suspecting, and he immediately instituted a special commission to deal with the matter. The tribunal was named "La Chambre Ardente," because, in olden times, all such trials had been conducted in a chamber hung with black and lighted by torches.

The Council assembled for the first time on the 10th of April, 1679, in a room at the Arsenal, and it was agreed that its proceedings should be conducted secretly, to prevent any information being made public, before the Court had pronounced judgment on the cases it had in hand. Four hundred and forty-two arrests were immediately effected. Thirty-six of the prisoners were put to the "question ordinary" and extraordinary.

The "question ordinary" consisted in having ten pints of water poured into the body. The executioner placed the prisoner in a recumbent position, firmly tied upon a table; a block was slipped under the loins, so that the chest and stomach were thrown outward and upward, while the contents of a measure of two pints were forced, by means of a hose, down the victim's mouth. If he resisted, his nose was held until he opened his teeth to breathe. After every two pint measure, he was given a few seconds' rest, and the opportunity to confess; if he continued his denial, the question was reapplied, until the whole ten pints had been consumed. In the "question extraordinary" the quantity administered was augmented to twenty pints. The swelling caused by this unnatural amount of liquid in the body produced the most acute agony.

Amongst the poisoners whose names were revealed by the sorcerers under torture, were several well-known women of position.

The first was that of Madame de Dreux, wife of a member of the King's Parliament. This emulatress of Madame de Brinvilliers was young, beautiful, and noted for her charm and affability. She was, unfortunately, victimised by her passion for the seductive Duc de Richelieu, a nephew of the Cardinal. Her love affairs, and the complications resulting therefrom, induced her to have recourse to the magicians and sorcerers. She was in the habit of frequenting la Voisin, Lesage, and Marie Bosse, from all of whom she had obtained drugs. She had made several ineffectual attempts to dispose of her husband, as well as of the Duc de Richelieu's wife. She had also administered poison to two of her former lovers. She was an assiduous patron of black masses and an ardent believer in all practices of magic. Madame de Dreux was proved guilty beyond all doubt, but her charm and beauty saved her head; besides, she was a close blood relation to three powerful magistrates who brought all their influence to bear in soliciting her pardon. She was released, her friends and family coming to escort her to her home in triumph. She no sooner found herself free than she ran back to the sorcerers and their old recipes. The lesson had profited her but little. She was about to be arrested again, when warned in time, she escaped from Paris. The Court pronounced sentence of banishment from the capital for life; but she was allowed to live in France, on condition it should be under her husband's roof. As fast as one case was judged, another came up. The beautiful Duchesse de Bouillon was gravely compromised, as well as the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and Mesdames de Polignac and de Gramont. The Comtesse de Soissons escaped owing to a word of warning from the King himself. Madame de Poulailhon, of a noble Gascon family, had come to Paris expressly to be able to have frequent access to the magician Lesage and also to la Voisin,

as she wished to dispose of her husband and marry another man. Madame Leféron and Madame Brunet, bourgeois of the " cité," were both found guilty. They had given large sums of money to la Voisin and Marie Bosse, for powders which had been used with fatal effects.

As the trials proceeded, the revelations extracted from the sorcerers filled the judges with dismay. The circle of those compromised widened day by day. The lists of the guilty increased alarmingly. It seemed that all the nobility of France had been, more or less, in connivance with a band of cut-throats. The oldest and greatest names in the kingdom were soiled.

La Reynie's vigilance and zeal were untiring. He had taken to heart the task he had set himself, and meant to carry it forward against any opposition; and the King supported his Lieutenant of Police. Feeling ran so high against the magistrate that he was obliged to demand an escort of troops, to protect him during the passage from his house to the Parliament. But he remained undaunted by the hue and cry raised against him, or by his growing unpopularity. Louis XIV.'s orders had been that neither rank, sex, nor privileges were to hinder the course of justice. He little suspected what revelations his officer was soon to lay before him. The sorceress " la Voisin " had been executed, but, before her death, she declared that a great number of people of all conditions had addressed themselves to her to obtain poison, and that, if she were a criminal, those for whom she had worked were equally guilty. The odious woman, who died with a certain fortitude, had left behind her the abominable Guibourg, the cunning Lesage, and her own daughter Marguerite Monvoisin, who had served as confidential aid to her mother, and was conversant with la Voisin's budget of crimes and atrocities. These people, and especially Marguerite Monvoisin, made full and complete confessions. They were examined and cross-examined until not an item in their life's history remained concealed. What they had told was recorded by La Reynie and presented to the King.

Suddenly, the *Chambre Ardente* was ordered to be closed! All papers regarding the girl *Monvoisin* were subtracted from the records of the Court. An unexpected blow had come like a bolt from the blue and struck the proud monarch. The woman he had most madly worshipped, the mother of his legitimatised children, a creature all beauty, brilliance, and fascination, herself almost a queen by the power her royal lover had given her, had been drawn down into this maelstrom of vulgar crime. The documents *La Reynie* had sent to the King contained undeniable proofs of her guilt. To such a man as *Louis XIV.*, the shock was a rude one. The most imperious and absolute of rulers, he had grown to consider everything that approached him as inviolable, almost sacred. The King of France lived above judgment or criticism, on a plane removed from that of his mere human subjects; his will had become their law. Yet he, the master and the monarch, had served as puppet in a vulgar tragedy, amidst a crowd of low schemers, the very dregs of the earth. The man and the lover had been all but the victim of that woman whom, despite the laws of God and man, he had raised rank upon rank, until her glittering diadem shone next to his own.

At all hazards the prestige of the crown must be safeguarded. It was surely no tenderness, but outraged vanity and pride, that induced *Louis* to shield his mistress.

The King remained for hours closeted with the papers *La Reynie* had brought him. When he summoned his ministers to enter his Cabinet, a heap of ashes lay smouldering in the grate. There was no proof remaining to convict the *Marquise de Montespan*. But as he watched the destruction of the evidences of his mistress's perfidy, the lover of ten years—sometimes unfaithful, but, nevertheless, a lover—disappeared, to give place to a Judge hard and unrelenting.

To a Ruler who considered himself the fountain head and centre of the State, it was of little consequence that justice should be diverted from its channels, provided it was he himself

who did it. To proclaim the King's mistress a criminal was to touch the Sovereign in person. It was less the lover of Madame de Montespan than the lover of Louis XIV., King of France and Navarre, who destroyed the proofs of his mistress's guilt. Louis was not over nice in his manners or morals; but, at least, he was firmly decided to wash no soiled linen in public.

The news of the closing of the *Chambre Ardente* was received with relief by society, with surprise by all classes. Only to La Reynie the event caused consternation. He had passed months in researches, until little by little he had discerned the truth, and he now knew all the ramifications of those hideous crimes which he had made it his business to prosecute. Profoundly attached to the person of his sovereign, he had unexpectedly come upon a horrible skeleton in the royal closet, and to a subject so loyal the discovery was a grief of no light nature. But his duty as a magistrate demanded that he should conceal nothing. To continue the work of reorganisation which he had undertaken, it was necessary to proceed with the punishment of the criminals, then in the hands of the law; and yet, to do so was to bring opprobrium upon the throne of France, to weaken the monarchical ideal of absolutism, in which he so firmly believed. But if the guilty were allowed to escape, an opportunity would be lost of setting an example, and of ridding the State of elements which were poisonous to its welfare and progress.

The interview between the King and his Lieutenant of Police was long and painful, humiliating, perhaps, to both: but the iron will of Louis XIV. prevailed. The prisoners, implicated in the various plots, were numerous. If they were cross-examined on any subject, they must divulge all, and their dealings with the favourite would, necessarily, become public. They were never judged, therefore, but simply sent, by letter of *cachet*, to be confined in the various fortresses of the kingdom, with strict injunctions that they should be carefully guarded and on no account have access to other captives, nor be allowed any conversation with their guardians. To insure against any possibility



LA REYNIE'S HOUSE, RUE QUINCAMPOIX.

of escape, each was fastened with heavy chains to the wall of his cell. For such brutes as Lesage, Guibourg, and others, the punishment was insufficient, but, amongst the mass of prisoners, some were innocent, having merely had the misfortune to be confined in the same dungeons as the sorcerers and to have heard their confidences. They were never liberated, and spent the remainder of long lives immured in solitude and silence. Such was the justice of "Le Roi Soleil."

What passed between the King and his favourite, none ever knew. Had a great dramatist been hidden behind the tapestries during that terrible interview, what a scene might have been recorded of an outraged lover's reproaches, a sovereign's just ire, and the humiliation of the arrogant and beautiful woman who had so long reigned supreme in France! She, who had bent Prime Ministers to her will, who had lived in a suite of rooms denied to the Queen herself, whose journeys had been a triumphal procession, whose caprices had cost millions, left the Royal presence knowing that she was saved, but also irrevocably lost.

Upon the placid surface of Court life no changes were apparent, but, to the few who knew the secret of the Marquise de Montespan's altered mien and humbled attitude, what a drama was being enacted. For ten more years, the former favourite remained in her place at Court. It was the King's command, and also his vengeance. Louis XIV. forgot nothing and forgave nothing; and his mistress saw power, influence, adulation, leave her. She suffered daily the hard gleam of eyes that her slightest glance had once lighted to passion. She received the measure of a formal and distant politeness, which covered but did not conceal contemptuous indifference. And the Court, which had once bowed to her slightest wish, took its attitude from that of the master.

Madame de Montespan, in her disgrace, turned where, whatever had been their lives, most of the women of that epoch eventually sought consolation. The same fanatical faith which,

diverted from its channels, had led her to the sacrilegious altars of the sorceress, reclaimed the superstitious mistress of Louis XIV. On the 15th of March, 1691, she at last obtained permission to retire to the Convent of St. Joseph, which she had founded. Her children made semi-royal marriages, but the King never allowed Madame de Montespan to reappear, or even to see them.

She threw herself into her life of penitence with all the frenzy she had formerly shown as a frequenter of la Voisin's black masses. She became as unrelenting in her self-punishment, as she had been absolute in her ambition. She gave large sums to the poor, as she had once given large sums to the sorcerers and magicians. She spent hours in prayer, slept in rude sheets of coarse linen, and wore, round her delicate waist, the cruel belt of a penitent.

Like other men and women of her day, she was deeply imbued with mysticism. It had led to her crime, as she believed it would lead her back to salvation. The practices had differed, but, in reality, it was the same spirit of fanaticism, and she had been equally true to her character in both phases of her life. She was the outcome of her epoch. Witchcraft, sorcery, and magic, were the result of a profoundly religious influence, which had left humanity a prey to superstition, and had weakened the springs of reason and self-direction. But, notwithstanding the short-sightedness of an autocratic rule that sought rather its own aggrandizement than the eventual well-being of France, the back of charlatanism had been broken. La Reynie's vigilance prevented any renewed outbreak of the fire he had stamped into ashes. Once, in the years to come, it was to flicker into momentary life, and to send an expiring tongue of forked flame dangerously near to the throne. The prestige of aristocratic France was doomed to fall, threatened by the quackery it had done so little to combat.

The house that bears the number 1 in the old Rue St. Claude, was once inhabited by that surprising person Joseph Balsamo,

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at a time when he was at the apogee of his renown as Prince of Quacks. Known to history as the Count Cagliostro, he played a prominent rôle in the unfortunate affair of the Queen's necklace—a mystery and scandal that cost Marie Antoinette the loss of her good fame, did much to undermine the prestige of the crown, and was one of the factors in developing and preparing the way for the Revolution.

Here, in the heart of the Marais, after much drifting upon the tides of adversity and over the quicksands of fortune, we find Cagliostro, newly arrived from Strasbourg, where, in the year of grace 1784, he had gained not a little notoriety and celebrity. Born in the city of Palermo, in 1743, son of a shopkeeper, Pietro Balsamo by name, the boy Joseph had passed from a placid, lazy infancy to an idle, scheming youth, climbing gradually rung by rung, up the ladder of rascality, and finding it always easier to trade on and profit by his fellow creatures' weaknesses than to develop any latent strength of his own. He was, Carlyle tells in his admirable essay on quackery and this Prince of Quacks, "a most dusky, bull-necked, mastiff-faced and sinister looking individual; nevertheless, on applying for the favour of the hand of Lorenza Feliciana, a beautiful Roman donzella, dwelling near the Trinity of the Pilgrims, the unfortunate child of Nature prospers beyond our hopes." The partner of Joseph's life was a handsome creature, not too scrupulous, so that the united pair milked more than one fat cow, while progressing along the world's highways. Lorenza's infidelities to her husband were to their mutual advantage, nor did prejudice, on one side or the other, interfere with or mar the harmony of the couple.

The year 1772 found the Signor Balsamo in England. He had gained some knowledge of medicine, professed to even more! His "wine of Egypt" strengthened decrepit beaux, not much to their ultimate advantage. His love philtres had some success with the elderly dames who came to him for counsel. He could take wrinkles from a brow no longer in the flush of youth, or,

if his client were so minded, could initiate her into a mystery of a black mass, conducted with the aid of Lorenza. Gradually, trading, as he went, on the credulity of the poor fools he encountered, the Count Cagliostro—for he had become Count—raised himself laboriously from indigence to ease, and so, by easy stages, to luxury. We find him travelling post in his own chaise—with lackeys standing behind the cushions on which he lolls—to Strasbourg, where his clientèle and fame increase. To the Prince Cardinal de Rohan, who desires to see him, the wily Joseph sends word that, if Monseigneur be ailing, he must wait upon Cagliostro. Cagliostro will cure him; but the Count waits upon no man. And to the Count the Cardinal accordingly goes. It is natural that a Prince of the Church should wait upon the Prince of Quacks.

The foolish Rohan is soon caught in the net of the adventurer. The blundering Cardinal Prince brings his new hero, in his train, to the Court of Versailles, to introduce him to the bored courtiers, always ready for a sensation, and to the light young Queen, Marie Antoinette; finally to plunge them both—Prince Cardinal and Prince Quack—into discredit, disasters, and disgraces, which are to end in the Bastille for the one and for the other banishment from the territories of France. Notwithstanding petitions, appeals, desperate memoranda sent to King, Convention and National Assembly, he will never reappear upon the scene of his triumphs. The master quack's golden days are over; he must take up his wanderings again, without coach and four or lackeys to await his pleasure. Driven from land to land, he roams restlessly. Powders, charms, wines of Egypt have gone out of fashion: their reign ended with that of Cagliostro.

The Revolution had come, with its evils, but also its immense good.

Men were to learn to think for themselves, and from the twilight foggiess of mysticism, to walk forth into the broad, sunlit spaces of reason.

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literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner: the other is a conclusion shewing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the authour promised to himself and to the publick."

How should puny scribblers be abashed and disappointed, when they find him displaying a perfect theory of lexicographical excellence, yet at the same time candidly and modestly allowing that he "had not satisfied his own expectations." Here was a fair occasion for the exercise of Johnson's modesty, when he was called upon to compare his own arduous performance, not with those of other individuals, (in which case his inflexible regard to truth would have been violated had he affected diffidence,) but with speculative perfection; as he, who can outstrip all his competitors in the race, may yet be sensible of his deficiency when he runs against time. Well might he say, that "the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned;" for he told me, that the only aid which he received was a paper containing twenty etymologies, sent to him by a person then unknown, who he was afterwards informed was Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester.¹ The etymologies, though they exhibit learning and judgement, are not, I think, entitled to the first praise amongst the various parts of this immense work. The definitions have always appeared to me such astonishing proofs of acuteness of intellect and precision of language, as indicate a genius of the highest rank. That it is which marks the superior excellence of Johnson's Dictionary and others equally or even more voluminous, and must have made it a work of much greater mental labour than mere Lexicons, or *Word-Books*, as the Dutch call them. They, who will make the experiment of trying how they can define a few words of whatever nature, will soon be satisfied of the unquestionable justice of this observation, which I can assure my

¹ [Zachary Pearce, born in 1690, was the son of a distiller in High Holborn: he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and became Bishop of Rochester in 1756. He died June 29, 1774. See *post*, under 19th May, 1777.—CROKER.]

readers is founded upon much study, and upon communication with more minds than my own.

A few of his definitions must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus, *Windward* and *Leeward*,¹ though directly of opposite meaning, are defined identically the same way ;² as to which inconsiderable specks it is enough to observe, that his Preface announces that he was aware there might be many such in so immense a work ; nor was he at all disconcerted when an instance was pointed out to him. A lady once asked him how he came to define *Pastern* the *knee* of a horse ; instead of making an elaborate defence, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." His definition of *Network*³ has been often quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. But to these frivolous censures no other answer is necessary than that with which we are furnished by his own Preface.

"To explain, requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found. For as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit of definition. Sometimes easier words are changed into harder ; as *burial*, into *sepulture* or *interment* ; *dry*, into *desiccative* ; *dryness*, into *siccity* or *aridity* ; *fit*, into *paroxism* ; for, the *easiest* word, whatever it be, can never be translated into one more easy."

His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices, under general definitions of words, while at the same time the original meaning of the words is not explained, as his *Tory*, *Whig*, *Pension*, *Oats*, *Excise*,⁴ and a few more, cannot be fully defended,

¹ [Towards the wind.]

² [He owns in his Preface the deficiency of the technical part of his work ; and he said he should be much obliged to me for definitions of musical terms for his next edition, which he did not live to superintend.—BURNBY.]

³ ["Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."]

⁴ He thus defines *Excise* : "A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom *Excise* is paid." The Commissioners of *Excise* being offended by this severe reflection, consulted Mr. Murray, then Attorney-General, to know

and must be placed to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence. Talking to me upon this subject when we were at Ashbourne in 1777, he mentioned a still stronger instance of the predominance of his private feelings in the composition of this work, than any now to be found in it. "You know, Sir, Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to the word *Renegado*, after telling that it meant 'one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter,' I added, *Sometimes we say a GOWER*. Thus it went to the press: but the printer had more wit than I, and struck it out."

whether redress could be legally obtained. I wished to have procured for my readers a copy of the opinion which he gave, and which may now be justly considered as history: but the mysterious secrecy of office, it seems, would not permit it. I am, however, informed, by very good authority, that its import was, that the passage might be considered as actionable; but that it would be more prudent in the board not to prosecute. Johnson never made the smallest alteration in this passage. We find he still retained his early prejudice against Excise; for in "The Idler," No. 65, there is the following very extraordinary paragraph: "The authenticity of *Clarendon's* history, though printed with the sanction of one of the first Universities of the world, had not an unexpected manuscript been happily discovered, would, with the help of factious credulity, have been brought into question by the two lowest of all human beings, a Scribbler for a party, and a Commissioner of Excise." The persons to whom he alludes were Mr. John Oldmixon, and George Duckett, Esq.

[I am more fortunate than Mr. Boswell, in being able (through the favour of Sir F. Doyle, deputy-chairman of the Excise Board) to present the reader with the case submitted to Lord Mansfield, and his opinion.

"Case for the opinion of Mr. Attorney-General.

"Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published 'A Dictionary of the English Language,' in which are the following words:

"EXCISE, *n. s.* A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

"The author's definition being observed by the Commissioners of Excise, they desire the favour of your opinion. 'Qu. Whether it will not be considered as a libel, and if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers, and publishers thereof, or any and which of them, by information, or how otherwise?

"I am of opinion that it is a libel. But under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition; and, in case he do not, to threaten him with an information.

"W. Murray.

"29th Nov. 1755."

Whether any such step was taken, Sir Francis Doyle was not able to discover: probably not; but Johnson, in his own octavo abridgment of the Dictionary, had the good sense to omit the more offensive parts of the definitions of both EXCISE and PENSION. We have already seen (*antè*, p. 11. n. 3.) the probable motive of the attack on the Excise.—CROKER.]

Let it, however, be remembered, that this indulgence does not display itself only in sarcasm towards others, but sometimes in playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained of his own laborious task. Thus; "*Grub-street*, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, *dictionaries*, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *Grub-street*."—"Lexicographer, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

At the time when he was concluding his very eloquent Preface, Johnson's mind appears to have been in such a state of depression, that we cannot contemplate without wonder the vigorous and splendid thoughts which so highly distinguish that performance. "I (says he) may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave; and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." That this indifference was rather a temporary than an habitual feeling, appears, I think, from his letters to Mr. Warton; and however he may have been affected for the moment, certain it is that the honours which his great work procured him, both at home and abroad, were very grateful to him. His friend, the Earl of Corke and Orrery, being at Florence, presented it to the *Accademia della Crusca*. That Academy sent Johnson their *Vocabolario*, and the French Academy sent him their *Dictionnaire*, which Mr. Langton had the pleasure to convey to him.

It must undoubtedly seem strange, that the conclusion of his Preface should be expressed in terms so desponding, when it is considered that the authour was then only in his forty-sixth year. But we must ascribe its gloom to that miserable dejection of spirits to which he was constitutionally subject, and which was aggravated by the death of his wife two years before. I have heard it ingeniously observed by a lady of rank and elegance, that "his melancholy was then at its meridian." It pleased GOD to grant him almost thirty years of life after this time; and once, when he was in a placid frame of mind, he

was obliged to own to me that he had enjoyed happier days, and had many more friends, since that gloomy hour, than before.

It is a sad saying, that "most of those whom he wished to please had sunk into the grave;" and his case at forty-five was singularly unhappy, unless the circle of his friends was very narrow. I have often thought, that as longevity is generally desired, and I believe, generally expected, it would be wise to be continually adding to the number of our friends, that the loss of some may be supplied by others. Friendship, "the wine of life," should, like a well-stocked cellar, be thus continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think, that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous *first growths* of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it very mellow and pleasant. *Warmth* will, no doubt make a considerable difference. Men of affectionate temper and bright fancy will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are cold and dull.

The proposition which I have now endeavoured to illustrate was, at a subsequent period of his life, the opinion of Johnson himself. He said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship *in constant repair*."

The celebrated Mr. Wilkes, whose notions and habits of life were very opposite to his, but who was ever eminent for literature and vivacity, sallied forth with a little *Jeu d'Esprit* upon the following passage in his Grammar of the English Tongue, prefixed to the Dictionary: "*H* seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." In an essay printed in "the Publick Advertiser," this lively writer enumerated many instances in opposition to this remark; for example: "The authour of this observation must be a man of a quick *apprehension*, and of a most *comprehensive* genius." The position is undoubtedly expressed with too much latitude.

This light sally, we may suppose, made no great impression

on our Lexicographer; for we find that he did not alter the passage till many years afterwards.¹

He had the pleasure of being treated in a very different manner by his old pupil Mr. Garrick, in the following complimentary Epigram:

“ON JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

“TALK of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men;
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their pow'rs,
Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with ours!
First Shakspeare and Milton, like Gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epick to flight;
In satires, epistles, and odes, would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnson, well-arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French,² and will beat forty more!”

Johnson this year gave at once a proof of his benevolence, quickness of apprehension, and admirable art of composition, in the assistance which he gave to Mr. Zachariah Williams, father of the blind lady whom he had humanely received under his roof. Mr. Williams had followed the profession of physick in Wales; but having a very strong propensity to the study of natural philosophy, had made many ingenious advances towards a discovery of the longitude, and repaired to London in hopes of obtaining the great parliamentary reward. He failed of success; but Johnson having made himself master of his principles and experiments, wrote for him a pamphlet, published in quarto, with the following title: “An Account of an Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea, by an exact Theory of the Variation of the Magnetical Needle; with a Table of the Variations at the most remarkable Cities in Europe, from the year 1660 to 1680.”† To diffuse it more extensively, it was

¹ In the third edition, published in 1773, he left out the words *perhaps never*, and added the following paragraph:—

“It sometimes begins middle or final syllables in words compounded, as *block-head*, or derived from the Latin, as *compre-hended*.”

² The number of the French Academy employed in settling their language.

accompanied with an Italian translation on the opposite page, which it is supposed was the work of Signor Baretti,¹ an Italian of considerable literature, who having come to England a few years before, had been employed in the capacity both of a language master and an authour, and formed an intimacy with Dr. Johnson. This pamphlet Johnson presented to the Bodleian library. On a blank leaf of it is pasted a paragraph cut out of a newspaper, containing an account of the death and character of Williams, plainly written by Johnson.²

In July this year he had formed some scheme of mental improvement, the particular purpose of which does not appear. But we find in his "Prayers and Meditations," p. 25, a prayer entitled, "On the study of Philosophy, as an instrument of living;" and after it follows a note, "This study was not pursued."

On the 13th of the same month he wrote in his Journal the following scheme of life, for Sunday: "Having lived" (as he with tenderness of conscience expresses himself) "not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires ;"

"1. To rise early, and in order to it, to go to sleep early on Saturday.

"2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.

"3. To examine the tenour of my life, and particularly the last week ; and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it.

¹ [This ingenious foreigner, who was a native of Piedmont, came to England about the year 1753, and died in London, May 5, 1789. A very candid and judicious account of him and his works, beginning with the words "So much asperity," and written, it is believed, by a distinguished dignitary in the church, may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for that year, p. 469.—MALONE.]

² "On Saturday the 12th, about twelve at night, died Mr. Zachariah Williams, in his eighty-third year, after an illness of eight months, in full possession of his mental faculties. He has been long known to philosophers and seamen for his skill in magnetism, and his proposal to ascertain the longitude by a peculiar system of the variation of the compass. He was a man of industry indefatigable, of conversation inoffensive, patient of adversity and disease, eminently sober, temperate, and pious ; and worthy to have ended life with better fortune." [A note of Thomas Warton's fixes the date of the death of Zachariah Williams as the 12th of July in this year, 1755.]

"4. To read the Scripture methodically with such helps as are at hand.

"5. To go to church twice.

"6. To read books of Divinity, either speculative or practical.

"7. To instruct my family.

"8. To wear off by meditation any worldly soil contracted in the week."

In 1756 Johnson found that the great fame of his Dictionary had not set him above the necessity of "making provision for the day that was passing over him."¹ No royal or noble patron extended a munificent hand to give independence to the man who had conferred stability on the language of his country. We may feel indignant that there should have been such unworthy neglect; but we must, at the same time, congratulate ourselves, when we consider, that to this very neglect, operating to rouse the natural indolence of his constitution, we owe many valuable productions, which otherwise, perhaps, might never have appeared.

He had spent, during the progress of the work, the money for which he had contracted to write his Dictionary. We have seen that the reward of his labour was only fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds; and when the expence of amanuenses and paper, and other articles, are deducted, his clear profit was very inconsiderable. I once said to him, "I am sorry, Sir, you did not get more for your Dictionary." His answer was, "I am sorry too. But it was very well. The booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men." He, upon all occasions, did ample justice to their character in this respect. He considered them as the patrons of literature; and, indeed, although they have eventually been considerable gainers by his Dictionary, it is to them that

¹ He was so far from being "set above the necessity of making provision for the day that was passing over him," that he appears to have been in this year in great pecuniary distress, having been arrested for debt; on which occasion his friend, Samuel Richardson, became his surety. See a letter from Johnson to him, on that subject, dated Feb. 19, 1756. Richardson's CORRESPONDENCE, vol. v. p. 283.—MALONE.] [Dr. Johnson made another application to Mr. Richardson, in a letter dated March 19, of the same year, stating that he was arrested for 5*l.* 18*s.* Mr. Richardson sent six guineas. See Murphy's LIFE OF JOHNSON, p. 86. It appeared first in the GENT. MAG. circa 1786-7.—CHALMERS.]

we owe its having been undertaken and carried through at the risk of great expence, for they were not absolutely sure of being indemnified.

On the first day of this year¹ we find from his private devotions, that he had then recovered from sickness,² and in February, that his eye was restored to its use.³ The pious gratitude with which he acknowledges mercies upon every occasion is very edifying; as is the humble submission which he breathes, when it is the will of his heavenly Father to try him with afflictions. As such dispositions become the state of man here, and are the true effects of religious discipline, we cannot but venerate in Johnson one of the most exercised minds that our holy religion hath ever formed. If there be any thoughtless enough to suppose such exercise the weakness of a great understanding, let them look up to Johnson, and be convinced that what he so earnestly practised must have a rational foundation.

His works this year were, an abstract or epitome, in octavo, of his folio Dictionary, and a few essays in a monthly publication, entitled "THE UNIVERSAL VISITER." Christopher Smart, with whose unhappy vacillation of mind he sincerely sympathised, was one of the stated undertakers of this miscellany; and it was to assist him that Johnson sometimes employed his pen. All the essays marked with two *asterisks* have been ascribed to him; but I am confident, from internal evidence, that of these, neither "The Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," nor an "Essay on Architecture," were written by him. I am equally confident, upon the same evidence, that he wrote "Further Thoughts on Agriculture;"[†] being the sequel of a very inferior essay on the

¹ [In April in this year, Johnson wrote a letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, in consequence of having read a few pages of that gentleman's newly published "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope." The only paragraph in it that respects Johnson's personal history is this: "For my part I have not lately done much. I have been ill in the winter, and my eye has been inflamed; but I please myself with the hopes of doing many things, with which I have long pleased and deceived myself!" *Memoirs of Dr. J. Warton, &c.* 4to. 1806.—MALONE.]

² Prayers and Meditations.

³ *Ibid.* p. 27.

same subject, and which, though carried on as if by the same hand, is both in thinking and expression so far above it, and so strikingly peculiar, as to leave no doubt of its true parent; and that he also wrote, "A Dissertation on the State of Literature and Authours,"† and "A Dissertation on the Epitaphs written by Pope."* The last of these, indeed, he afterwards added to his "Idler." "Why the essays truly written by him are marked in the same manner with some which he did not write, I cannot explain; but with deference to those who have ascribed to him the three essays which I have rejected, they want all the characteristical marks of Johnsonian composition.

He engaged also to superintend and contribute largely to another monthly publication, entitled "THE LITERARY MAGAZINE, OR UNIVERSAL REVIEW;"* the first number of which came out in May¹ this year. What were his emoluments from this undertaking, and what other writers were employed in it, I have not discovered. He continued to write in it, with intermissions, till the fifteenth number; and I think that he never gave better proofs of the force, acuteness, and vivacity of his mind, than in this miscellany, whether we consider his original essays, or his reviews of the works of others. The "Preliminary Address"† to the publick, is a proof how this great man could embellish, with the graces of superiour composition, even so trite a thing as the plan of a magazine.

His original essays are, "An Introduction to the Political State of Great Britain;"† "Remarks on the Militia Bill;"† "Observations on his Britannick Majesty's Treaties with the Empress of Russia and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel;"† "Observations on the Present State of Affairs;"† and, "Memoirs of Frederick III., King of Prussia."† In all these he displays extensive political knowledge and sagacity, expressed with uncommon energy and perspicuity, without any of those words which he sometimes took a pleasure in adopting, in imitation of Sir Thomas Browne; of whose "Christian Morals" he this year gave an edition, with his "Life"* prefixed

¹ [The first number came out on April 15, the second in May. They were published, unlike the other Magazines, on the 15th of each month.—CHALMERS.]

to it, which is one of Johnson's best biographical performances. In one instance only in these essays has he indulged his *Brownism*. Dr. Robertson, the historian, mentioned it to me, as having at once convinced him that Johnson was the authour of the "Memoirs of the King of Prussia." Speaking of the pride which the old King, the father of his hero, took in being master of the tallest regiment in Europe, he says, "To review this *towering* regiment was his daily pleasure; and to perpetuate it was so much his care, that when he met a tall woman he immediately commanded one of *Titanian* retinue to marry her, that they might *propagate procerity*." For this Anglo-Latin word *procerity*, Johnson had, however, the authority of Addison.

His reviews are of the following books: "Birch's History of the Royal Society;"† "Murphy's Gray's-Inn Journal;"† "Warton's Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," vol. i.;† "Hampton's Translation of Polybius;"† "Blackwell's Memoirs of the Court of Augustus;"† "Russell's Natural History of Aleppo;"† "Sir Isaac Newton's Arguments in Proof of a Deity;"† "Borlase's History of the Isles of Scilly;"† "Holme's Experiments on Bleaching;"† "Browne's Christian Morals;"† "Hales on Distilling Sea-Water, Ventilators in Ships, and Curing an ill Taste in Milk;"† "Lucas's Essay on Waters;"† "Keith's Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops;"† "Browne's History of Jamaica;"† "Philosophical Transactions," vol. xlix.;† "Mrs. Lennox's Translation of Sully's Memoirs;"* "Miscellanies, by Elizabeth Harrison;"† "Evans's Map and Account of the Middle Colonies in America;"† "Letter on the Case of Admiral Byng;"* "Appeal to the People concerning Admiral Byng;"* "Hanway's Eight Days' Journey, and Essay on Tea;"* "The Cadet, a Military Treatise;"† "Some further Particulars in Relation to the Case of Admiral Byng, by a Gentleman of Oxford;"* "The Conduct of the Ministry relating to the present War impartially examined;"† "A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil."* All these, from internal evidence, were written by Johnson: some of them I know he avowed, and have marked them with an *asterisk* accordingly. Mr. Thomas Davies, indeed, ascribed to him the Review of Mr.

Burke's "Inquiry into the Origin of our ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful;" and Sir John Hawkins, with equal discernment, has inserted it in his collection of Johnson's works: whereas it has no resemblance to Johnson's composition, and is well known to have been written by Mr. Murphy, who has acknowledged it to me and many others.

It is worthy of remark, in justice to Johnson's political character, which has been misrepresented as abjectly submissive to power, that his "Observations on the present State of Affairs" glow with as animated a spirit of constitutional liberty as can be found any where. Thus he begins:

"The time is now come, in which every Englishman expects to be informed of the national affairs; and in which he has a right to have that expectation gratified. For, whatever may be urged by Ministers, or those whom vanity or interest make the followers of Ministers, concerning the necessity of confidence in our governours, and the presumption of prying with profane eyes into the recesses of policy, it is evident that this reverence can be claimed only by counsels yet unexecuted, and projects suspended in deliberation. But when a design has ended in miscarriage or success, when every eye and every ear is witness to general discontent, or general satisfaction, it is then a proper time to disentangle confusion and illustrate obscurity; to shew by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to lay down with distinct particularity what rumour always huddles in general exclamation, or perplexes by indigested narratives; to shew whence happiness or calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected; and honestly to lay before the people what inquiry can gather of the past, and conjecture can estimate of the future."

Here we have it assumed as an incontrovertible principle, that in this country the people are the superintendents of the conduct and measures of those by whom government is administered; of the beneficial effect of which the present reign afforded an illustrious example, when addresses from all parts of the kingdom controuled an audacious attempt to introduce a new power subversive of the crown.¹

¹ [Mr. Boswell means Mr. Fox's celebrated India Bill, as an adversary of

A still stronger proof of his patriotick spirit appears in his review of an "Essay on Waters, by Dr. Lucas,"¹ of whom, after describing him as a man well known to the world for his daring defiance to power, when he thought it exerted on the side of wrong, he thus speaks :

"The Irish Ministers drove him from his native country by a proclamation, in which they charge him with crimes of which they never intended to be called to the proof, and oppressed him by methods equally irresistible by guilt and innocence. Let the man thus driven into exile, for having been the friend of his country, be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty ; and let the tools of power be taught in time, that they may rob, but cannot impoverish."

Some of his reviews in this Magazine are very short accounts of the pieces noticed, and I mention them only that Dr. Johnson's opinion of the works may be known ; but many of them are examples of elaborate criticism, in the most masterly style. In his review of the "Memoirs of the Court of Augustus," he has the resolution to think and speak from his own mind, regardless of the cant transmitted from age to age, in praise of the ancient Romans. Thus : "I know not why any one but a school-boy in his declamation should whine over the Commonwealth of Rome, which grew great only by the misery of the rest of mankind. The Romans, like others, as soon as they grew rich, grew corrupt ; and in their corruption sold the lives and freedoms of themselves, and of one another." Again, "A people, who while they were poor robbed mankind ; and as soon as they became rich, robbed one another." In his review of the *Miscellanies* in prose and verse, published by Elizabeth Harrison, but written by many hands, he gives an eminent proof at once of his orthodoxy and candour.

which he distinguished himself as much as a man in a private station could do.—CROKER.]

¹ [Dr. Lucas was an apothecary in Dublin (afterwards M.D.), who brought himself into public notice and a high degree of popularity by his writings and speeches against the government. He was elected representative of Dublin in 1761 ; and a marble statue to his honour is erected in the Royal Exchange of that city. He died in Nov. 1771.—CROKER.]

"The authours of the essays in prose seem generally to have imitated, or tried to imitate, the copiousness and luxuriance of Mrs. *Rowe*. This, however, is not all their praise; they have laboured to add to her brightness of imagery, her purity of sentiments. The poets have had Dr. *Watts* before their eyes; a writer, who, if he stood not in the first class of genius, compensated that defect by a ready application of his powers to the promotion of piety. The attempt to employ the ornaments of romance in the decoration of religion, was, I think, first made by Mr. *Boyle's Martyrdom of Theodora*; but *Boyle's* philosophical studies did not allow him time for the cultivation of style: and the completion of the great design was reserved for Mrs. *Rowe*. Dr. *Watts* was one of the first who taught the dissenters to write and speak like other men, by shewing them that elegance might consist with piety. They would have both done honour to a better society, for they had that charity which might well make their failings forgotten, and with which the whole Christian world might wish for communion. They were pure from all the heresies of an age, to which every opinion is become a favourite that the universal church has hitherto detested! This praise the general interest of mankind requires to be given to writers who please and do not corrupt, who instruct and do not weary. But to them all human eulogies are vain, whom I believe applauded by angels, and numbered with the just."

His defence of tea against Mr. Jonas Hanway's violent attack upon that elegant and popular beverage, shews how very well a man of genius can write upon the slightest subject, when he writes, as the Italians say, *con amore*:¹ I suppose no person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. He assured me that he never felt the least inconvenience

¹ [In this review, Johnson candidly describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." This last phrase his friend, Tom Tyers, happily parodied, "*te veniente die—te decedente*." Hawkins calls his addiction to it *unmanly*, and almost gives it the colour of a crime. The Rev. Mr. Parker, of Henley, is in possession of a tea-pot which belonged to Dr. Johnson, and which contains *above two quarts*.—CROKER.]

from it ; which is a proof that the fault of his constitution was rather a too great tension of fibres, than the contrary. Mr. Hanway wrote an angry answer to Johnson's review of his Essay on Tea, and Johnson, after a full and deliberate pause, made a reply to it ; the only instance, I believe, in the whole course of his life, when he condescended to oppose any thing written that was against him. I suppose when he thought of any of his little antagonists, he was ever justly aware of the high sentiment of Ajax in Ovid :

*"Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Qui, cùm victus erit, mecum certasse feretur."*¹

But, indeed, the good Mr. Hanway laid himself so open to ridicule, that Johnson's animadversions upon his attack were chiefly to make sport.

The generosity with which he pleads the cause of Admiral Byng is highly to the honour of his heart and spirit. Though *Voltaire* affects to be witty upon the fate of that unfortunate officer, observing that he was shot "*pour encourager les autres*," the nation has long been satisfied that his life was sacrificed to the political fervour of the times. In the vault belonging to the Torrington family, in the church of Southill, in Bedfordshire, there is the following Epitaph upon his monument, which I have transcribed :

" TO THE PERPETUAL DISGRACE
OF PUBLICK JUSTICE,
THE HONOURABLE JOHN BYNG, ESQ.
ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE,
FELL A MARTYR TO POLITICAL
PERSECUTION,
MARCH 14, IN THE YEAR 1757 ;
WHEN BRAVERY AND LOYALTY
WERE INSUFFICIENT SECURITIES
FOR THE LIFE AND HONOUR OF
A NAVAL OFFICER."

Johnson's most exquisite critical essay in the Literary Magazine, and indeed any where, is his review of Soame Jenyns's "Inquiry into the Origin of Evil." Jenyns was

¹ [Losing, he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.—DRYDEN]

possessed of lively talents, and a style eminently pure and easy, and could very happily play with a light subject, either in prose or verse ; but when he speculated on that most difficult and excruciating question, the Origin of Evil, he “ventured far beyond his depth,” and, accordingly, was exposed by Johnson, both with acute argument and brilliant wit. I remember when the late Mr. Bicknell’s humorous performance, entitled “The Musical Travels of Joel Collyer,” in which a slight attempt is made to ridicule Johnson, was ascribed to Soame Jenyns, “Ha! (said Johnson) I thought I had given *him* enough of it.”

His triumph over Jenyns is thus described by my friend Mr. Courtenay in his “Poetical Review of the literary and moral Character of Dr. Johnson ;” a performance of such merit, that had I not been honoured with a very kind and partial notice in it, I should echo the sentiments of men of the first taste loudly in its praise :

“When specious sophists with presumption scan
The source of evil hidden still from man ;
Revive Arabian tales, and vainly hope
To rival St. John, and his scholar Pope :
Though metaphysicks spread the gloom of night,
By reason’s star he guides our aching sight ;
The bounds of knowledge marks, and points the way
To pathless wastes, where wilder’d sages stray ;
Where, like a farthing link-boy, Jenyns stands,
And the dim torch drops from his feeble hands.”¹

¹ Some time after Dr. Johnson’s death, there appeared in the newspapers and magazines an illiberal and petulant attack upon him, in the form of an Epitaph, under the name of Mr. Soame Jenyns, very unworthy of that gentleman, who had quietly submitted to the critical lash while Johnson lived. It assumed, as characteristic of him, all the vulgar circumstances of abuse which had circulated amongst the ignorant. It was an unbecoming indulgence of puny resentment, at a time when he himself was at a very advanced age, and had a near prospect of descending to the grave. I was truly sorry for it ; for he was then become an avowed, and (as my Lord Bishop of London, who had a serious conversation with him on the subject, assures me) a sincere Christian. He could not expect that Johnson’s numerous friends would patiently bear to have the memory of their master stigmatized by no mean pen, but that, at least, one would be found to retort. Accordingly, this unjust and sarcastick Epitaph was met in the same publick field by an answer, in terms by no means soft, and such as wanton provocation only could justify :

“EPITAPH,

“*Prepared for a creature not quite dead yet.*

“HERE lies a little ugly nauseous elf,
Who judging only from his wretched self,

This year Mr. William Payne, brother of the respectable bookseller of that name, published "An Introduction to the Game of Draughts," to which Johnson contributed a Dedication to the Earl of Rochford,* and a Preface,* both of which are admirably adapted to the treatise to which they are prefixed. Johnson, I believe, did not play at draughts after leaving College, by which he suffered; for it would have afforded him an innocent soothing relief from the melancholy which distressed him so often. I have heard him regret that he had not learnt to play at cards; and the game at draughts we know is peculiarly calculated to fix the attention without straining it. There is a composure and gravity in draughts which insensibly tranquillises the mind; and, accordingly, the Dutch are fond of it, as they are of smoaking, of the sedative influence of which, though he himself never smoaked, he had a high opinion.¹ Besides, there is in draughts some exercise of the faculties; and, accordingly, Johnson, wishing to dignify the subject in his Dedication with what is most estimable in it, observes, "Triflers may find or make any thing a trifle; but since it is the great characteristick of a wise man to see events in their causes, to obviate consequences, and ascertain contingencies, your Lordship will think nothing a trifle by which the mind is inured to caution, foresight, and circumspection."

As one of the little occasional advantages which he did not disdain to take by his pen, as a man whose profession was literature, he this year accepted of a guinea from Mr. Robert Dodsley, for writing the introduction to "The London Chronicle," an evening newspaper; and even in so slight a

Feebly attempted, petulant and vain,
 The 'Origin of Evil' to explain.
 A mighty Genius at this elf displeas'd,
 With a strong critick grasp the urchin squeez'd.
 For thirty years its coward spleen it kept,
 Till in the dust the mighty Genius slept:
 Then stunk and fretted in expiring snuff,
 And blink'd at JOHNSON with its last poor puff."

¹ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3d edit. p. 48.

performance exhibited peculiar talents.¹ This Chronicle still subsists, and from what I observed, when I was abroad, has a more extensive circulation upon the Continent than any of the English news-papers. It was constantly read by Johnson himself; and it is but just to observe, that it has all along been distinguished for good sense, accuracy, moderation, and delicacy.

Another instance of the same nature has been communicated to me by the Reverend Dr. Thomas Campbell, who has done himself considerable credit by his own writings. "Sitting with Dr. Johnson one morning alone, he asked me if I had known Dr. Madden, who was authour of the premium-scheme² in Ireland. On my answering in the affirmative, and also that I had for some years lived in his neighbourhood, &c., he begged of me that when I returned to Ireland, I would endeavour to procure for him a poem of Dr. Madden's, called 'Boulter's Monument.'³ The reason (said he) why I wish for it, is this: when Dr. Madden came to London, he submitted that work to my castigation; and I remember I blotted a great many lines, and might have blotted many more without making the poem worse.⁴ However, the Doctor was very thankful, and very

¹ [*The London Chronicle, or Universal Evening Post*, was published three times a week. The first number, containing Johnson's introduction, appeared Jan. 1. 1757. Mr. Boswell often wrote in this journal.—CROKER.]

² [In the College of Dublin, four quarterly Examinations of the students are held in each year, in various prescribed branches of literature and science; and premiums, consisting of books impressed with the College Arms, are adjudged by Examiners (composed generally of the Junior Fellows), to those who have most distinguished themselves in the several classes, after a very rigid trial, which lasts two days. This regulation, which has subsisted about seventy years, has been attended with the most beneficial effects.]

Dr. Samuel Madden was the first proposer of premiums in that University. They were instituted about the year 1734. He was also one of the founders of the DUBLIN SOCIETY for the encouragement of arts and agriculture. In addition to the premiums which were and are still annually given by that society for this purpose, Dr. Madden gave others from his own fund. Hence he was usually called "Premium Madden."—MALONE.]

³ Dr. Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland. He died Sept. 27, 1742, at which time he was, for the thirteenth time, one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom. Johnson speaks of him in high terms of commendation, in his *Life of Ambrose Philips*.

⁴ [Dr. Madden wrote very bad verses. V. those prefixed to Leland's *Life of Philip of Macedon*, 4to. 1758.—KEARNEY.]

generous, for he gave me ten guineas, *which was to me at that time a great sum.*"¹

He this year resumed his scheme of giving an edition of Shakspeare with notes. He issued Proposals of considerable length,² in which he shewed that he perfectly well knew what a variety of research such an undertaking required; but his indolence prevented him from pursuing it with that diligence which alone can collect those scattered facts, that genius, however acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot discover by its own force. It is remarkable, that at this time his fancied activity was for the moment so vigorous, that he promised his work should be published before Christmas, 1757. Yet nine years elapsed before it saw the light. His throes in bringing it forth had been severe and remittent; and at last we may almost conclude that the Cæsarean operation was performed by the knife of Churchill, whose upbraiding satire, I dare say, made Johnson's friends urge him to despatch.

"He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes your cash; but where's the book?
No matter where; wise fear, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?"

About this period he was offered a living of considerable value in Lincolnshire,³ if he were inclined to enter into holy orders. It was a rectory in the gift of Mr. Langton, the father

¹ ["Such casual emoluments as these, Johnson frequently derived from his profession of an author. . . . About this time, as it is supposed, he, for sundry beneficed clergymen that requested him, composed pulpit discourses, and for these, he made no scruple of confessing, he was paid: his price, I am informed, was a moderate one, two guineas; and such was his notion of justice, that having been paid, he considered them so absolutely the property of the purchaser, as to renounce all claim to them. He reckoned that he had written about forty sermons; but, except as to some, knew not in what hands they were. 'I have,' said he, 'been paid for them, and have no right to inquire about them.'"]—SIR JOHN HAWKINS'S *Life of Johnson*, pp. 391, 392. Sir John adds in a note that he himself heard a sermon in St. Margaret's, Westminster, which he judged to be Johnson's. Johnson was present, and Hawkins told him it was he who preached. This Johnson did not deny.]

² They have been reprinted by Mr. Malone, in the preface to his edition of Shakspeare.

³ [Langton, near Partney.—CROKER.]

of his much-valued friend. But he did not accept of it ; partly I believe from a conscientious motive, being persuaded that his temper and habits rendered him unfit for that assiduous and familiar instruction of the vulgar and ignorant, which he held to be an essential duty in a clergyman ; and partly because his love of a London life was so strong, that he would have thought himself an exile in any other place, particularly if residing in the country.¹ Whoever would wish to see his thoughts upon that subject displayed in their full force, may peruse the *Adventurer*, Number 126.

In 1757 it does not appear that he published any thing, except some of those articles in the *Literary Magazine*, which have been mentioned. That magazine, after Johnson ceased to write in it, gradually declined, though the popular epithet of *Anti-gallican* was added to it ; and in July, 1758, it expired. He probably prepared a part of his *Shakspeare* this year, and he dictated a speech on the subject of an address to the Throne, after the expedition to Rochefort, which was delivered by one of his friends, I know not in what publick meeting. It is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1785 as his, and bears sufficient marks of authenticity.

By the favour of Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker,² of the Treasury, Dublin, I have obtained a copy of the following letter from Johnson to the venerable authour of "*Dissertations on the History of Ireland.*"

¹ [Hawkins, who first told this fact on Johnson's own authority, does not mention this latter and lower motive for Johnson's refusal. "It was," he says, "in a pleasant country, and of such yearly value, as might have tempted one in better circumstances, but he had scruples about the duties of the ministerial functions." "I have not," Johnson said, "the requisites for the office, and I cannot in conscience shear the flock which I am unable to feed." And Hawkins further informs us that about this period he was in circumstances more straitened than usual, and even his ordinary relaxation of his club failed him. "About the year 1756, time had produced a change in the situation of many of Johnson's friends, who were used to meet him in Ivy-lane. Death had taken from them M'Ghie ; Barker went to settle as a practising physician at Trowbridge ; Dyer went abroad ; Hawkesworth was busied in forming new connections ; and I had lately made one that removed from me all temptations to pass my evenings from home. The consequence was, that our symposium at the King's Head broke up."—CROKER.]

² [Mr. Walker was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, author of the *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, an *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, &c. He died in 1810.—CROKER.]

"TO CHARLES O'CONNER, ESQ.¹

"SIR,

"I HAVE lately, by the favour of Mr. Faulkner, seen your account of Ireland, and cannot forbear to solicit a prosecution of your design. Sir William Temple complains that Ireland is less known than any other country, as to its ancient state. The natives have but little leisure, and little encouragement for enquiry; and strangers, not knowing the language, have had no ability.

"I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated.² Ireland is known by tradition to have been once the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious either in the original of nations, or the affinities of languages, to be further informed of the revolution of a people so ancient, and once so illustrious.

"What relation there is between the Welsh and Irish language, or between the language of Ireland and that of Biscay, deserves enquiry. Of these provincial and unextended tongues, it seldom happens that more than one are understood by any one man; and, therefore, it seldom happens that a fair comparison can be made. I hope you will continue to cultivate this kind of learning, which has too long lain neglected, and which, if it be suffered to remain in oblivion for another century, may, perhaps, never be retrieved. As I wish well to all useful undertakings, I would not forbear to let you know how much you deserve in my opinion, from all lovers of study, and how much pleasure your work has given to, Sir,

"Your most obliged, and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, April 9, 1757."

¹ [Of this gentleman, who died at his seat at Ballinagare, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, July 1, 1791, in his 82d year, some account may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine of that date. Of the work here alluded to by Dr. Johnson—"Dissertations on the History of Ireland"—a second and much improved edition was published by the author in 1766.—MALONE.]

² The celebrated orator, Mr. Flood, has shewn himself to be of Dr. Johnson's opinion; having by his will bequeathed his estate, after the death of his wife, Lady Frances, to the University of Dublin; "desiring that immediately after the said estate shall come into their possession, they shall appoint two professors, one for the study of the native Erse or Irish language, and the other for the study of Irish antiquities and Irish history, and for the study of any other European language illustrative of, or auxiliary to, the study of Irish antiquities or Irish history: and that they shall give

"TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS WARTON.

"DEAR SIR,

"DR. MARSILI, of Padua, a learned gentleman, and good Latin poet, has a mind to see Oxford. I have given him a letter to Dr. Huddesford,¹ and shall be glad if you will introduce him, and shew him any thing in Oxford.

"I am printing my new edition of Shakspeare.

"I long to see you all, but cannot conveniently come yet. You might write to me now and then, if you were good for any thing. But *honores mutant mores*.² Professors forget their friends. I shall certainly complain to Miss Jones.³

"I am, yours, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Please to make my compliments to Mr. Wise.

"[London,] June 21, 1757."

Mr. Burney having enclosed to him an extract from the review of his Dictionary in the *Bibliothèque des Savans*,⁴ and a list of subscribers to his Shakspeare, which Mr. Burney had procured in Norfolk, he wrote the following answer:—

"TO MR. BURNEY, IN LYNNE, NORFOLK.

"SIR,

"THAT I may shew myself sensible of your favours, and not commit the same fault a second time, I make haste to answer the letter which I received this morning. The truth is, the

yearly two liberal premiums for two compositions, one in verse, and the other in prose, in the Irish language."

[Since the above was written, Mr. Flood's Will has been set aside, after a trial at bar, in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland.—MALONE.]

¹ [Now, or late, Vice-Chancellor.—WARTON.]

² [Mr. Warton was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in the preceding year.—WARTON.]

³ [Miss Jones lived at Oxford, and was often of our parties. She was a very ingenious poetess, and published a volume of poems; and, on the whole, was a most sensible, agreeable, and amiable woman. She was sister to the Reverend River Jones, Chanter of Christ-Church cathedral, Oxford, and Johnson used to call her the *Chantress*. I have heard him often address her in this passage from "IL PENSEROSO":

"Thee, Chantress, oft the woods among
I woo," &c.

She died unmarried.—WARTON.]

⁴ Tome iii. p. 482.

other likewise was received, and I wrote an answer ; but being desirous to transmit you some proposals and receipts, I waited till I could find a convenient conveyance, and day was passed after day, till other things drove it from my thoughts ; yet not so, but that I remember with great pleasure your commendation of my Dictionary. Your praise was welcome, not only because I believe it was sincere, but because praise has been very scarce. A man of your candour will be surprised when I tell you, that among all my acquaintance there were only two, who, upon the publication of my book, did not endeavour to depress me with threats of censure from the publick, or with objections learned from those who had learned them from my own preface. Yours is the only letter of good-will that I have received ; though, indeed, I am promised something of that sort from Sweden.

“How my new edition¹ will be received I know not ; the subscription has not been very successful. I shall publish about March.

“If you can direct me how to send proposals, I should wish that they were in such hands.

“I remember, Sir, in some of the first letters with which you favoured me, you mentioned your lady. May I enquire after her ? In return for the favours which you have shewn me, it is not much to tell you, that I wish you and her all that can conduce to your happiness. I am, Sir,

“Your most obliged, and most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Gough-square, Dec. 24, 1757.”

In 1758 we find him, it should seem, in as easy and pleasant a state of existence, as constitutional unhappiness ever permitted him to enjoy.

“TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ., AT LANGTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

“DEAREST SIR,

“I must have indeed slept very fast not to have been awakened by your letter. None of your suspicions are true ; I am not much richer than when you left me ; and, what is worse, my omission of an answer to your first letter, will prove that I am not much wiser. But I go on as I formerly did, designing to be some time or other both rich and wise ; and yet cultivate neither mind nor fortune. Do you take notice of my example, and learn the danger of delay. When I was as you

¹ Of Shakspeare.

are now, towering in confidence of twenty-one, little did I suspect that I should be at forty-nine what I now am.

"But you do not seem to need my admonition. You are busy in acquiring and in communicating knowledge, and while you are studying, enjoy the end of study, by making others wiser and happier. I was much pleased with the tale that you told me of being tutour to your sisters. I, who have no sisters nor brothers, look with some degree of innocent envy on those who may be said to be born to friends; and cannot see, without wonder, how rarely that native union is afterwards regarded. It sometimes, indeed, happens, that some supervenient cause of discord may overpower this original amity; but it seems to me more frequently thrown away with levity, or lost by negligence, than destroyed by injury or violence. We tell the ladies that good wives make good husbands; I believe it is a more certain position that good brothers make good sisters.

"I am satisfied with your stay at home, as Juvenal with his friend's retirement to Cumæ: I know that your absence is best, though it be not best for me.

*'Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.'*¹

"*Langton* is a good *Cumæ*, but who must be *Sibylla*? Mrs. Langton is as wise as Sibyl, and as good; and will live, if my wishes can prolong life, till she shall in time be as old. But she differs in this, that she has not scattered her precepts in the wind, at least not those which she bestowed upon you.

"The two Wartons just looked into the town, and were taken to see *Cleone*, where David² says, they were starved for want of company to keep them warm. David and Doddy³ have had a new quarrel, and, I think, cannot conveniently quarrel any more. '*Cleone*' was well acted by all the characters, but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy, you know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received.

¹ "Grieved though I am to see the man depart,
Who long has shared, and still must share my heart,
Yet (when I call my better judgment home)
I praise his purpose; to retire from Rome,
And give on Cumæ's solitary coast,
The Sibyl—one inhabitant to boast!"—GIFFORD.

² Mr. Garrick.

³ Mr. Dodsley, the authour of *Cleone*.

Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side, and cried at the distress of poor Cleone.

"I have left off housekeeping, and therefore make presents of the game which you were pleased to send me. The pheasant I gave to Mr. Richardson,¹ the bustard to Dr. Lawrence, and the pot I placed with Miss Williams, to be eaten by myself. She desires that her compliments and good wishes may be accepted by the family; and I make the same request for myself.

"Mr. Reynolds has within these few days raised his price to twenty guineas a head, and Miss is much employed in miniatures. I know not anybody [else] whose prosperity has increased since you left them.

"Murphy is to have his 'Orphan of China' acted next month; and is therefore, I suppose, happy. I wish I could tell you of any great good to which I was approaching, but at present my prospects do not much delight me; however, I am always pleased when I find that you, dear Sir, remember

"Your affectionate, humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan. 9, 1758."²

"TO MR. BURNEY, AT LYNNE, NORFOLK.

"SIR,

"YOUR kindness is so great, and my claim to any particular regard from you so little, that I am at a loss how to express my sense of your favours;³ but I am, indeed, much pleased to be thus distinguished by you.

"I am ashamed to tell you that my Shakspeare will not be out so soon as I promised my subscribers; but I did not promise them more than I promised myself. It will, however, be published before summer.

"I have sent you a bundle of proposals, which, I think, do not profess more than I have hitherto performed. I have printed many of the plays, and have hitherto left very few passages unexplained; where I am quite at loss, I confess my ignorance, which is seldom done by commentators.

"I have likewise enclosed twelve receipts; not that I mean to impose upon you the trouble of pushing them with more importunity than may seem proper, but that you may rather have more than fewer than you will want. The proposals you will

¹ Mr. Samuel Richardson, author of *Clarissa*.

² [Mr. Croker, from internal evidence, changed the date of this letter to Jan. 9, 1759, and placed it later in the volume.]

³ This letter was an answer to one, in which was enclosed a draft for the payment of some subscriptions to his Shakspeare.

disseminate as there shall be an opportunity. I once printed them at length in the Chronicle, and some of my friends (I believe Mr. Murphy, who formerly wrote the Gray's-Inn Journal,) introduced them with a splendid encomium.

"Since the Life of Browne, I have been a little engaged, from time to time in the Literary Magazine, but not very lately. I have not the collection by me, and therefore cannot draw out a catalogue of my own parts, but will do it, and send it. Do not buy them, for I will gather all those that have any thing of mine in them, and send them to Mrs. Burney, as a small token of gratitude for the regard which she is pleased to bestow upon me.

"I am, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, March 8, 1758."

Dr. Burney has kindly favoured me with the following memorandum, which I take the liberty to insert in his own genuine easy style. I love to exhibit sketches of my illustrious friend by various eminent hands.

"Soon after this, Mr. Burney, during a visit to the capital, had an interview with him in Gough-square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner, Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him to his garret, which being accepted, he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson giving to his guest the entire seat tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and showed him some volumes of his Shakspeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. Upon Mr. Burney's opening the first volume, at the Merchant of Venice, he observed to him, that he seemed to be more severe on Warburton than Theobald. 'O poor Tib! (said Johnson,) he was ready knocked down to my hands; Warburton stands between me and him.' 'But, Sir, (said Mr. Burney,) you'll have Warburton upon your bones, won't you?' 'No, Sir; he'll not come out: he'll only growl in his den.' 'But you think, Sir, that Warburton is a superiour critick to Theobald?'—'O Sir, he'd make two-and-fifty Theobalds, cut into slices! The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be

said.—Mr. Burney then asked him whether he had seen the letter which Warburton had written in answer to a pamphlet addressed, 'To the most impudent Man alive.' He answered in the negative. Mr. Burney told him it was supposed to be written by Mallet. The controversy now raged between the friends of Pope and Bolingbroke; and Warburton and Mallet were the leaders of the several parties. Mr. Burney asked him then if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's Philosophy? 'No, Sir; I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested about its confutation.'

On the fifteenth of April he began a new periodical paper, entitled "*THE IDLER*,"* which came out every Saturday in a weekly newspaper, called "*The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette*," published by Newbery.¹ These essays were continued till April 5, 1760. Of one hundred and three, their total number, twelve were contributed by his friends; of which, Numbers 33, 93, and 96, were written by Mr. Thomas Warton; No. 67 by Mr. Langton; and Nos. 76, 79, and 82, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the concluding words of No. 82, "and pollute his canvas with deformity," being added by Johnson; as Sir Joshua informed me.

The *IDLER* is evidently the work of the same mind which produced the *RAMBLER*, but has less body and more spirit. It has more variety of real life, and greater facility of language. He describes the miseries of idleness, with the lively sensations of one who has felt them; and in his private memorandums while engaged in it, we find, "This year I hope to learn diligence."² Many of these excellent essays were written as hastily

¹ [This is a slight mistake. The first number of the "*Idler*" appeared on the 15th of April, 1758, in No. 2 of the *Universal Chronicle, &c.*, which was published by J. Payne, for whom also the *Rambler* had been printed. On the 29th of April this newspaper assumed the title of *PAYNE'S Universal Chronicle, &c.*—MALONE]

² *Prayers and Meditations*, p. 30. [Of this period of his life, Hawkins says, "The profits accruing from the sale of this paper, and the subscriptions which, from the year 1756, he was receiving for the edition of Shakspeare by him proposed, were the only known means of his subsistence for a period of near four years, and we may suppose them hardly adequate to his wants, for, upon finding the balance of the account for the *Dictionary* against him, he quitted his house in Gough Square, and took chambers in Gray's Inn; and Mrs. Williams, upon this removal, fixed herself in lodgings at a boarding-

as an ordinary letter. Mr. Langton remembers Johnson when on a visit at Oxford, asking him one evening how long it was till the post went out; and on being told about half an hour, he exclaimed, "Then we shall do very well." He upon this instantly sat down and finished an *Idler* which it was necessary should be in London the next day. Mr. Langton having signified a wish to read it, "Sir (said he), you shall not do more than I have done myself." He then folded it up, and sent it off.

Yet there are in the *Idler* several papers which shew as much profundity of thought, and labour of language, as any of this great man's writings. No. 14, "Robbery of time;" No. 24, "Thinking;" No. 41, "Death of a friend;" No. 43, "Flight of time;" No. 51, "Domestick greatness unattainable;" No. 52, "Self-denial;" No. 58, "Actual, how short of fancied, excellence;" No. 89, "Physical evil moral good;" and his concluding paper on "The horror of the last," will prove this assertion. I know not why a motto, the usual trapping of periodical papers, is prefixed to very few of the *Idlers*, as I have heard Johnson commend the custom; and he never could be at a loss for one, his memory being stored with innumerable passages of the classicks. In this series of essays he exhibits admirable instances of grave humour, of which he had an uncommon share. Nor on some occasions has he repressed that power of sophistry which he possessed in so eminent a degree. In No. 11, he treats with the utmost contempt the opinion that our mental faculties depend, in some degree, upon the weather; an opinion, which they who have never experienced its truth are not to be envied, and of which he himself could not but be

school, in the neighbourhood of their former dwelling." And Mr. Murphy tells us, that "he retired to Gray's Inn, and soon removed to chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, where he lived in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature. Mr. Fitzherbert (the father of Lord St. Helen's), a man distinguished through life for his benevolence and other amiable qualities, used to say, that he paid a morning visit to Johnson, intending from his chambers to send a letter into the city; but, to his great surprise, he found an author by profession without pen, ink, or paper. The present Bishop of Salisbury [Douglas] was also among those who endeavoured by constant attention, to soothe the cares of a mind which he knew to be afflicted with gloomy apprehensions."—CROKER.]

sensible, as the effects of weather upon him were very visible. Yet thus he declaims :

"Surely nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed with reason, than to resign its powers to the influence of the air, and live in dependence on the weather and the wind for the only blessings which nature has put into our power, tranquillity and benevolence.—This distinction of seasons is produced only by imagination operating on luxury. To temperance, every day is bright ; and every hour is propitious to diligence. He that shall resolutely excite his faculties or exert his virtues, will soon make himself superiour to the seasons ; and may set at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp, the blasts of the east, and the clouds of the south."

Alas ! it is too certain, that where the frame has delicate fibres, and there is a fine sensibility, such influences of the air are irresistible. He might as well have bid defiance to the ague, the palsy, and all other bodily disorders. Such boasting of the mind is false elevation.

"I think the Romans call it Stoicism "

But in this number of his Idler his spirits seem to run riot ; for in the wantonness of his disquisition he forgets, for a moment, even the reverence for that which he held in high respect, and describes, "the attendant on a *Court*," as one "whose business is to watch the looks of a being, weak and foolish as himself."

His unqualified ridicule of rhetorical gesture or action is not, surely, a test of truth ; yet we cannot help admiring how well it is adapted to produce the effect which he wished.

"Neither the judges of our laws, nor the representatives of our people, would be much affected by laboured gesticulations, or believe any man the more because he rolled his eyes, or puffed his cheeks, or spread abroad his arms, or stamped the ground, or thumped his breast ; or turned his eyes sometimes to the ceiling, and sometimes to the floor."

A casual coincidence with other writers, or an adoption of a sentiment or image which has been found in the writings of another, and afterwards appears in the mind as one's own, is not

unfrequent. The richness of Johnson's fancy, which could supply his page abundantly on all occasions, and the strength of his memory, which at once detected the real owner of any thought, made him less liable to the imputation of plagiarism than, perhaps, any of our writers. In the *Idler*, however, there is a paper, in which conversation is assimilated to a bowl of punch, where there is the same train of comparison as in a poem by Blacklock, in his collection published in 1756; in which a parallel is ingeniously drawn between human life and that liquor. It ends,

“ Say, then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind,
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree ? ”

To the *Idler*, when collected in volumes,¹ he added, beside the *Essay on Epitaphs*, and the *Dissertation on those of Pope*, an *Essay on the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers*. He, however, omitted one of the original papers, which in the folio copy is No. 22.²

“ TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS WARTON.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ YOUR notes upon my poet were very acceptable. I beg that you will be so kind as to continue your searches. It will be reputable to my work, and suitable to your professorship, to have something of yours in the notes. As you have given no directions about your name, I shall therefore put it. I wish your brother would take the same trouble. A commentary must arise from the fortuitous discoveries of many men in devious walks of literature. Some of your remarks are on plays already printed: but I purpose to add an Appendix of Notes, so that nothing comes too late.

¹ [From Newbury's accounts, examined by Mr. Prior when writing his *Life of Goldsmith*, it appears that the profit upon 1500 copies printed of “*The Idler*” in two vols. was 126*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* of which Johnson received two thirds (84*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*).]

² This paper may be found in Stockdale's supplemental volume of Johnson's *Miscellaneous Pieces*. [Johnson wrote in this paper, political remarks on passing events. A specimen may be seen in *Gent. Mag.* vol. xxviii.—CHALMERS.]

‘You give yourself too much uneasiness, dear Sir, about the loss of the papers.¹ The loss is nothing, if nobody has found them; nor even then, perhaps, if the numbers be known. You are not the only friend that has had the same mischance. You may repair your want out of a stock, which is deposited with Mr. Allen, of Magdalen-Hall; or out of a parcel which I have just sent to Mr. Chambers,² for the use of any body that will be so kind as to want them. The Langtons are well; and Miss Roberts, whom I have at last brought to speak, upon the information which you gave me, that she had something to say.

“I am, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“[London] April 14, 1758.”

TO THE SAME.

“DEAR SIR,

“YOU will receive this by Mr. Barette, a gentleman particularly intitled to the notice and kindness of the Professor of poesy. He has time but for a short stay, and will be glad to have it filled up with as much as he can hear and see.

“In recommending another to your favour, I ought not to omit thanks for the kindness which you have shown to myself. Have you any more notes on Shakspeare? I shall be glad of them.

“I see your pupil sometimes;³ his mind is as exalted as his stature. I am half afraid of him; but he is no less amiable than formidable. He will, if the forwardness of his spring be not blasted, be a credit to you, and to the University. He brings some of my plays⁴ with him, which he has my permission to shew you, on condition you will hide them from every body else.

“I am, dear Sir, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“[London] June 1, 1758.”

¹ [Receipts for Shakspeare.—WARTON.]

² [Then of Lincoln College. Now Sir Robert Chambers, one of the Judges in India.—WARTON.] [He returned to England in 1799, and died May 9, 1803.—CHALMERS.]

³ [Mr. Langton.—WARTON.]

⁴ [Part of the impression of the Shakspeare, which Dr. Johnson conducted alone, and published by subscription. This edition came out in 1765.—WARTON.]

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ., OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"DEAR SIR,

"THOUGH I might have expected to hear from you, upon your entrance into a new state of life at a new place, yet recollecting (not without some degree of shame) that I owe you a letter upon an old account, I think it my part to write first. This, indeed, I do not only for complaisance, but from interest; for living on in the old way, I am very glad of a correspondent so capable as yourself, to diversify the hours. You have, at present, too many novelties about you to need any help from me to drive along your time.

"I know not any thing more pleasant, or more instructive, than to compare experience with expectation, or to register from time to time the difference between idea and reality. It is by this kind of observation that we grow daily less liable to be disappointed. You, who are very capable of anticipating futurity, and raising phantoms before your own eyes, must often have imagined to yourself an academical life, and have conceived what would be the manners, the views, and the conversation, of men devoted to letters; how they would choose their companions, how they would direct their studies, and how they would regulate their lives. Let me know what you expected, and what you have found. At least record it to yourself before custom has reconciled you to the scenes before you, and the disparity of your discoveries to your hopes has vanished from your mind. It is a rule never to be forgotten, that whatever strikes strongly, should be described while the first impression remains fresh upon the mind.

"I love, dear Sir, to think on you, and therefore, should willingly write more to you, but that the post will not now give me leave to do more than send my compliments to Mr. Warton, and tell you that I am, dear Sir, most affectionately,

"Your very humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"June 28,¹ 1758."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ., AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"I SHOULD be sorry to think that what engrosses the attention of my friend should have no part of mine. Your mind

¹ [Croker corrected this date to *Jan.* 28; as Langton, having entered Trinity College, Oxford, in July 1757, must have gone into residence in or after October.]

is now full of the fate of Dury ;¹ but his fate is past, and nothing remains but to try what reflection will suggest to mitigate the terrors of a violent death, which is more formidable, at the first glance, than on a nearer and more steady view. A violent death is never very painful ; the only danger is, lest it should be unprovided. But if a man can be supposed to make no provision for death in war, what can be the state that would have awakened him to the care of futurity ? When would that man have prepared himself to die, who went to seek death without preparation ? What then can be the reason why we lament more him that dies of a wound, than him that dies of a fever ? A man that languishes with disease, ends his life with more pain, but with less virtue : he leaves no example to his friends, nor bequeaths any honour to his descendants. The only reason why we lament a soldier's death, is, that we think he might have lived longer ; yet this cause of grief is common to many other kinds of death, which are not so passionately bewailed. The truth is, that every death is violent which is the effect of accident ; every death, which is not gradually brought on by the miseries of age, or when life is extinguished for any other reason than that it is burnt out. He that dies before sixty, of a cold or consumption, dies, in reality, by a violent death ; yet his death is borne with patience, only because the cause of his untimely end is silent and invisible. Let us endeavour to see things as they are, and then enquire whether we ought to complain. Whether to see life as it is, will give us much consolation, I know not ; but the consolation which is drawn from truth, if any there be, is solid and durable : that which may be derived from error, must be, like its original, fallacious and fugitive.

“ I am, dear, dear Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.

“ Sept. 21, 1758.”

In 1759, in the month of January, his mother died at the great age of ninety, an event which deeply affected him ; not that “ his mind had acquired no firmness by the contemplation of mortality,”² but that his reverential affection for her was not

¹ Major-General Alexander Dury, of the first regiment of foot-guards, who fell in the gallant discharge of his duty, near St. Cas, in the well-known unfortunate expedition against France, in 1758. His lady and Mr. Langton's mother were sisters. He left an only son, Lieutenant-Colonel Dury, who has a company in the same regiment.

² Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 395.

abated by years, as indeed he retained all his tender feeling, even to the latest period of his life. I have been told, that he regretted much his not having gone to visit his mother for several years previous to her death. But he was constantly engaged in literary labours, which confined him to London ; and though he had not the comfort of seeing his aged parent, he contributed liberally to her support.

“TO MRS. JOHNSON, IN LICHFIELD.¹

“HONOURED MADAM,

“THE account which Miss [PORTER] gives me of your health, pierces my heart. God comfort and preserve you and save you, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

“I would have Miss read to you from time to time the Passion of our Saviour, and sometimes the sentences in the Communion Service, beginning,—*Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

“I have just been reading a physical book, which *inclines* me to think that a strong infusion of the bark ~~would~~ do you good. Do, dear mother, try it.

“Pray, send me *your* blessing, and forgive all that I have done amiss *to* you. And whatever you would have done, and ~~what~~ debts you would have paid first, or any thing else ~~that~~ you would direct, let Miss put it down ; I shall endeavour to obey you.

“I have got twelve guineas² to send you, but unhappily am at a loss how to send it to-night. If I cannot send it to-night, it will come by the next post.

“Pray, do not omit any thing mentioned in this letter. GOD bless you for ever and ever. I am,

“Your dutiful Son,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“Jan. 13, 1758.”³

¹ [Since the publication of the third edition of this work, the following letters of Dr. Johnson, occasioned by the last illness of his mother, were obligingly communicated to Mr. Malone by the Rev. Dr. Vyse. They are placed here agreeably to the chronological order almost uniformly observed by the authour ; and so strongly evince Dr. Johnson's piety and tenderness of heart, that every reader must be gratified by their insertion.—MALONE.]

² [Six of these twelve guineas Johnson appears to have borrowed from Mr. Allen, the Printer. See Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 366 n.—MALONE.]

³ [Written by mistake for 1759, as the subsequent letters shew. In the next letter he had inadvertently fallen into the same error, but corrected it.

"TO MISS PORTER, AT MRS. JOHNSON'S, IN LICHFIELD.

"MY DEAR MISS,

"I THINK myself obliged to you beyond all expression of gratitude for your care of my dear mother. GOD grant it may not be without success. Tell Kitty,¹ that I shall never forget her tenderness for her mistress. Whatever you can do, continue to do. My heart is very full.

"I hope you received twelve guineas on Monday. I found a way of sending them by means of the Postmaster, after I had written my letter, and hope they came safe. I will send you more in a few days. GOD bless you all.

"I am, my dear,

"Your most obliged and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Over the leaf is a letter to my mother.

"Jan. 16, 1759."

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,

"YOUR weakness afflicts me beyond what I am willing to communicate to you. I do not think you unfit to face death, but I know not how to bear the thought of losing you. Endeavour to do all you [can] for yourself. Eat as much as you can.

"I pray often for you ; do you pray for me.—I have nothing to add to my last letter. I am, dear, dear Mother,

"Your dutiful Son,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan. 16, 1759."

"TO MRS. JOHNSON IN LICHFIELD.

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,

"I FEAR you are too ill for long letters ; therefore I will only tell you, you have from me all the regard that can possibly subsist in the heart. I pray GOD to bless you for evermore, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.

On the *outside* of the letter of the 13th was written by another hand—"Pray acknowledge the receipt of this by return of post, without fail."—MALONE.]

¹ [Catharine Chambers, Mrs. Johnson's maid-servant. She died in October, 1767. See Dr. Johnson's PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS, p. 71 : "Sunday, Oct. 18, 1767. Yesterday, Oct. 17, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catharine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old."—MALONE.]

"Let Miss write to me every post, however short. I am,
 dear Mother,

"Your dutiful Son,
 "SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan 18, 1759."

"TO MISS PORTER, AT MRS. JOHNSON'S IN LICHFIELD.

"DEAR MISS,

"I WILL, if it be possible, come down to you. GOD grant I may yet [find] my dear mother breathing and sensible. Do not tell her, lest I disappoint her. If I miss to write next post, I am on the road. I am, my dearest Miss,

"Your most humble servant,
 "SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan. 20, 1759."

"On the other side.

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,¹

"NEITHER your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well.² GOD grant you his Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.

"I am, dear, dear Mother,
 "Your dutiful Son,
 "SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan. 20, 1759."

"TO MISS PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

"YOU will conceive my sorrow for the loss of my mother, of the best mother. If she were to live again, surely I should behave better to her. But she is happy, and what is past is nothing to her; and for me, since I cannot repair my faults to

¹ [This letter was written on the second leaf of the preceding, addressed to Miss Porter.—MALONE.]

² [So, in the Prayer which he composed on this occasion: "Almighty GOD, merciful Father, in whose hands are life and death, sanctify unto me the sorrow which I now feel. *Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my Mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly.* Make me to remember her good precepts and good example, and to reform my life according to thy holy word," &c.—PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS, p. 31.—MALONE.]

her, I hope repentance will efface them. I return you and all those that have been good to her, my sincerest thanks, and pray GOD to repay you all with infinite advantage. Write to me, and comfort me, dear child. I shall be glad likewise if Kitty will write to me. I shall send a bill of twenty pounds in a few days which I thought to have brought to my mother; but GOD suffered it not. I have not power or composure to say much more. GOD bless you, and bless us all.

"I am, dear Miss,

"Your affectionate humble Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"Jan. 23, 1759."¹

Soon after this event, he wrote his *RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA*,* concerning the publication of which Sir John Hawkins guesses vaguely and idly, instead of having taken the trouble to inform himself with authentick precision. Not to trouble my readers with a repetition of the Knight's reveries, I have to mention, that the late Mr. Strahan, the printer, told me, that Johnson wrote it, that with the profits he might defray the expence of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had composed it in the evenings of one week,² sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over.³ Mr. Strahan, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Dodsley, purchased it for a hundred pounds, but afterwards paid him twenty-five pounds more when it came to a second edition.

Considering the large sums which have been received for compilations, and works requiring not much more genius than compilations, we cannot but wonder at the very low price which he was content to receive for this admirable performance; which, though he had written nothing else, would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. None of his writings have been so extensively diffused over Europe; for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. This

¹ [Mrs. Johnson probably died on the 20th or 21st January, and was buried on the day this letter was written.—MALONE.]

² *RASSELAS* was published in March or April, 1759.

³ [See under June 2, 1781. Finding it then accidentally in a chaise with Mr. Boswell, he read it eagerly.—This was doubtless long after his declaration to Sir Joshua Reynolds.—MALONE.]

Tale, with all the charms of oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shews us that this stage of our being is full of "vanity and vexation of spirit." To those who look no further than the present life, or who maintain that human nature has not fallen from the state in which it was created, the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail. But they who think justly, and feel with strong sensibility, will listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom. Voltaire's *CANDIDE*, written to refute the system of Optimism, which it has accomplished with brilliant success, is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's *RASSELAS*; insomuch, that I have heard Johnson say, that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other. Though the proposition illustrated by both these works was the same, namely, that in our present state there is more evil than good, the intention of the writers was very different. Voltaire, I am afraid, meant only by wanton profaneness to obtain a sportive victory over religion, and to discredit the belief of a superintending Providence: Johnson meant, by shewing the unsatisfactory nature of things temporal, to direct the hopes of man to things eternal. *Rasselas*, as was observed to me by a very accomplished lady, may be considered as a more enlarged and more deeply philosophical discourse in prose, upon the interesting truth, which in his "Vanity of Human Wishes" he had so successfully enforced in verse.

The fund of thinking which this work contains is such, that almost every sentence of it may furnish a subject of long meditation. I am not satisfied if a year passes without my having read it through; and at every perusal, my admiration of the mind which produced it is so highly raised, that I can scarcely believe that I had the honour of enjoying the intimacy of such a man.

I restrain myself from quoting passages from this excellent work, or even referring to them, because I should not know

what to select, or rather, what to omit. I shall, however, transcribe one, as it shews how well he could state the arguments of those who believe in the appearance of departed spirits; a doctrine which it is a mistake to suppose that he himself ever positively held :

"If all your fear be of apparitions, (said the Prince,) I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more."

"That the dead are seen no more, (said Imlac,) I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears."

Notwithstanding my high admiration of Rasselas, I will not maintain that the "morbid melancholy" in Johnson's constitution may not, perhaps, have made life appear to him more insipid and unhappy than it generally is: for I am sure that he had less enjoyment from it than I have. Yet, whatever additional shade his own particular sensations may have thrown on his representation of life, attentive observation and close enquiry have convinced me, that there is too much reality in the gloomy picture. The truth, however, is, that we judge of the happiness and misery of life differently at different times, according to the state of our changeable frame. I always remember a remark made to me by a Turkish lady, educated in France: "*Ma foi, Monsieur, notre bonheur dépend de la façon que notre sang circule.*" This have I learnt from a pretty hard course of experience, and would, from sincere benevolence, impress upon all who honour this book with a perusal, that until a steady conviction is obtained, that the present life is an imperfect state, and only a passage to a better, if we comply with the divine scheme of progressive improvement; and also

that it is a part of the mysterious plan of Providence, that intellectual beings must "be made perfect through suffering;" there will be a continual recurrence of disappointment and uneasiness. But if we walk with hope in "the mid-day sun" of revelation, our temper and disposition will be such, that the comforts and enjoyments in our way will be relished, while we patiently support the inconveniences and pains. After much speculation and various reasonings, I acknowledge myself convinced of the truth of Voltaire's conclusion, "*Après tout, c'est un monde passable.*" But we must not think too deeply :

" — where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise,"

is, in many respects, more than poetically just. Let us cultivate, under the command of good principles, "*la théorie des sensations agréables*;" and, as Mr. Burke once admirably counselled a grave and anxious gentleman, "live pleasant."

The effect of *Rasselas*, and of Johnson's other moral tales, is thus beautifully illustrated by Mr. Courtenay :

"Impressive truth, in splendid fiction drest,
Checks the vain wish, and calms the troubled breast ;
O'er the dark mind a light celestial throws,
And soothes the angry passions to repose ;
As oil effus'd illumines and smooths the deep,
When round the bark the foaming surges sweep."¹

It will be recollected that during all this year, he carried on his IDLER,² and, no doubt, was proceeding, though slowly, in his

¹ Literary and Moral Character of Johnson.

² This paper was in such high estimation before it was collected into volumes, that it was seized on with avidity by various publishers of newspapers and magazines, to enrich their publications. Johnson, to put a stop to this unfair proceeding, wrote for the *Universal Chronicle* the following advertisement; in which there is, perhaps, more pomp of words than the occasion demanded :

"London, Jan. 5, 1759. ADVERTISEMENT. The proprietors of the paper entitled '*The Idler*,' having found that those essays are inserted in the newspapers and magazines with so little regard to justice or decency, that the *Universal Chronicle*, in which they first appear, is not always mentioned, think it necessary to declare to the publishers of those collections, that however patiently they have hitherto endured these injuries, made yet more injurious by contempt, they have now determined to endure them no longer. They have already seen essays, for which a very large price is paid, transferred, with the most shameless rapacity, into the weekly or monthly

edition of Shakespeare. He, however, from that liberality which never failed, when called upon to assist other labourers in literature, found time to translate for Mrs. Lennox's English version of Brumoy, "A Dissertation on the Greek Comedy,"† and "The General Conclusion of the Book."†

An enquiry into the state of foreign countries was an object that seems at all times to have interested Johnson. Hence Mr. Newbery found no great difficulty in persuading him to write the Introduction* to a collection of voyages and travels published by him under the title of "The World Displayed:" the first volume of which appeared this year, and the remaining volumes in subsequent years.

I would ascribe to this year the following letter to a son of one of his early friends at Lichfield, Mr. Joseph Simpson, Barrister, and authour of a tract entitled "Reflections on the Study of the Law."

"TO JOSEPH SIMPSON, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOUR father's inexorability not only grieves but amazes me: he was your father; he is always accounted a wise man: nor do I remember any thing to the disadvantage of his good nature; but in his refusal to assist you there is neither good nature, fatherhood, nor wisdom. It is the practice of good nature to overlook faults which have already, by the consequences, punished the delinquent. It is natural for a father

compilations, and their right, at least for the present, alienated from them, before they could themselves be said to enjoy it. But they would not willingly be thought to want tenderness, even for men by whom no tenderness hath been shewn. The past is without remedy, and shall be without resentment. But those who have been thus busy with their sickles in the fields of their neighbours, are henceforward to take notice, that the time of impunity is at an end. Whoever shall, without our leave, lay the hand of rapine upon our papers, is to expect that we shall vindicate our due, by the means which justice prescribes, and which are warranted by the immemorial prescriptions of honourable trade. We shall lay hold, in our turn, on their copies, degrade them from the pomp of wide margin and diffuse typography, contract them into a narrow space, and sell them at an humble price; yet not with a view of growing rich by confiscations, for we think not much better of money got by punishment than by crimes. We shall therefore, when our losses are repaid, give what profit shall remain to the *Magdalens*; for we know not who can be more properly taxed for the support of penitent prostitutes, than prostitutes in whom there yet appears neither penitence nor shame."

to think more favourably than others of his children ; and it is always wise to give assistance, while a little help will prevent the necessity of greater.

“ If you married imprudently, you miscarried at your own hazard, at an age when you had a right of choice. It would be hard if the man might not choose his own wife, who has a right to plead before the Judges of his country.

“ If your imprudence has ended in difficulties and inconveniences, you are yourself to support them ; and, with the help of a little better health, you would support them and conquer them. Surely, that want which accident and sickness produce, is to be supported in every region of humanity, though there were neither friends nor fathers in the world. You have certainly from your father the highest claim of charity, though none of right : and therefore I would counsel you to omit no decent nor manly degree of importunity. Your debts in the whole are not large, and of the whole but a small part is troublesome. Small debts are like small shot ; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound : great debts are like cannon ; of loud noise, but little danger. You must, therefore, be enabled to discharge petty debts, that you may have leisure, with security, to struggle with the rest. Neither the great nor little debts disgrace you. I am sure you have my esteem for the courage with which you contracted them, and the spirit with which you endure them. I wish my esteem could be of more use. I have been invited, or have invited myself, to several parts of the kingdom : and will not incommode my dear Lucy by coming to Lichfield, while her present lodging is of any use to her.¹ I hope in a few days to be at leisure, and to make visits. Whither I shall fly is matter of no importance. A man unconnected is at home every where ; unless he may be said to be at home no where. I am sorry, dear Sir, that where you have parents, a man of your merits should not have a home. I wish I could give it you.

“ I am, my dear Sir, affectionately yours,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.

He now refreshed himself by an excursion to Oxford, of which the following short characteristical notice, in his own words, is preserved :—

“ ————— is now making tea for me. I have been in my gown ever since I came here. It was, at my first coming, quite

¹ [She resided in the house which, by his mother's death, was now become the property of Johnson.—CROKER]

new and handsome. I have swum thrice, which I had disused for many years. I have proposed to Vansittart¹ climbing over the wall, but he has refused me. And I have clapped my hands till they are sore, at Dr. King's speech."²

His negro servant, Francis Barber, having left him, and been some time at sea, not pressed, as has been supposed, but with his own consent, it appears from a letter to John Wilkes, Esq., from Dr. Smollett, that his master kindly interested himself in procuring his release from a state of life of which Johnson always expressed the utmost abhorrence. He said, "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."³ And at another time, "A man in a jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company."⁴ The letter was as follows:

"Chelsea, March 16, 1759.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM again your petitioner, in behalf of that great CHAM⁵ of literature, Samuel Johnson. His black, servant, whose name

¹ Dr. Robert Vansittart, of the ancient and respectable family of that name in Berkshire. He was eminent for learning and worth, and much esteemed by Dr. Johnson. [Dr. Robert Vansittart, LL.D., professor of civil law at Oxford, and recorder of Windsor. He was a senior fellow of All Souls, where, after he had given up the profession in London, he chiefly resided in a set of rooms, formerly the old library, which he had fitted up in the Gothic style, and where he died about 1794. He was remarkable for his good humour and inoffensive wit, and a great favourite on the Oxford circuit. He was tall and very thin; and the bar gave the name of *Counsellor Van* to a sharp-pointed rock on the Wye, which still retains the name. He was the elder brother of Mr. Henry Vansittart, governor of Bengal, father of the present Lord Bexley, to whom I am indebted for the above particulars relative to his uncle.—CROKER.]

² Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1785.

³ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3d edit. p. 126.

⁴ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3d edit.

⁵ In my first edition this word was printed *Chum*, as it appears in one of Mr. Wilkes's Miscellanies, and I animadverted on Dr. Smollett's ignorance; for which let me propitiate the *manes* of that ingenious and benevolent gentleman. CHUM was certainly a mistaken reading for CHAM, the title of the Sovereign of Tartary, which is well applied to Johnson, the Monarch of Literature; and was an epithet familiar to Smollett. See "Roderick's Random," chap. 56. For this correction I am indebted to Lord Palmerston, whose talents and literary acquirements accord well with his respectable pedigree of TEMPLE.

[After the publication of the second edition of this work, the authour was

is Francis Barber, has been pressed on board the *Stag* frigate, Captain Angel, and our lexicographer is in great distress. He says the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his Majesty's service. You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you: and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it, than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand that I would make application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who, perhaps, by his interest with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliot, might be able to procure the discharge of his lacquey. It would be superfluous to say more on the subject, which I leave to your own consideration; but I cannot let slip this opportunity of declaring that I am, with the most inviolable esteem and attachment, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate, obliged, humble servant,

"T. SMOLLETT."

Mr. Wilkes, who, upon all occasions, has acted, as a private gentleman, with most polite liberality, applied to his friend, Sir George Hay, then one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; and Francis Barber was discharged, as he has told me, without any wish of his own. He found his old master in Chambers in the Inner Temple, and returned to his service.

What particular new scheme of life Johnson had in view this year, I have not discovered; but that he meditated one of some sort, is clear from his private devotions, in which we find¹ "the change of outward things which I am now to make;" and "Grant me the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that the course which I am now beginning may proceed according to thy laws, and end in the enjoyment of thy favour." But he did not, in fact, make any external or visible change.²

furnished by Mr. Abercrombie of Philadelphia, with the copy of a letter written by Dr. John Armstrong, the poet, to Dr. Smollett, at Leghorn, containing the following paragraph:

"As to the K. Bench patriot, it is hard to say from what motive he published a letter of yours asking some trifling favour of him in behalf of somebody for whom the great CHAM of literature, Mr. Johnson, had interested himself."—MALONE.]

¹ Prayers and Meditations, pp. 30 and 40.

² It seems, from a note of his to Miss Porter, that Johnson on the 23rd of March, of this year, left his house in Gough-square, and went to reside in

At this time, there being a competition among the architects of London to be employed in the building of Blackfriars-bridge, a question was very warmly agitated, whether semicircular or elliptical arches were preferable. In the design offered by Mr. Mylne, the elliptical form was adopted, and therefore it was the great object of his rivals to attack it. Johnson's regard for his friend, Mr. Gwyn, induced him to engage in this controversy against Mr. Mylne;¹ and after being at considerable pains to

Staple Inn; Miss Williams took separate lodgings. [The note to Miss Porter, given by Mr. Croker is this :

" March 23, 1759.

" DEAR MADAM,—I beg your pardon for having so long omitted to write. One thing or other has put me off. I have this day moved my things, and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London. I hope, my dear, you are well, and Kitty mends. I wish her success in her trade. I am going to publish a little story book [*Rasselas*], which I will send you when it is out. Write to me, my dearest girl, for I am always glad to hear from you.

" I am, my dear, your humble servant,
" SAM. JOHNSON."

—Pearson MSS.

¹ Sir John Hawkins has given a long detail of it, in that manner vulgarly, but significantly, called *rigmarole*; in which, amidst an ostentatious exhibition of arts and artists, he talks of "proportions of a column being taken from that of the human figure, and *adjusted by nature*—masculine and feminine—in a man, *sesquioctave* of the head, and in a woman *sesquinoal*;" nor has he failed to introduce a jargon of musical terms, which do not seem much to correspond with the subject, but serve to make up the heterogeneous mass. To follow the Knight through all this, would be an useless fatigue to myself, and not a little disgusting to my readers. I shall, therefore, only make a few remarks upon his statement.—He seems to exult in having detected Johnson in procuring "from a person eminently skilled in mathematics and the principles of architecture, answers to a string of questions drawn up by himself, touching the comparative strength of semicircular and elliptical arches." Now I cannot conceive how Johnson could have acted more wisely. Sir John complains that the opinion of that excellent mathematician, Mr. Thomas Simpson, did not preponderate in favour of the semicircular arch. But he should have known, that however eminent Mr. Simpson was in the higher parts of abstract mathematical science, he was little versed in mixed and practical mechanicks. Mr. Muller, of Woolwich Academy, the scholastick father of all the great engineers which this country has employed for forty years, decided the question by declaring clearly in favour of the elliptical arch.

It is ungraciously suggested, that Johnson's motive for opposing Mr. Mylne's scheme may have been his prejudice against him as a native of North Britain; when, in truth, as has been stated, he gave the aid of his able pen to a friend, who was one of the candidates; and so far was he from having any illiberal antipathy to Mr. Mylne, that he afterwards lived with that gentleman upon very agreeable terms of acquaintance, and dined with him at his house. Sir John Hawkins, indeed, gives full vent to his own prejudice in abusing Blackfriars-bridge, calling it "an edifice, in which beauty and

study the subject, he wrote three several letters in the *Gazetteer* in opposition to his plan.

If it should be remarked that this was a controversy which lay quite out of Johnson's way, let it be remembered, that after all, his employing his powers of reasoning and eloquence upon a subject which he had studied on the moment, is not more strange than that we often observe in lawyers, who, as *Quicquid agunt homines* is the matter of law-suits, are sometimes obliged to pick up a temporary knowledge of an art or science of which they understood nothing till their brief was delivered, and appear to be much masters of it. In like manner, members of the legislature frequently introduce and expatiate upon subjects of which they have informed themselves for the occasion.

In 1760 he wrote "an Address of the Painters to George III. on his Accession to the Throne of these Kingdoms,"† which no monarch ever ascended with more sincere congratulations from his people. Two generations of foreign princes had prepared their minds to rejoice in having again a King, who gloried in being "born a Briton."¹ He also wrote for Mr. Baret the Dedication† of his Italian and English Dictionary, to the Marquis of Abreu, then Envoy-Extraordinary from Spain at the Court of Great-Britain.

symmetry are in vain sought for; by which the citizens of London have perpetuated their own disgrace, and subjected a whole nation to the reproach of foreigners." Whoever has contemplated, *placido lumine*, this stately, elegant, and airy structure, which has so fine an effect, especially on approaching the capital on that quarter, must wonder at such unjust and ill-tempered censure; and I appeal to all foreigners of good taste, whether this bridge be not one of the most distinguished ornaments of London. As to the stability of the fabrick, it is certain that the City of London took every precaution to have the best Portland stone for it; but as this is to be found in the quarries belonging to the publick under the direction of the Lords of the Treasury, it so happened that parliamentary interest, which is often the bane of fair pursuits, thwarted their endeavours. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, it is well known that not only has Blackfriars-bridge never sunk either in its foundation or in its arches, which were so much the subject of contest, but any injuries which it has suffered from the effects of severe frosts have been already, in some measure, repaired with sounder stone, and every necessary renewal can be completed at a moderate expence. [It became necessary to remove the bridge as unsafe, and a new bridge has occupied its place since 1869.]

¹ ["Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton."—GEORGE III.'s first Speech to his Parliament.—CROKER.]

Johnson was now either very idle, or very busy with his Shakspeare; for I can find no other publick composition by him except an Introduction to the proceedings of the Committee for cloathing the French Prisoners;* one of the many proofs that he was ever awake to the calls of humanity; and an account which he gave in the Gentleman's Magazine of Mr. Tytler's acute and able vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots.* The generosity of Johnson's feelings shines forth in the following sentence:

"It has now been fashionable, for near half a century, to defame and vilify the house of Stuart, and to exalt and magnify the reign of Elizabeth. The Stuarts have found few apologists, for the dead cannot pay for praise; and who will, without reward, oppose the tide of popularity? Yet there remains still among us, not wholly extinguished, a zeal for truth, a desire of establishing right in opposition to fashion."

In this year I have not discovered a single private letter written by him to any of his friends. It should seem, however, that he had at this period a floating intention of writing a history of the recent and wonderful successes of the British arms in all quarters of the globe; for among his resolutions and memorandums, September 18, there is, "Send for books for Hist. of War."¹ How much is it to be regretted that this intention

¹ Prayers and Meditations, p. 42.—[The following memorandum, made on his birthday in this year, may be quoted as an example of the rules and resolutions which he was in the habit of making, for the guidance of his moral conduct and literary studies:

"Sept. 18. Resolved, D(*eo*) j(*uvante*),

To combat notions of obligation:

To apply to study:

To reclaim imaginations:

To consult the resolves on Tetty's coffin:

To rise early:

To study religion:

To go to church:

To drink less strong liquors:

To keep a journal:

To oppose laziness, by doing what is to be done to-morrow:

Rise as early as I can:

Send for Books for Hist. of War:

Put books in order:

Scheme of life." *Pr. and Med.*—CROKER.]

was not fulfilled. His majestick expressions would have carried down to the latest posterity the glorious achievements of his country, with the same fervent glow which they produced on the mind at the time. He would have been under no temptation to deviate in any degree from truth, which he held very sacred, or to take a licence, which a learned divine told me he once seemed, in a conversation, jocularly to allow to historians,

“There are (said he) inexcusable lies and consecrated lies. For instance, we are told that on the arrival of the news of the unfortunate battle of Fontenoy, every heart, and every eye was in tears. Now we know that no man ate his dinner the worse, but there *should* have been all this concern; and to say there *was* (smiling), may be reckoned a consecrated lie.”

This year Mr. Murphy, having thought himself ill-treated by the Reverend Dr. Franklin, who was one of the writers of the “Critical Review,” published an indignant vindication in “A Poetical Epistle to Samuel Johnson, A.M.,”¹ in which he compliments Johnson in a just and elegant manner:—

“Transcendant Genius ! whose prolifick vein
Ne’er knew the frigid poet’s toil and pain ;
To whom APOLLO opens all his store,
And every Muse presents her sacred lore ;
Say, pow’rful JOHNSON, whence thy verse is fraught
With so much grace, such energy of thought ;
Whether thy JUVENAL instructs the age
In chaster numbers, and new points his rage ;
Or fair IRENE sees, alas ! too late
Her innocence exchange’d for guilty state ;
Whate’er you write, in every golden line
Sublimity and elegance combine ;
Thy nervous phrase impresses every soul,
While harmony gives rapture to the whole.”

Again, towards the conclusion :

“Thou then, my friend, who see’st the dang’rous strife
In which some demon bids me plunge my life,
To the Aonian fount direct my feet,
Say, where the Nine thy lonely musings meet ?
Where warbles to thy ear the sacred throng,
Thy moral sense, thy dignity of song ?

¹ [Based on Boileau’s Poetical Epistle to Molière.]

Tell, for you can, by what unerring art
You wake to finer feelings every heart ;
In each bright page some truth important give,
And bid to future times thy RAMBLER live."

I take this opportunity to relate the manner in which an acquaintance first commenced between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy. During the publication of "The Gray's-Inn Journal," a periodical paper which was successfully carried on by Mr. Murphy alone, when a very young man, he happened to be in the country with Mr. Foote ; and having mentioned that he was obliged to go to London in order to get ready for the press one of the numbers of that Journal, Foote said to him, "You need not go on that account. Here is a French magazine, in which you will find a very pretty oriental tale ; translate that, and send it to your printer." Mr. Murphy having read the tale, was highly pleased with it, and followed Foote's advice. When he returned to Town, this tale was pointed out to him in "The Rambler," from whence it had been translated into the French magazine. Mr. Murphy then waited upon Johnson, to explain this curious incident. His talents, literature, and gentleman-like manners, were soon perceived by Johnson, and a friendship was formed which was never broken.¹

¹ [When Mr. Murphy first became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, he was about thirty-one years old. He died at Knightsbridge, June 18, 1805, it is believed in his eighty-second year.

In an account of this gentleman, published recently after his death, he is reported to have said, that "he was but *twenty-one*," when he had the impudence to write a periodical paper, during the time that Johnson was publishing "The Rambler."—In a subsequent page, in which Mr. Boswell gives an account of his first introduction to Johnson, will be found a striking instance of the incorrectness of Mr. Murphy's memory ; and the assertion above-mentioned, if indeed he made it, which is by no means improbable, furnishes an additional proof of his inaccuracy ; for both the facts asserted are unfounded. He appears to have been eight years older than twenty-one, when he began the Gray's-Inn Journal ; and that paper, instead of running a race with Johnson's production, did not appear till after the closing of the Rambler, which ended March 14, 1752. The first number of the Gray's-Inn Journal made its appearance about seven months afterwards, in a news-paper of the time, called the Craftsman, October 21, 1752 ; and in that form the first forty-nine numbers were given to the publick. On Saturday, Sept. 29, 1753, it assumed a new form, and was published as a distinct periodical paper ; and in that shape it continued to be published till the 21st of Sept. 1754, when it finally closed ; forming in the whole one hundred and one Essays, in the folio copy. The extraordinary paper mentioned in the text (the History of

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ., AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY,
LINCOLNSHIRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU that travel about the world, have more materials for letters, than I who stay at home : and should, therefore, write with frequency equal to your opportunities. I should be glad to have all England surveyed by you, if you would impart your observations in narratives as agreeable as your last. Knowledge is always to be wished to those who can communicate it well. While you have been riding and running, and seeing the tombs of the learned, and the camps of the valiant, I have only staid at home, and intended to do great things, which I have not done. Beau¹ went away to Cheshire, and has not yet found his way back. Chambers passed the vacation at Oxford.

"I am very sincerely solicitous for the preservation or curing of Mr. Langton's sight, and am glad that the chirurgeon at Coventry gives him so much hope. Mr. Sharpe is of opinion that the tedious maturation of the cataract is a vulgar error, and that it may be removed as soon as it is formed. This notion deserves to be considered ; I doubt whether it be universally true ; but if it be true in some cases, and those cases can be distinguished, it may save a long and uncomfortable delay.

"Of dear Mrs. Langton you give me no account ; which is the

Abouzaid the son of Morad) is No. 38 of the second series, published on June 15, 1754 ; which is a retranslation from the French version of Johnson's Rambler, No. 190. It was omitted in the republication of these Essays in two volumes 12mo. in which one hundred and four are found, and in which the papers are not always dated on the days when they really appeared ; so that the motto prefixed to this Anglo-Gallick Eastern tale, *obscuris vera involvens*, might very properly have been prefixed to this work when republished. Mr. Murphy did not, I believe, wait on Johnson recently after the publication of this adumbration of one of his Ramblers, as seems to be stated in the text ; for, in his concluding Essay, Sept. 21, 1754, we find the following paragraph :

"Besides, why may not a person rather choose an air of bold negligence, than the obscure diligence of pedants and writers of affected phraseology. For my part, I have always thought an easy style more eligible than a pompous diction, lifted up by metaphor, amplified by epithet, and dignified by too frequent insertions of the Latin idiom." It is probable that the Rambler was here intended to be censured, and that the authour, when he wrote it, was not acquainted with Johnson, whom, from his first introduction, he endeavoured to conciliate. Their acquaintance, therefore, it may be presumed, did not commence till towards the end of this year 1754. Murphy, however, had highly praised Johnson in the preceding year, No. 14, of the second series, Dec. 22, 1753 —MALONE.]

¹ Topham Beauclerk, Esq.

less friendly, as you know how highly I think of her, and how much I interest myself in her health. I suppose you told her of my opinion, and likewise suppose it was not followed; however, I still believe it to be right.

"Let me hear from you again, wherever you are, or whatever you are doing; whether you wander or sit still, plant trees or make *Rusticks*,¹ play with your sisters or muse alone; and in return I will tell you the success of Sheridan,² who at this instant is playing Cato, and has already played Richard twice. He had more company the second than the first night, and will make, I believe, a good figure in the whole, though his faults seem to be very many; some of natural deficiency, and some of laborious affectation. He has, I think, no power of assuming either that dignity or elegance which some men, who have little of either in common life, can exhibit on the stage. His voice when strained is displeasing, and when low is not always heard. He seems to think too much on the audience, and turns his face too often to the galleries.

"However, I wish him well; and among other reasons, because I like his wife.³

"Make haste to write to, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Oct. 18, 1760."

In 1761 Johnson appears to have done little. He was still, no doubt, proceeding in his edition of Shakspeare; but what advances he made in it cannot be ascertained. He certainly was at this time not active; for, in his scrupulous examination of himself on Easter eve, he laments, in his too rigorous mode of censuring his own conduct, that his life, since the communion of the preceding Easter, had been "dissipated and useless."⁴ He, however, contributed this year the Preface* to "Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," in which he displays such a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the

¹ Essays with that title, written about this time by Mr. Langton, but not published.

² [Thomas Sheridan, son of the friend of Swift, and father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born at Quilca, in Ireland, in 1721, and died in 1788. This was his first appearance at Drury Lane for sixteen years.—CROKER.]

³ Mrs. Sheridan was authour of "Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph," a novel of great merit, and of some other pieces. [She died in 1767.]

⁴ Prayers and Meditations, p. 44.

subject, as might lead the reader to think that its authour had devoted all his life to it. I asked him, whether he knew much of Rolt, and of his work. "Sir (said he), I never saw the man, and never read the book. The booksellers wanted a Preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. I knew very well what such a Dictionary should be, and I wrote a Preface accordingly." Rolt, who wrote a great deal for the booksellers, was, as Johnson told me, a singular character. Though not in the least acquainted with him, he used to say, "I am just come from Sam. Johnson." This was a sufficient specimen of his vanity and impudence. But he gave a more eminent proof of it in our sister kingdom, as Dr. Johnson informed me. When Akenside's "*Pleasures of the Imagination*" first came out, he did not put his name to the poem. Rolt went over to Dublin, published an edition of it, and put his own name to it. Upon the fame of this he lived for several months, being entertained at the best tables as "the ingenious Mr. Rolt."¹ His conversation, indeed, did not discover much of the fire of a poet; but it was recollected that both Addison and Thomson were equally dull till excited by wine. Akenside having been informed of this imposition, vindicated his right by publishing the poem with its real authour's name. Several instances of such literary fraud have been detected. The Reverend Dr. Campbell of St. Andrew's, wrote "*An Enquiry into the original of Moral Virtue*," the manuscript of which he sent to Mr. Innes, a clergyman in England, who was his countryman and acquaintance. Innes published it with his own name to it; and before the imposition was discovered, obtained considerable promotion, as a reward of his merit.² The celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, and his cousin, Mr. George Bannatine, when students in divinity, wrote a poem, entitled

¹ I have had enquiry made in Ireland as to this story, but do not find it recollected there. I give it on the authority of Dr. Johnson, to which may be added, that of the "*Biographical Dictionary*," and "*Biographia Dramatica*;" in both of which it has stood many years. [Richard Rolt's *Dictionary of Trade and Commerce* had been published, with Johnson's Preface, in a folio, in 1756. In 1759 Rolt published a folio of *Lives of the Principal Reformers*; being lives of 21 men, with their portraits.]

² I have both the books. Innes was the clergyman who brought Psalmanazar to England, and was an accomplice in his extraordinary fiction.

"The Resurrection," copies of which were handed about in manuscript. They were, at length, very much surprized to see a pompous edition of it in folio, dedicated to the Princess Dowager of Wales, by a Dr. Douglas, as his own. Some years ago a little novel, entitled "The Man of Feeling," was assumed by Mr. Eccles, a young Irish clergyman, who was afterwards drowned near Bath.¹ He had been at the pains to transcribe the whole book, with blottings, interlineations, and corrections, that it might be shewn to several people as an original. It was, in truth, the production of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, an attorney in the Exchequer at Edinburgh, who is the authour of several other ingenious pieces;² but the belief with regard to Mr. Eccles became so general, that it was thought necessary for Messieurs Strahan and Cadell to publish an advertisement in the newspapers, contradicting the report, and mentioning that they purchased the copy-right of Mr. Mackenzie.³ I can cenceive this kind of fraud to be very easily practised with successful effrontery. The *Filiation* of a literary performance is difficult of proof; seldom is there any witness present at its birth. A man, either in confidence or by improper means, obtains possession of a copy of it in manuscript, and boldly publishes it as his own. The true authour, in many cases, may not be able to make his title clear. Johnson, indeed, from the

¹ ["Died, the Rev. Mr. Eccles, at Bath. In attempting to save a boy whom he saw sinking in the Avon, he, together with the youth, were both drowned." —*Gent. Mag.* Aug. 15, 1777. And in the magazine for the next month are some verses on this event, with an epitaph, of which the first line is,

"Beneath this stone the *Man of Feeling* lies."—CROKER.]

² [Henry Mackenzie lived to the age of eighty-six, and died rich in social honours in 1831. His *Man of Feeling*, first published in 1771, was an imitation of Sterne; but without any attempt at humour it only reflected the extravagance of sentiment associated with the movements of literature that preceded and followed the French Revolution, and was influenced greatly by the genius of Rousseau.]

³ [In 1777 an "Elegiac Ode to the memory of the Rev. Charles Steuart Eccles," was published, in which, not only "The Man of Feeling," but Mr. Mackenzie's other novels are attributed to him, as well as in some lines on his death, which appeared in the *Gent. Mag.* of that year. He was Rector of Birts Morton, Worcestershire, and perished in endeavouring to save a youth who had fallen into the river Avon.—CHALMERS.]

peculiar features of his literary offspring, might bid defiance to any attempt to appropriate them to others :

“But Shakspeare’s magick could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he.”

He this year lent his friendly assistance to correct and improve a pamphlet written by Mr. Gwyn, the architect, entitled “Thoughts on the Coronation of George III.”*

Johnson had now for some years admitted Mr. Baretti to his intimacy ; nor did their friendship cease upon their being separated by Baretti’s revisiting his native country, as appears from Johnson’s letters to him.

“TO MR. JOSEPH BARETTI, AT MILAN.¹

“YOU reproach me very often with parsimony of writing ; but you may discover by the extent of my paper, that I design to recompense rarity by length. A short letter to a distant friend is, in my opinion, an insult like that of a slight bow or cursory salutation ;—a proof of unwillingness to do much, even where there is a necessity of doing something. Yet it must be remembered, that he who continues the same course of life in the same place, will have little to tell. One week and one year are very like one another. The silent changes made by time are not always perceived ; and if they are not perceived, cannot be recounted. I have risen and lain down, talked and mused, while you have roved over a considerable part of Europe ; yet I have not envied my Baretti any of his pleasures, though, perhaps, I have envied others his company : and I am glad to have other nations made acquainted with the character of the English, by a traveller who has so nicely inspected our manners, and so successfully studied our literature. I received your kind letter from Falmouth, in which you gave me notice of your departure for Lisbon ; and another from Lisbon, in which you told me, that you were to leave Portugal in a few days. To either of these how could any answer be returned ? I have had a third from Turin, complaining that I have not answered the former. Your English style still continues in its purity and vigour.

¹ The originals of Dr. Johnson’s three letters to Mr. Baretti, which are among the very best he ever wrote, were communicated to the proprietors of that instructive and elegant monthly miscellany, “The European Magazine,” in which they first appeared.

With vigour your genius will supply it : but its purity must be continued by close attention. To use two languages familiarly, and without contaminating one by the other, is very difficult ; and to use more than two, is hardly to be hoped. The praises which some have received for their multiplicity of languages, may be sufficient to excite industry, but can hardly generate confidence.

“ I know not whether I can heartily rejoice at the kind reception which you have found, or at the popularity to which you are exalted. I am willing that your merit should be distinguished ; but cannot wish that your affections may be gained. I would have you happy wherever you are : yet I would have you wish to return to England. If ever you visit us again you will find the kindness of your friends undiminished. To tell you how many enquiries are made after you, would be tedious, or if not tedious, would be vain ; because you may be told in a very few words, that all who knew you wish you well ; and that all that you embraced at your departure, will caress you at your return : therefore do not let Italian academicians nor Italian ladies drive us from your thoughts. You may find among us what you will leave behind, soft smiles and easy sonnets. Yet I shall not wonder if all our invitations should be rejected ; for there is a pleasure in being considerable at home, which is not easily resisted.

“ By conducting Mr. Southwell to Venice, you fulfilled, I know, the original contract : yet I would wish you not wholly to lose him from your notice, but to recommend him to such acquaintance as may best secure him from suffering by his own follies, and to take such general care both of his safety and his interest as may come within your power. His relations will thank you for any such gratuitous attention : at least they will not blame you for any evil that may happen, whether they thank you or not for any good.

“ You know that we have a new King and a new Parliament. Of the new Parliament Fitzherbert is a member. We were so weary of our old King, that we are much pleased with his successor ; of whom we are so much inclined to hope great things, that most of us begin already to believe them. The young man is hitherto blameless ; but it would be unreasonable to expect much from the immaturity of juvenile years, and the ignorance of princely education. He has been long in the hands of the Scots, and has already favoured them more than the English will contentedly endure. But, perhaps, he scarcely knows whom he has distinguished, or whom he has disgusted.

“ The Artists have instituted a yearly Exhibition of pictures

and statues, in imitation, as I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English School will rise in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves, among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness for Baretti. This Exhibition has filled the heads of the Artists and lovers of art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time, of that time which never can return.¹

"I know my Baretti will not be satisfied with a letter in which I give him no account of myself: yet what account shall I give him? I have not, since the day of our separation, suffered or done any thing considerable. The only change in my way of life is, that I have frequented the theatre more than in former seasons. But I have gone thither only to escape from myself. We have had many new farces, and the comedy called 'The Jealous Wife,'² which, though not written with much genius, was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exhibited by

¹ [This classification of the art of painting and the exhibition of its productions among the futile trifles by which mankind endeavour to get rid of time, will excite some surprise, but Hawkins tells us that "of the beauties of painting, notwithstanding the many eulogiums on that art which, after the commencement of his friendship with Sir Joshua Reynolds, he inserted in his writings, Johnson had not the least conception; and the notice of this defect led me to mention the following fact. One evening, at the club, I came in with a small roll of prints, which, in the afternoon, I had picked up: I think they were landscapes of Perelle, and laying it down with my hat, Johnson's curiosity prompted him to take it up and unroll it: he viewed the prints severally with great attention, and asked me what sort of pleasure such things could afford me: I replied that, as representations of nature, containing an assemblage of such particulars as render rural scenes delightful, they presented to my mind the objects themselves, and that my imagination realised the prospect before me. He said, that was more than his would do, for that in his whole life he was never capable of discerning the least resemblance of any kind between the picture and the subject it was intended to represent." To the delights of music he was equally insensible: neither voice nor instrument, nor the harmony of concordant sounds, had power over his affections, or even to engage his attention. Of music in general, he has been heard to say, "It excites in my mind no ideas, and hinders me from contemplating my own;" and of a fine singer, or instrumental performer, that "he had the merit of a Canary-bird." Not that his hearing was so defective as to account for this insensibility, but he laboured under the misfortune which he has noted in the *Life of Barretier*, of wanting that additional sense or faculty, which renders music grateful to the human ear.—CROKER.]

² [George Colman, the elder, born in 1733 in Florence, when his father was British Envoy there, was educated at Westminster and Christchurch, Oxford, left Law for Literature, and first made his mark as a dramatist with *The Jealous Wife*, produced in February, 1761.]

the actors, that it was crowded for near twenty nights. I am digressing from myself to the play house ; but a barren plan must be filled with episodes. Of myself I have nothing to say, but that I have hitherto lived without the concurrence of my own judgement ; yet I continue to flatter myself, that when you return, you will find me mended. I do not wonder that where the monastick life is permitted, every order finds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will submit to any rule, by which they may be exempt from the tyranny of caprice and of chance. They are glad to supply by external authority their own want of constancy and resolution, and court the government of others, when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves. If I were to visit Italy, my curiosity would be more attracted by convents than by palaces ; though I am afraid I should find expectation in both places equally disappointed, and life in both places supported with impatience and quitted with reluctance. That it must be so soon quitted, is a powerful remedy against impatience ; but what shall free us from reluctance ? Those who have endeavoured to teach us to die well, have taught few to die willingly : yet I cannot but hope that a good life might end at last in a contented death.

“ You see to what a train of thought I am drawn by the mention of myself. Let me now turn my attention upon you. I hope you take care to keep an exact journal, and to register all occurrences and observations ; for your friends here expect such a book of travels as has not been often seen. You have given us good specimens in your letters from Lisbon. I wish you had staid longer in Spain, for no country is less known to the rest of Europe ; but the quickness of your discernment must make amends for the celerity of your motions. He that knows which way to direct his view, sees much in a little time.

“ Write to me very often, and I will not neglect to write to you ; and I may, perhaps, in time, get something to write : at least you will know by my letters, whatever else they may have or want, that I continue to be,

“ Your most affectionate friend,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.

“ [London,] June 10, 1761.”

In 1762 he wrote for the Reverend Dr. Kennedy, Rector of Bradley in Derbyshire, in a strain of very courtly elegance, a Dedication to the King* of that gentleman's work, entitled “ A complete System of Astronomical Chronology, unfolding the

Scriptures." He had certainly looked at this work before it was printed; for the concluding paragraph is undoubtedly of his composition, of which let my readers judge;

"Thus have I endeavoured to free Religion and History from the darkness of a disputed and uncertain chronology; from difficulties which have hitherto appeared insuperable, and darkness which no luminary of learning has hitherto been able to dissipate. I have established the truth of the Mosaical account, by evidence which no transcription can corrupt, no negligence can lose, and no interest can pervert. I have shewn that the universe bears witness to the inspiration of its historian, by the revolution of its orbs and the succession of its seasons; *that the stars in their course fight against* incredulity, that the works of GOD give hourly confirmation to the *law, the prophets,* and the *gospel*, of which *one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another*; and that the validity of the sacred writings never can be denied, while the moon shall increase and wane, and the sun shall know his going down."

He this year wrote also the Dedication† to the Earl of Middlesex, of Mrs. Lennox's "Female Quixote," and the Preface to the "Catalogue of the Artists' Exhibition."†

The following letter, which, on account of its intrinsick merit, it would have been unjust both to Johnson and the publick to have withheld, was obtained for me by the solicitation of my friend Mr. Seward:

"TO DR. STAUNTON,¹ (NOW SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, BARONET).

"DEAR SIR,

"I MAKE haste to answer your kind letter, in hope of hearing again from you before you leave us. I cannot but

¹ [George Leonard Staunton was born in Galway, in Ireland, 1737, and having adopted the profession of medicine, which he studied in France, he came to London in 1760, where he wrote for the periodical publications of the day, and formed an acquaintance with Dr. Johnson. In 1762 he went to the West Indies, where he practised as a physician for a short time, and by that and some civil offices, accumulated a competent fortune, which he invested in estates in the island of Granada. He returned to England in 1770; but, in 1772, again went to Granada, where he was appointed attorney-general, and made the valuable acquaintance of Lord Macartney, who became governor of that island in 1774. By the capture of Granada by the French in 1779, Lord Macartney lost his government, and Staunton his property. He returned to England with, it is supposed, little of the wreck

regret that a man of your qualifications should find it necessary to seek an establishment in Guadaloupe, which if a peace should restore to the French, I shall think it some alleviation of the loss, that it must restore likewise Dr. Staunton to the English.

"It is a melancholy consideration, that so much of our time is necessarily to be spent upon the care of living, and that we can seldom obtain ease in one respect but by resigning it in another: yet I suppose we are by this dispensation not less happy in the whole, than if the spontaneous bounty of Nature poured all that we want into our hands. A few, if they were left thus to themselves, would, perhaps, spend their time in laudable pursuits; but the greater part would prey upon the quiet of each other, or, in want of other objects, would prey upon themselves.

"This, however, is our condition, which we must improve and solace as we can: and though we cannot choose always our place of residence, we may in every place find rational amusements, and possess in every place the comforts of piety and a pure conscience.

"In America there is little to be observed except natural curiosities. The new world must have many vegetables and animals with which philosophers are but little acquainted. I hope you will furnish yourself with some books of natural history, and some glasses and other instruments of observation. Trust as little as you can to report; examine all you can by your own senses. I do not doubt but you will be able to add much to knowledge, and, perhaps, to medicine. Wild nations trust to simples; and, perhaps, the Peruvian bark is not the only specific which those extensive regions may afford us.

"Wherever you are, and whatever be your fortune, be certain, dear Sir, that you carry with you my kind wishes; and that whether you return hither or stay in the other hemisphere, to hear that you are happy will give pleasure to, Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"June 1, 1762."

of his fortune. He, however, had acquired Lord Macartney's friendship, and he accompanied his Lordship to Madras in 1781; and for his distinguished services during his official residence there had a pension of £500 per annum settled on him, in 1784, by the East India Company, and was created a baronet. When Lord Macartney was selected for the celebrated embassy to China, Sir George was named to accompany him as secretary and minister plenipotentiary. His splendid account of that embassy is well known. He died in London, January 14, 1801, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.—CROKER.]

A lady having at this time solicited him to obtain the Archbishop of Canterbury's patronage to have her son sent to the University, one of those solicitations which are too frequent, where people, anxious for a particular object, do not consider propriety, or the opportunity which the persons whom they solicit have to assist them, he wrote to her the following answer; with a copy of which I am favoured by the Reverend Dr. Farmer,¹ Master of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

"MADAM,

' I HOPE you will believe that my delay in answering your letter could proceed only from my unwillingness to destroy any hope that you had formed. Hope is itself a species of happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness which this world affords: but like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged, must end in disappointment. If it be asked, what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation as is dictated not by reason, but by desire; expectation raised, not by the common occurrences of life, but by the wants of the expectant; an expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of action to be broken.

"When you made your request to me, you should have considered, Madam, what you were asking. You ask me to solicit a great man, to whom I never spoke, for a young person whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. There is no reason why, amongst all the great, I should chuse to supplicate the Archbishop, nor why, among all the possible objects of his bounty, the Archbishop should chuse your son. I know, Madam, how unwillingly conviction is admitted, when interest opposes it; but surely, Madam, you must allow, that there is no reason why that should be done by me, which every other man may do with equal reason, and which, indeed, no man can do properly, without some very particular relation both to the Archbishop and to you. If I

¹ [Dr. Richard Farmer was born at Leicester, in 1735, and educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, of which he became Master in 1775. In 1766 he published his celebrated "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare:" a work by which, as Dr. Warton emphatically expresses it, "an end is put for ever to the dispute concerning the Learning of Shakspeare." He died Sept. 6, 1797.—CROKER.]

could help you in this exigence by any proper means, it would give me pleasure; but this proposal is so very remote from usual methods, that I cannot comply with it, but at the risk of such answer and suspicions as I believe you do not wish me to undergo.

"I have seen your son this morning; he seems a pretty youth, and will, perhaps, find some better friend than I can procure him; but though he should at last miss the University, he may still be wise, useful, and happy.

"I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"June 8, 1762."

"TO MR. JOSEPH BARETTI, AT MILAN.

"London, July 20th, 1762. \

"SIR,

"HOWEVER justly you may accuse me for want of punctuality in correspondence, I am not so far lost in negligence as to omit the opportunity of writing to you, which Mr. Beauclerk's passage through Milan affords me.

"I suppose you received the *Idlers*, and I intend that you shall soon receive *Shakspeare*, that you may explain his works to the ladies of Italy, and tell them the story of the editor, among the other strange narratives with which your long residence in this unknown region has supplied you.

"As you have now been long away, I suppose your curiosity may pant for some news of your old friends. Miss Williams and I live much as we did. Miss Cotterel still continues to cling to Mrs. Porter, and Charlotte is now big of the fourth child.¹ Mr. Reynolds gets six thousand a year. Levett is lately married, not without much suspicion that he has been wretchedly cheated in his match.² Mr. Chambers is gone this day, for

¹ [Mrs. Porter, the actress, lived some time with Mrs. Cotterel and her eldest daughter. The younger Miss Cotterel (Charlotte), had married the Rev. John Lewis, who became Dean of Ossory in 1755.—CROKER.]

² ["Levett married, when he was near sixty, a woman of the town, who had persuaded him (notwithstanding their place of congress was a small coal shed in Fetter Lane) that she was nearly related to a man of fortune, but was kept by him out of large possessions. Johnson used to say, that, compared with the marvels of this transaction, the *Arabian Nights* seemed familiar occurrences. Never was hero more completely duped. He had not been married four months before a writ was taken out against him for debts contracted by his wife. He was secreted, and his friends then procured him a protection from a foreign minister. In a short time afterwards she ran away from him, and was tried for picking pockets at the Old Bailey. She pleaded her own cause, and was acquitted; a separation took place: and Johnson then took Levett home, where he continued till his death."—*Steevens*.—CROKER.]

the first time, the circuit with the Judges. Mr. Richardson¹ is dead of an apoplexy, and his second daughter has married a merchant.²

"My vanity, or my kindness, makes me flatter myself, that you would rather hear of me than of those whom I have mentioned; but of myself I have very little which I care to tell. Last winter I went down to my native town, where I found the streets much narrower and shorter than I thought I had left them, inhabited by a new race of people, to whom I was very little known. My play-fellows were grown old, and forced me to suspect that I was no longer young. My only remaining friend has changed his principles, and was become the tool of the predominant faction. My daughter-in-law, from whom I expected most, and whom I met with sincere benevolence, has lost the beauty and gaiety of youth, without having gained much of the wisdom of age. I wandered about for five days, and took the first convenient opportunity of returning to a place, where, if there is not much happiness, there is, at least, such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart.

"I think in a few weeks to try another excursion; though to what end? Let me know, my Baretti, what has been the result of your return to your own country: whether time has made any alteration for the better, and whether, when the first raptures of salutation were over, you did not find your thoughts confessed their disappointment.

"Moral sentences appear ostentatious and tumid, when they have no greater occasions than the journey of a wit to his own town: yet such pleasures and such pains make up the general mass of life; and as nothing is little to him that feels it with great sensibility, a mind able to see common incidents in their real state, is disposed by very common incidents to very serious contemplations. Let us trust that a time will come, when the present moment shall be no longer irksome; when we shall not borrow all our happiness from hope, which at last is to end in disappointment.

"I beg that you will show Mr. Beauclerk all the civilities which you have in your power; for he has always been kind to me.

"I have lately seen Mr. Stratico, Professor of Padua, who has told me of your quarrel with an Abbot of the Celestine order;

¹ [Samuel Richardson, the authour of *Clarissa*, Sir Charles Grandison, &c. He died July 4, 1761, aged 72 — MALONE.]

² [Martha, his chief amanuensis, married Edward Bridgen, April, 1762. — CROKER.]

but had not the particulars very ready in his memory. When you write to Mr. Marsili, let him know that I remember him with kindness.

“May you, my Baretto, be very happy at Milan, or some other place nearer to, Sir,

“Your most affectionate humble Servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

The accession of George the Third to the throne of these kingdoms, opened a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit, who had been honoured with no mark of royal favour in the preceding reign. His present Majesty's education in this country, as well as his taste and beneficence, prompted him to be the patron of science and the arts; and early this year, Johnson having been represented to him as a very learned and good man, without any certain provision, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The Earl of Bute, who was then Prime Minister, had the honour to announce this instance of his Sovereign's bounty, concerning which, many and various stories, all equally erroneous, have been propagated; maliciously representing it as a political bribe to Johnson, to desert his avowed principles, and become the tool of a Government which he held to be founded in usurpation. I have taken care to have it in my power to refute them from the most authentick information. Lord Bute told me, that Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Loughborough, was the person who first mentioned this subject to him. Lord Loughborough told me, that the pension was granted to Johnson solely as the reward of his literary merit, without any stipulation whatever, or even tacit understanding that he should write for the administration. His Lordship added, that he was confident the political tracts which Johnson afterwards did write, as they were entirely consonant with his own opinions would have been written by him, though no pension had been granted to him.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan and Mr. Murphy, who then lived a good deal both with him and Mr. Wedderburne, told me, that they previously talked with Johnson upon this matter, and that it was perfectly understood by all parties that the pension was

merely honorary. Sir Joshua Reynolds told me, that Johnson called on him after his Majesty's intention had been notified to him, and said he wished to consult his friends as to the propriety of his accepting this mark of the royal favour, after the definitions which he had given in his Dictionary of *pension* and *pensioners*.¹ He said he should not have Sir Joshua's answer till next day, when he would call again, and desired he might think of it. Sir Joshua answered that he was clear to give his opinion then, that there could be no objection to his receiving from the King a reward for literary merit ; and that certainly the definitions in his Dictionary were not applicable to him. Johnson, it should seem, was satisfied, for he did not call again till he had accepted the pension, and had waited on Lord Bute to thank him. He then told Sir Joshua that Lord Bute said to him expressly, "It is not given you for anything you are to do, but for what you have done." His Lordship, he said, behaved in the handsomest manner. He repeated the words twice, that he might be sure Johnson heard them, and thus set his mind perfectly at ease. This nobleman, who has been so virulently abused, acted with great honour in this instance, and displayed a mind truly liberal. A minister of a more narrow and selfish disposition would have availed himself of such an opportunity to fix an implied obligation on a man of Johnson's powerful talents to give him his support.

Mr. Murphy and the late Mr. Sheridan severally contended for the distinction of having been the first who mentioned to Mr. Wedderburne that Johnson ought to have a pension.²

¹ ["PENSION. An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

"PENSIONER. A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master."]

² [This is not correct. Mr. Murphy did not "contest *this* distinction" with Mr. Sheridan. He claimed, we see, not the first suggestion *to* Lord Loughborough, but the first notice *from* his Lordship to Johnson. His words are: "Lord Loughborough, who, perhaps, was originally a mover in the business, had authority to mention it. He was well acquainted with Johnson ; but, having heard much of his independent spirit, and of the downfall of Osborne, the bookseller, he did not know but his benevolence might be rewarded with a folio on his head. He desired the authour of these Memoirs to undertake the task. This writer thought the opportunity of doing so much good the most happy incident of his life. He went, without

When I spoke of this to Lord Loughborough, wishing to know if he recollected the prime mover in the business, he said, "All his friends assisted;" and when I told him that Mr. Sheridan strenuously asserted his claim to it, his Lordship said, "He rang the bell." And it is but just to add, that Mr. Sheridan told me, that when he communicated to Dr. Johnson that a pension was to be granted him, he replied in a fervour of gratitude, "The English language does not afford me terms adequate to my feelings on this occasion. I must have recourse to the French. I am *pénêtré* with his Majesty's goodness." When I repeated this to Dr. Johnson, he did not contradict it.

His definitions of *pension* and *pensioner*, partly founded on the satirical verses of Pope, which he quotes, may be generally true; and yet every body must allow, that there may be, and have been, instances of pensions given and received upon liberal and honourable terms. Thus, then, it is clear, that there was nothing inconsistent or humiliating in Johnson's accepting of a pension so unconditionally and so honourably offered to him.

But I shall not detain my readers longer by any words of my own, on a subject on which I am happily enabled, by the favour of the Earl of Bute, to present them with what Johnson himself wrote; his lordship having been pleased to communicate to me a copy of the following letter to his late father, which does great honour both to the writer, and to the noble person to whom it is addressed:

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BUTE.

"MY LORD,

"WHEN the bills were yesterday delivered to me by Mr. Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favours which

delay, to the chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, which, in fact, were the abode of wretchedness. By slow and studied approaches the message was disclosed. Johnson made a long pause: he asked if it was seriously intended? He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him. He was told 'that he, at least, did not come within the definition.' He desired to meet next day, and dine at the Mitre Tavern. At that meeting he gave up all his scruples. On the following day Lord Loughborough conducted him to the Earl of Bute."—*Murphy*, p. 92—CROKER]

his Majesty has, by your Lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

"Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favours on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness; you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

"What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavour to give your Lordship the only recompense which generosity desires,—the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed. I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged,
"Most obedient, and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.¹

"July 20, 1762."

This year, his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, paid a visit of some weeks to his native country, Devonshire, in which he was accompanied by Johnson, who was much pleased with this jaunt, and declared he had derived from it a great accession of new

¹ ["The addition of three hundred pounds a year to what Johnson was able to earn by the ordinary exercise of his talents, raised him to a state of comparative affluence, and afforded him the means of assisting many whose real or pretended wants had formerly excited his compassion. He now practised a rule which he often recommended to his friends, always to go abroad with some loose money to give to beggars, imitating therein, though certainly without intending it, that good but weak man, old Mr. Whiston, whom I have seen distributing, in the streets, money to beggars on each hand of him, till his pocket was nearly exhausted"—*Hawkins*. "He loved the poor as I never yet saw any one else do, with an earnest desire to make them happy. What signifies, says some one, giving halfpence to common beggars? they only lay it out in gin or tobacco. 'And why (says Johnson) should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence? it is surely very savage to refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths.' In pursuance of this principle he nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them."—*Piozzi*. "When visiting Lichfield, towards the latter part of his life, he was accustomed, on his arrival, to deposit with Miss Porter as much cash as would pay his expenses back to London. He could not trust himself with his own money, as he felt himself unable to resist the importunity of the numerous claimants on his benevolence."—*Harwood*.—CROKER.]

ideas. He was entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen in the west of England ;¹ but the greatest part of this time was passed at Plymouth, where the magnificence of the navy, the ship-building and all its circumstances, afforded him a grand subject of contemplation. The Commissioner of the Dock-yard paid him the compliment of ordering the yacht to convey him and his friend to the Eddystone, to which they accordingly sailed. But the weather was so tempestuous that they could not land.

Reynolds and he were at this time the guests of Dr. Mudge, the celebrated surgeon, and now physician of that place, not more distinguished for quickness of parts and variety of knowledge, than loved and esteemed for his amiable manners;² and here Johnson formed an acquaintance with Dr. Mudge's father, that very eminent divine, the Reverend Zachariah Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, who was idolised in the west, both for his excellence as a preacher and the uniform perfect propriety of his private conduct. He preached a sermon purposely that Johnson might hear him; and we shall see afterwards that Johnson honoured his memory by drawing his character.³ While Johnson was at Plymouth, he saw a great many of its inhabitants, and was not sparing of his very entertaining

¹ At one of these seats Dr. Amyat, Physician in London, told me he happened to meet him. In order to amuse him till dinner should be ready, he was taken out to walk in the garden. The master of the house thinking it proper to introduce something scientifick into the conversation, addressed him thus: "Are you a botanist, Dr. Johnson?" "No, Sir, (answered Johnson,) I am not a botanist; and (alluding, no doubt, to his near-sightedness), should I wish to become a botanist, I must first turn myself into a reptile."

² [Dr. John Mudge died in 1791. He was the father of Colonel William Mudge, distinguished by his trigonometrical survey of England and Wales, carried on by order of the Ordnance.—WRIGHT]

³ [See *post*, March, 1781. "I have heard Sir Joshua declare, that Mr. Z. Mudge was, in his opinion, the wisest man he ever met with, and that he had intended to have republished his Sermons, and written a sketch of his life and character."—*Northcote*. Thomas Mudge, the celebrated watch-maker of Fleet Street, who made considerable improvements in time-keepers, and wrote several pamphlets on that subject, was another son of Mr. Zachariah Mudge. He died in 1794.—CROKER. One of Reynolds's best portraits is a head of Zachariah Mudge, and one of Chantrey's best busts a translation of it into marble; part of a monument to Mudge's memory erected in the church of St. Andrew's, Plymouth.—P. CUNNINGHAM.]

conversation. It was here that he made that frank and truly original confession, that "ignorance, pure ignorance," was the cause of a wrong definition in his Dictionary of the word *pastern*, to the no small surprise of the Lady who put the question to him ; who, having the most profound reverence for his character, so as almost to suppose him endowed with infallibility, expected to hear an explanation (of what, to be sure, seemed strange to a common reader) drawn from some deep-learned source with which she was unacquainted.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was obliged for my information concerning this excursion, mentions a very characteristic anecdote of Johnson while at Plymouth. Having observed, that in consequence of the Dock-yard, a new town had arisen about two miles off as a rival to the old ; and knowing from his sagacity, and just observation of human nature, that it is certain if a man hates at all, he will hate his next neighbour ; he concluded that this new and rising town could not but excite the envy and jealousy of the old, in which conjecture he was very soon confirmed ; he therefore set himself resolutely on the side of the old town, the *established* town, in which his lot was cast, considering it as a kind of duty to *stand by* it. He accordingly entered warmly into its interests, and upon every occasion talked of the *dockers*, as the inhabitants of the new town were called, as upstarts and aliens. Plymouth is very plentifully supplied with water by a river brought into it from a great distance, which is so abundant that it runs to waste in the town. The Dock, or New-town, being totally destitute of water, petitioned Plymouth that a small portion of the conduit might be permitted to go to them, and this was now under consideration. Johnson affecting to entertain the passions of the place, was violent in opposition ; and half laughing at himself for his pretended zeal, where he had no concern, exclaimed, "No, no ! I am against the *dockers* ; I am a Plymouth man. Rogues ! let them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop !" ¹

¹ [A friend of mine once heard him, during this visit, exclaim with the utmost vehemence, "I HATE a Docker."—BLAKEWAY. Dock is now absurdly enough called Devonport.—CROKER.]

Lord Macartney obligingly favoured me with a copy of the following letter, in his own hand-writing, from the original, which was found, by the present Earl of Bute, among his father's papers.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BUTE.

"MY LORD,

"THAT generosity by which I was recommended to the favour of his Majesty, will not be offended at a solicitation necessary to make that favour permanent and effectual.

"The pension appointed to be paid me at Michaelmas I have not received, and know not where or from whom I am to ask it. I beg, therefore, that your lordship will be pleased to supply Mr. Wedderburne with such directions as may be necessary, which, I believe, his friendship will make him think it no trouble to convey to me.

"To interrupt your lordship at a time like this, with such petty difficulties, is improper and unseasonable; but your knowledge of the world has long since taught you, that every man's affairs, however little, are important to himself. Every man hopes that he shall escape neglect; and, with reason, may every man, whose vices do not preclude his claim, expect favour from that beneficence which has been extended to, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged,

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Temple-Lane,

"Nov. 3, 1762."

TO MR. JOSEPH BARETTI, AT MILAN.

"London, Dec. 21, 1762.

"SIR,

"YOU are not to suppose, with all your conviction of my idleness, that I have passed all this time without writing to my Baretti. I gave a letter to Mr. Beauclerk, who in my opinion, and in his own, was hastening to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he has stopped at Paris, and I know not when he will proceed. Langton is with him.

"I will not trouble you with speculations about peace and war. The good or ill success of battles and embassies extends itself to a very small part of domestick life: we all have good and evil, which we feel more sensibly than our petty part of publick miscarriage or prosperity. I am sorry for your disappointment, with which you seem more touched than

I should expect a man of your resolution and experience to have been, did I not know that general truths are seldom applied to particular occasions; and the fallacy of our self-love extends itself as wide as our interest or affections. Every man believes that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons capricious; but he excepts his own mistress and his own patron. We have all learned that greatness is negligent and contemptuous, and that in Courts life is often languished away in ungratified expectation; but he that approaches greatness, or glitters in a Court, imagines that destiny has at last exempted him from the common lot.

"Do not let such evils overwhelm you as thousands have suffered, and thousands have surmounted; but turn your thoughts with vigour to some other plan of life, and keep always in your mind, that, with due submission to Providence, a man of genius has been seldom ruined but by himself. Your Patron's weakness or insensibility will finally do you little hurt, if he is not assisted by your own passions. Of your love I know not the propriety, nor can estimate the power; but in love, as in every other passion of which hope is the essence, we ought always to remember the uncertainty of events. There is, indeed, nothing that so much seduces reason from vigilance, as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and if all would happen that a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit. But love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffer the evils together,¹ and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look, and that benevolence of mind, which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure and successive amusement. A woman, we are sure, will not be always fair; we are not sure she will always be virtuous: and man cannot retain through life that respect and assiduity by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not, however, pretend to have discovered that life has anything more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage; therefore know not what counsel to give you.

"If you can quit your imagination of love and greatness, and leave your hopes of preferment and bridal raptures to try once more the fortune of literature and industry, the way through France is now open. We flatter ourselves that we shall cultivate, with great diligence, the arts of peace; and every man will be

¹ [Johnson probably wrote "the evils *of life* together." The words in Italicks, however, are not found in Baret's original edition of this letter, but they may have been omitted inadvertently either in his transcript or at the press.—MALONE.]

welcome among us who can teach us any thing we do not know. For your part, you will find all your old friends willing to receive you.

"Reynolds still continues to increase in reputation and in riches. Miss Williams, who very much loves you, goes on in the old way. Miss Cotterel is still with Mrs. Porter. Miss Charlotte is married to Dean Lewis, and has three children. Mr. Levet has married a street-walker. But the gazette of my narration must now arrive to tell you, that Bathurst went physician to the army, and died at the Havannah.

"I know not whether I have not sent you word that Huggins and Richardson are both dead. When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed for ever.

"I pray GOD to bless you, and am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Write soon."

In 1763 he furnished to the "Poetical Calendar," published by Fawkes and Woty, a character of Collins,* which he afterwards ingrafted into his entire life of that admirable poet, in the collection of lives which he wrote for the body of English poetry, formed and published by the booksellers of London. His account of the melancholy depression with which Collins was severely afflicted, and which brought him to his grave, is, I think, one of the most tender and interesting passages in the whole series of his writings. He also favoured Mr. Hoole with the Dedication of his translations of Tasso to the Queen,* which is so happily conceived and elegantly expressed, that I cannot but point it out to the peculiar notice of my readers.¹

¹ "MADAM,

"To approach the high and illustrious has been in all ages the privilege of Poets; and though translators cannot justly claim the same honour, yet they naturally follow their authours as attendants; and I hope that in return for having enabled TASSO to diffuse his fame through the British dominions, I may be introduced by him to the presence of YOUR MAJESTY.

"TASSO has a peculiar claim to YOUR MAJESTY'S favour, as follower and panegyrist of the House of *Este*, which has one common ancestor with the House of HANOVER; and in reviewing his life it is not easy to forbear a wish that he had lived in a happier time, when he might among the

This is to me a memorable year ; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing ; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their authour, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman,¹ a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of DICTIONARY JOHNSON ! as he was then generally called ;² and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick, the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honour of which I was very ambitious. But

descendants of that illustrious family have found a more liberal and potent patronage.

"I cannot but observe, MADAM, how unequally reward is proportioned to merit, when I reflect that the happiness which was withheld from TASSO is reserved for me ; and that the poem which once hardly procured to its authour the countenance of the Princes of Ferrara, has attracted to its translator the favourable notice of a BRITISH QUEEN.

"Had this been the fate of TASSO, he would have been able to have celebrated the condescension of YOUR MAJESTY in nobler language, but could not have felt it with more ardent gratitude than,

"MADAM,

"YOUR MAJESTY'S

"Most faithful and devoted servant."

¹ [Francis Gentleman was born in 1728, and educated in Dublin. His father was an officer in the army, and he, at the age of fifteen, obtained a commission in the same regiment ; on the reduction, at the peace of 1748, he lost this profession, and adopted that of the stage, both as an author and an actor ; in neither of which did he attain any eminence. He died in December, 1784 ; having, in the latter course of his life, experienced "all the hardships of a wandering actor, and all the disappointments of a friendless author."—CROKER.]

² As great men of antiquity such as Scipio *Africanus* had an epithet added to their names, in consequence of some celebrated action, so my illustrious friend was often called DICTIONARY JOHNSON, from that wonderful achievement of genius and labour, his "Dictionary of the English Language ;" the merit of which I contemplate with more and more admiration.

he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson, some years afterwards, told me, "Derrick, Sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead."

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language and Publick Speaking to large and respectable audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upon Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who, as has been already mentioned, thought slightly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed "What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine." Whether this proceeded from a momentary indignation, as if it were an affront to his exalted merit that a player should be rewarded in the same manner with him, or was the sudden effect of a fit of peevishness, it was unluckily said, and, indeed, cannot be justified. Mr. Sheridan's pension was granted to him not as a player, but as a sufferer in the cause of government, when he was manager of the Theatre Royal in Ireland, when parties ran high in 1753. And it must also be allowed that he was a man of literature, and had considerably improved the arts of reading and speaking with distinctness and propriety.

Besides, Johnson should have recollected that Mr. Sheridan taught pronunciation to Mr. Alexander Wedderburne, whose sister was married to Sir Harry Erskine, an intimate friend of Lord Bute, who was the favourite of the King; and surely the most outrageous Whig will not maintain, that whatever ought to

be the principle in the disposal of *offices*, a *pension* ought never to be granted from any bias of court connection. Mr. Macklin, indeed, shared with Mr. Sheridan the honour of instructing Mr. Wedderburne; and though it was too late in life for a Caledonian to acquire the genuine English cadence, yet so successful were Mr. Wedderburne's instructors, and his own unabating endeavours, that he got rid of the coarse part of his Scotch accent, retaining only as much of the "native wood-note wild" as to mark his country; which, if any Scotchman should affect to forget, I should heartily despise him. Notwithstanding the difficulties which are to be encountered by those who have not had the advantage of an English education, he, by degrees, formed a mode of speaking to which Englishmen do not deny the praise of elegance. Hence his distinguished oratory, which he exerted in his own country as an advocate in the Court of Session, and a ruling elder of the *Kirk*, has had its fame and ample reward in much higher spheres. When I look back on this noble person at Edinburgh, in situations so unworthy of his brilliant powers, and behold LORD LOUGHBOROUGH at London, the change seems almost like one of the metamorphoses in Ovid, and as his two preceptors, by refining his utterance, gave currency to his talents, we may say, in the words of that poet, "*Nam vos mutastis.*"

I have dwelt the longer upon this remarkable instance of successful parts and assiduity; because it affords animating encouragement to other gentlemen of North-Britain to try their fortunes in the southern part of the island, where they may hope to gratify their utmost ambition; and now that we are one people of the Union, it would surely be illiberal to maintain, that they have not an equal title with the natives of any other part of his Majesty's dominions.

Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause he added, "However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man." Sheridan could never forgive his hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his mind; for though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably,

he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there. I have no sympathetick feeling with such persevering resentment. It is painful when there is a breach between those who have lived together socially and cordially ; and I wonder that there is not, in all such cases, a mutual wish that it should be healed. I could perceive that Mr. Sheridan was by no means satisfied with Johnson's acknowledging him to be a good man. That could not sooth his injured vanity. I could not but smile, at the same time that I was offended, to observe Sheridan, in *The Life of Swift*, which he afterwards published, attempting in the writhings of his resentment, to depreciate Johnson, by characterising him as "a writer of gigantick fame, in these days of little men ;" that very Johnson whom he once so highly admired and venerated.

This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings ; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate ; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend. Her novel, entitled "*Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph*," contains an excellent moral, while it inculcates a future state of retribution ;¹ and what it teaches is impressed

¹ My position has been very well illustrated by Mr. Belsham of Bedford, in his *Essay on Dramatick Poetry*. "The fashionable doctrine (says he) both of moralists and criticks in these times is, that virtue and happiness are constant concomitants ; and it is regarded as a kind of dramatick impiety to maintain that virtue should not be rewarded, nor vice punished, in the last scene of the last act of every tragedy. This conduct in our modern poets is, however, in my opinion, extremely injudicious ; for, it labours in vain to inculcate a doctrine in theory, which every one knows to be false in fact, *viz.* that virtue in real life is always productive of happiness ; and vice of misery. Thus Congreve concludes the *Tragedy of 'The Mourning Bride'* with the following foolish couplet :

 'For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
 And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.'

"When a man eminently virtuous, a Brutus, a Cato, or a Socrates, finally

upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious heroine, who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of "heaven's mercy." Johnson paid her this high compliment upon it: "I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much."

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Convent-garden,¹ told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my

sinks under the pressure of accumulated misfortune, we are not only led to entertain a more indignant hatred of vice, than if he rose from his distress, but we are inevitably induced to cherish the sublime idea that a day of future retribution will arrive when he shall receive not merely poetical, but real and substantial justice."—*Essays Philosophical, Historical, and Literary*, London, 1791, vol. ii. 8vo, p. 317.

This is well reasoned and well expressed. I wish, indeed, that the ingenious authour had not thought it necessary to introduce any *instance* of "a man eminently virtuous;" as he would then have avoided mentioning such a ruffian as Brutus under that description. Mr. Belsham discovers in his "Essays" so much reading, and thinking, and good composition, that I regret his not having been fortunate enough to be educated a member of our excellent national establishment. Had he not been nursed in nonconformity, he probably would not have been tainted with those heresies (as I sincerely, and on no slight investigation, think them) both in religion and politicks, which, while I read, I am sure, with candour, I cannot read without offence.

¹ No. 8.—The very place where I was fortunate enough to be introduced to the illustrious subject of this work, deserves to be particularly marked. I never pass by it without feeling reverence and regret.

impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop;¹ and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work.² Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell him

¹ Mr. Murphy, in his "Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson," has given an account of this meeting considerably different from mine, I am persuaded without any consciousness of error. His memory, at the end of near thirty years, has undoubtedly deceived him, and he supposes himself to have been present at a scene, which he has probably heard inaccurately described by others. In my note *taken on the very day*, in which I am confident I marked every thing material that passed, no mention is made of this gentleman; and I am sure that I should not have omitted one so well known in the literary world. It may easily be imagined that this my first interview with Dr. Johnson, with all its circumstances, made a strong impression on my mind, and would be registered with peculiar attention.

[It is remarkable, that in the editions of Murphy's *Life of Johnson*, published subsequently to the appearance of this note, in 1791, he never corrected the mis-statement here mentioned.—MALONE.]

[Mr. Malone is mistaken here as to dates. The appearance of this note could not be in 1791, as Murphy's *Life* was not published till 1793. The note then appeared in Mr. Boswell's Second Edition, 3 vols. octavo. Mr. Murphy had no subsequent connection with the publication, either of his *Life of Johnson*, or of Johnson's works.—CHALMERS.]

² [This half-length of Johnson at a table, pen in hand, was painted in 1756, and Reynolds must have painted it for himself, since he was able afterwards to give it to Boswell, for whom it was engraved for publication with the *Life*. The original is in Mr. Morrison's gallery at Basildon.]

where I come from.”—“From Scotland,” cried Davies, roguishly. “Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.” I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky ; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, “come from Scotland,” which I used in the sense of being of that country ; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, “That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.” This stroke stunned me a good deal ; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies : “What do you think of Garrick ? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order will be worth three shillings.” Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, “O Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.” “Sir, (said he with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done ; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.” Perhaps I deserved this check ; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.¹ I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the

¹ That this was a momentary sally against Garrick there can be no doubt ; for at Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit night at his theatre to this very person, by which she had got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, “It is observed, Sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but will suffer nobody else to do it.” JOHNSON (smiling), “Why, Sir, that is true.” [Did Boswell never, like other men, playfully revile a friend whom he was ready to protect against the slightest breath of censure from a stranger ?]

field not wholly discomfited ; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

"People (he remarked) may be taken in once, who imagine that an authour is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion."

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money ; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth, and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

"Sir, this book ('The Elements of Criticism,' which he had taken up) is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical."

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked publick measures and the royal family, he said, "I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel ; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen, and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and, I doubt, Derrick is his enemy."

"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character ; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."¹

¹ Mr. Sheridan was then reading lectures upon Oratory at Bath, where Derrick was Master of the Ceremonies ; or, as the phrase is, KING.

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday, the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations from Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have

written such poems. Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair¹ had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's² having suggested the topick, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book, when the authour is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously; but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of cloaths looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."—"Sir, (said I,) I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."—I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day.

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart shewed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

¹ Dr. Hugh Blair, the celebrated professor and minister of Edinburgh; born in 1718, died in 1800. The Doctor's *Dissertation on Ossian* appeared in 1762.—WRIGHT.]

² [Dr. James Fordyce, author of *Sermons to Young Women*, &c., was born at Aberdeen in 1720, and died at Bath in 1796.—WRIGHT.]

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a madhouse, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney.—BURNLEY. “How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?”—JOHNSON. “It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it.”—BURNLEY. “Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise.”—JOHNSON. “No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I’d as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.”

Johnson continued. “Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.

“The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me the action is very wrong. So, religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please GOD, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them for other motives, ‘Verily they have their reward.’

“The Christian religion has very strong evidences. It indeed appears, in some degree, strange to reason; but in History we have undoubted facts, against which, in reasoning *à priori*, we have more arguments than we have for them; but then, testimony has great weight, and casts the balance. I would recommend to every man whose faith is yet unsettled, Grotius,—Dr. Pearson,—and Dr. Clarke.”

Talking of Garrick, he said, “He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation.”

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the

afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings, and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time I recollect no part of his conversation, except that when I told him I had been to see Johnson¹ ride upon three horses, he said, "Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances shew the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shews what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue."

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received

¹ ["In the year 1762 one Johnson, an Irishman, exhibited many feats of activity in horsemanship, and was, it is believed, the first performer, at that time, in or about London. He was an active clever fellow in his way." *Prior's Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 124.—CROKER.]

from him on my first interview. "Poh, poh! (said he with a complacent smile), never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you."

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards, I met him near Temple-bar about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. "Sir, (said he,) it is too late, they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night, with all my heart."

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place; for instead of procuring a commission in the foot-guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent Civilian in the University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row,¹ I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no Ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. "Why, Sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that

¹ A row of tenements in the Strand, between Wych Street and Temple Bar, and "so called from the butchers' shambles on the south side." (Strype, B. iv. p. 118.) Butcher Row was pulled down in 1813, and the present Pickett Street erected in its stead.—P. CUNNINGHAM.]

GOD at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white ; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue." What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind ; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions ; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, " He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius."

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the MITRE,—the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON,—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. I find in my Journal the following minute of our conversation, which, though it will give but a very faint notion of what passed, is, in some degree, a valuable record ; and it will be curious in this view, as shewing how habitual to his mind were some opinions which appear in his works.

"Colley Cibber,¹ Sir, was by no means a blockhead : but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that he *intended* his birth-day odes should be bad : but that was not the case, Sir ; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died he shewed me one of them, with

¹ [Colley Cibber was born in 1671, bore arms in favour of the Revolution, and soon after went on the stage as an actor. In 1695 he appeared as a writer of comedies with great and deserved success. He quitted the stage in 1730, on being appointed poet laureate, and died in 1757.—CROKER.] [He was the hero of Pope's Dunciad in its second form, partly as laureate of the day and little worthy of the laurel, partly because he had offended Pope by his insults to the Roman Catholic religion, in "The Nonjuror" especially.]

great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself:

“ ‘Perch'd on the eagle's soaring wing,
The lowly linnet loves to sing.’

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet. Cibber's familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead¹ has assumed. *Grand* nonsense is insupportable. ‘Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players.’

I did not presume to controvert this censure, which was tinged with his prejudice against players, but I could not help thinking that a dramatick poet might with propriety pay a compliment to an eminent performer, as Whitehead has very happily done in his verses to Mr. Garrick.

“Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, nor much command of words. The obscurity in which he has involved himself will not persuade us that he is sublime. His Elegy in a churchyard has a happy selection of images, but I don't like what are called his great things. His Ode which begins

“ ‘Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
Confusion on thy banners wait!’

has been celebrated for its abruptness, and plunging into the subject all at once. But such arts as these have no merit, unless when they are original. We admire them only once; and this abruptness has nothing new in it. We have had it often before. Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnny Armstrong:

“ ‘Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,’ &c.

And then, Sir,

“ ‘Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.’

There, now, you plunge at once into the subject. You have no

¹ [William Whitehead, who succeeded Cibber as Poet Laureate.]

previous narration to lead you to it.—The two next lines in that Ode are, I think, very good :

“ ‘ Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.’ ”¹

Here let it be observed, that although his opinion of Gray’s poetry was widely different from mine, and I believe from that of most men of taste, by whom it is with justice highly admired, there is certainly much absurdity in the clamour which has been raised, as if he had been culpably injurious to the merit of that bard, and had been actuated by envy. Alas! ye little short-sighted criticks, could Johnson be envious of the talents of any of his contemporaries? That his opinion on this subject was what in private and in publick he uniformly expressed, regardless of what others might think, we may wonder, and perhaps regret; but it is shallow and unjust to charge him with expressing what he did not think.

Finding him in a placid humour, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I conceived, in the ardour of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands;—I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged, that though educated very strictly in the principles of religion, I had for some time been misled into a certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the Christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, he called to me with warmth, “Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you.” He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and the little we

¹ My friend Mr. Malone, in his valuable comments on Shakspeare, has traced in that great poet the *dissecta membra* of these lines.

could know of final causes; so that the objections of, "Why was it so?" or "Why was it not so?" ought not to disturb us: adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argument, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprised when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of Christians themselves: "For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious."

We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, "Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice cry, 'Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished,' my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might *imagine* I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and at a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me."

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question, whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illustrious friend, yet as I find it has gained ground, it is necessary to refute it. The real fact then is, that Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony,

as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was willing to enquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he from being a dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill, in his poem entitled "The Ghost," availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of "POMPOSO," representing him as one of the believers of the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London. Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprise them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority, that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Reverend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures; who informs me, that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and Gentleman's Magazine, and undeceived the world.¹

¹ The account was as follows: "On the night of the 1st of February, many gentlemen eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Reverend Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house, for the examination of the noises supposed to be made by a departed spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime.

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs, when they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

"The supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there, by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

"While they were enquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into

Our conversation proceeded. "Sir, (said he,) I am a friend to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed."

"Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an authour, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right."

I mentioned Mallet's tragedy of "ELVIRA," which had been acted the preceding winter at Drury-lane, and that the Honourable Andrew Erskine, Mr. Dempster,¹ and myself, had joined in writing a pamphlet, entitled "Critical Strictures,"² against it. That the mildness of Dempster's disposition had, however, relented; and he had candidly said, "We have hardly a right to abuse this tragedy; for bad as it is, how vain should either of us be to write one not near so good." JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir; this is not just reasoning. You *may* abuse a tragedy, though you cannot write one. You may scold a

the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any other agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

"The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued: the person supposed to be accused by the spirit, then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father.

"It is, therefore, the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

¹ [George Dempster, of Dunnichen, secretary to the Order of the Thistle, and long M.P. for the Fife district of boroughs. He was a man of talents and very agreeable manners. Burns mentions him more than once with eulogy. Mr. Dempster retired from parliament in 1790, and died in 1818, in his 86th year.—CROKER.]

² The Critical Review, in which Mallet himself sometimes wrote, characterized this pamphlet as "the crude efforts of envy, petulance, and self-conceit." There being thus three epithets, we the three authours had a humorous contention how each should be appropriated.

carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables."

When I talked to him of the paternal estate to which I was heir, he said, "Sir, let me tell you, that to be a Scotch landlord where you have a number of families dependent upon you, and attached to you, is, perhaps, as high a situation as humanity can arrive at. A merchant upon the 'Change of London, with a hundred thousand pounds, is nothing; an English Duke, with an immense fortune, is nothing: he has no tenants who consider themselves as under his patriarchal care, and who will follow him into the field upon an emergency."

His notion of the dignity of a Scotch landlord had been formed upon what he had heard of the Highland Chiefs; for it is long since a Lowland landlord had been so curtailed in his feudal authority, that he has little more influence over his tenants than an English landlord; and of late years most of the Highland Chiefs have destroyed, by means too well known, the princely power which they once enjoyed.¹

He proceeded: "Your going abroad, Sir, and breaking off idle habits, may be of great importance to you. I would go where there are courts and learned men. There is a great deal of Spain that has not been perambulated. I would have you go thither. A man of inferior talents to yours may furnish us with useful observations upon that country." His supposing me, at that period of life, capable of writing an account of my travels that would deserve to be read, elated me not a little.

I appeal to every impartial reader whether this faithful detail of his frankness, complacency, and kindness to a young man, a stranger and a Scotchman, does not refute the unjust opinion of the harshness of his general demeanour. His occasional reproofs of folly, impudence, or impiety, and even the sudden sallies of his constitutional irritability of temper, which have been preserved for the poignancy of their wit, have produced that

¹ [Boswell alludes, principally at least, to the substitution of sheep-farming for the old black-cattle system in the Highlands and islands of Scotland, in consequence of which, fewer hands being required on the chiefs' estates, a large portion of their clansmen were driven into exile in America. We shall hear more of these affairs in the course of the Hebridean journal, *post.* —LOCKHART.]

opinion among those who have not considered that such instances, though collected by Mrs. Piozzi into a small volume, and read over in a few hours, were, in fact, scattered through a long series of years: years in which his time was chiefly spent in instructing and delighting mankind by his writings and conversation, in acts of piety to GOD, and good-will to men.

I complained to him that I had not yet acquired much knowledge; and asked his advice as to my studies. He said, "Don't talk of study now. I will give you a plan; but it will require some time to consider of it." "It is very good in you (I replied), to allow me to be with you thus. Had it been foretold to me some years ago that I should pass an evening with the authour of the *RAMBLER*, how should I have exulted!" What I then expressed was sincerely from the heart. He was satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings too, together." We finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning.

He wrote this year in the Critical Review, the account of "*Telemachus, a Mask*," by the Reverend George Graham, of Eton College. The subject of this beautiful poem was particularly interesting to Johnson, who had much experience of "the conflict of opposite principles," which he describes as "The contention between pleasure and virtue, a struggle which will always be continued while the present system of nature shall subsist; nor can history or poetry exhibit more than pleasure triumphing over virtue, and virtue subjugating pleasure."

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavour to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity.¹ He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that "though

¹ [Goldsmith got a premium at a Christmas examination in Trinity College, Dublin, which I have seen.—KEARNEY.]

[A premium obtained at the Christmas examination is generally more honourable than any other, because it ascertains the person who receives it to

he made no great figure in mathematicks, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them." He afterwards studied physick at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent : and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when, luckily for him, his challenge was not accepted ; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the authour of "An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe," and of "The Citizen of the World," a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese.¹ No man had the art of displaying with more advantage, as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*"² His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there ; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that

be the first in literary merit. At the other examinations, the person thus distinguished may be only the second in merit ; he who has previously obtained the same honorary reward sometimes receiving a written certificate that *he* was the best answerer, it being a rule that not more than one premium should be adjudged to the same person in one year. See p. 180.—MALONE.]

¹ [He had also published in 1759, "The BEE ; being Essays on the most interesting Subjects."—MALONE.]

² See his Epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson.

he was a mere fool in conversation ;¹ but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies,² with their mother, on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him ; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, "Pshaw ! I can do it better myself!"³

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized ; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence

¹ In allusion to this, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was "an inspired idiot ;" and Garrick described him as one

"————— for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll."

Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to me that he frequently heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man from that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it ; and therefore Sir Joshua was convinced that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it indeed was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful. But with due deference to Sir Joshua's ingenuity, I think the conjecture too refined.

² Miss Hornecks, one of whom is now married to Henry Bunbury, Esq., and the other to Colonel Gwyn.

³ He went home with Mr. Burke to supper ; and broke his shin by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets. [Goldsmith is, this year, 35 and Boswell 23.]

predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham,¹ a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his "*Vicar of Wakefield*." But Johnson informed me that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, Sir, (said he,) a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his '*Traveller*;' and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the '*Traveller*' had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

Mrs. Piozzi² and Sir John Hawkins³ have strangely mis-stated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration :

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone

¹ I am willing to hope that there may have been some mistake as to this anecdote, though I had it from a Dignitary of the church. Dr. Isaac Goldsmith, his near relation, was Dean of Cloyne, in 1747.

² Anecdotes of Johnson, p. 119.

³ Life of Johnson, p. 420.

to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."¹

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday, the 1st of July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school. Goldsmith's respectful attachment to Johnson was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great Master. He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart, by incidental remarks in the course of

¹ It may not be improper to annex here Mrs. Piozzi's account of this transaction, in her own words, as a specimen of the extreme inaccuracy with which all her anecdotes of Dr. Johnson are related, or rather discoloured and distorted. "I have forgotten the year, but it could scarcely, I think, be later than 1765 or 1766, that he was *called abruptly from our house after dinner*, and returning *in about three hours*, said he had been with an enraged authour, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was *drinking himself drunk* with Madeira, to drown care, and fretting over a novel, which, when *finished*, was to be his *whole fortune*, but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it for sale. Mr. Johnson, therefore, sent away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance, and *desiring some immediate relief*; which when he brought back to the writer, he *called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment*."—Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, p. 119. [Johnson sometimes repeated the same anecdote with different circumstances. Here the greatest discrepancy between the two stories is the time of the day at which it happened; and, unluckily, the admitted fact of the bottle of Madeira seems to render Mrs. Piozzi's version the more probable of the two. If, according to Mr. Boswell's account, Goldsmith had, in the morning, changed Johnson's charitable guinea for the purpose of getting a bottle of Madeira, we cannot wonder that Mrs. Piozzi represents him as "drinking himself drunk with Madeira;" but there is a more serious objection to Mrs. Piozzi's story. She says, Johnson left the table to go and sell the novel; now the novel was sold in 1761—four years before Johnson's acquaintance with the Thrales,—though it was not published till March, 1766. The *Traveller* appeared December, 1764. It may be doubtful whether the sale was not later than 1761, but it certainly was long before his acquaintance with the Thrales. Steevens tells a not dissimilar story of Johnson himself, who "confessed to have been sometimes in the power of bailiffs. Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, was his constant friend on such occasions. 'I remember writing to him,' said Johnson, 'from a sponging house; and was so sure of my deliverance through his kindness and liberality, that, before his reply was brought, I knew I could afford to joke with the rascal who had me in custody, and did so, over a pint of adulterated wine, for which, at that instant, I had no money to pay.'" *London Mag.* vol. lv. p. 253.—CROKER.]

conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levet, whom he entertained under his roof, "He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;" and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, "He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson."

Goldsmith attempted this evening to maintain, I suppose from an affectation of paradox, "that knowledge was not desirable on its own account, for it often was a source of unhappiness." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that knowledge may in some cases produce unhappiness, I allow. But, upon the whole, knowledge, *per se*, is certainly an object which every man would wish to attain, although, perhaps, he may not take the trouble necessary for attaining it."

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated political and biographical writer, being mentioned, Johnson said, "Campbell is a man of much knowledge, and has a good share of imagination. His 'Hermippus Redivivus' is very entertaining, as an account of Hermetick philosophy, and as furnishing a curious history of the extravagancies of the human mind. If it were merely imaginary, it would be nothing at all. Campbell is not always rigidly careful of truth in his conversation; but I do not believe there is anything of this carelessness in his books. Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years;¹ but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shews that he has good principles. I used to go pretty often to Campbell's on

¹ I am inclined to think that he was misinformed as to this circumstance. I own I am jealous for my worthy friend Dr. John Campbell. For though Milton could without remorse absent himself from public worship, I cannot. On the contrary, I have the same habitual impressions upon my mind, with those of a truly venerable Judge, who said to Mr. Langton, "Friend Langton, if I have not been at church on Sunday, I do not feel myself easy." Dr. Campbell was a sincerely religious man. Lord Macartney, who is eminent for his variety of knowledge, and attention to men of talents, and knew him well, told me, that when he called on him in a morning, he found him reading a chapter in the Greek New Testament, which he informed his Lordship was his constant practice. The quantity of Dr. Campbell's composition is almost incredible, and his labours brought him large profits. Dr. Joseph Warton told me that Johnson said of him, "He is the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature."

a Sunday evening, till I began to consider that the shoals of Scotchmen who flocked about him might probably say, when anything of mine was well done, 'Ay, ay, he has learnt this of CAWMELL!'"

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that "it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion." I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now, than I once had; for he has shewn more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs, is better than a tree which produces only a few."

In this depreciation of Churchill's poetry I could not agree with him. It is very true that the greatest part of it is upon the topicks of the day, on which account, as it brought him great fame and profit at the time, it must proportionably slide out of the publick attention, as other occasional objects succeed. But Churchill had extraordinary vigour both of thought and expression. His portraits of the players will ever be valuable to the true lovers of the drama; and his strong caricatures of several eminent men of his age, will not be forgotten by the curious. Let me add, that there are in his works many passages which are of a general nature; and his "Prophecy of Famine" is a poem of no ordinary merit. It is, indeed, falsely injurious to Scotland; but therefore may be allowed a greater share of invention.

Bonnell Thornton had just published a burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's day," adapted to the ancient British musick, viz. the salt-box, the Jew's-harp, the marrow-bones and cleaver, the hum-strum, or hurdy-gurdy, &c. Johnson praised its

humour, and seemed much diverted with it. He repeated the following passage :

“In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering and battering and clapping combine ;
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.”¹

I mentioned the periodical paper called “THE CONNOISSEUR.” He said it wanted matter.—No doubt it had not the deep thinking of Johnson’s writings. But surely it has just views of the surface of life, and a very sprightly manner. His opinion of THE WORLD was not much higher than of the Connoisseur.

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson’s conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigour and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, *strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther*, I could, with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

At this time *Miss Williams*,² as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up

¹ [In 1769 I set for Smart and Newbury, Thornton’s burlesque Ode, on St. Cecilia’s day. It was performed at Ranelagh in masks, to a very crowded audience, as I was told ; for I then resided in Norfolk. Beard sung the salt-box song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the Fencing-master, and father of Miss Brent, the celebrated singer ; Skeggs on the broom-stick, as bassoon, and a remarkable performer on the Jew-harp, —“ Buzzing twangs the iron lyre.” Cleavers were cast in bell-metal for this entertainment. All the performers of the old woman’s Oratory, employed by Foote, were, I believe, employed at Ranelagh, on this occasion.—BURNBY.]

² [This lady resided in Dr. Johnson’s house in Gough-square from about 1753 to 1758 ; and in that year, on his removing to Gray’s Inn, she went into lodgings. At a subsequent period, she again became an inmate with Johnson, in Johnson’s-court.—MALONE.]

for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for *her*, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoterick over an exoterick disciple of a sage of antiquity, "I go to Miss Williams." I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud ; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Tuesday, the 5th day of July, I again visited Johnson. He told me he had looked into the poems of a pretty voluminous writer, Mr. (now Dr.) John Ogilvie, one of the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland, which had lately come out, but could find no thinking in them. BOSWELL. "Is there not imagination in them, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, there is in them what *was* imagination, but it is no more imagination in *him*, than sound is sound in the echo. And his diction too is not his own. We have long ago seen *white-robed innocence and flower-bespangled meads*."

Talking of London, he observed, "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists."—I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They, whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments ; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle ; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change ; a dramattick enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments ; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns, and the great emporium for ladies of easy virtue.

But the intellectual man is struck with it, as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre: I went to Johnson in the morning and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence."—Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. "There is nothing, (continued he,) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed, that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behaviour, quit when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could shew itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, Sir, (said he,) I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in Bow-street. But if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, Sir, you may quarter two life-guardmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of *asafœtida* in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman for whose agreeable company I was obliged to

Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie,¹ who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I, in my turn, was proud to have the honour of shewing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to *shine*, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, "the King can do no wrong ;" affirming, that "what was morally false could not be politically true ; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." JOHNSON. "Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the King is the head, he is supreme ; he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong ; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should command, cannot force a Judge to condemn a man unjustly ; therefore it is the Judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*" I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart,

¹ The Northern bard mentioned p. 320. When I asked Dr. Johnson's permission to introduce him, he obligingly agreed ; adding, however, with a sly pleasantry, "But he must give us none of his poetry." It is remarkable that Johnson and Churchill, however much they differed in other points, agreed on this subject. See Churchill's "Journey." It is, however, but justice to Dr. Ogilvie to observe, that his "Day of Judgment" has no inconsiderable share of merit.

though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness, which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government.

This generous sentiment, which he uttered with great fervour, struck me exceedingly, and stirred my blood to that pitch of fancied resistance, the possibility of which I am glad to keep in mind, but to which I trust I never shall be forced.

"Great abilities (said he) are not requisite for an Historian; for in historical composition, all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand: so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree: only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring, will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."

"Bayle's Dictionary is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most."

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, "I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not profound; but his morality, his humour, and his elegance of writing, set him very high."

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physick there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON. "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which

a Scotchman ever sees, is the high-road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of Nature cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9,¹ I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some common-place observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned ;² adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, "Why yes, Sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his, aptly enough

¹ [In this July Johnson wrote the following letter to his stepdaughter, Lucy Porter, who had just received ten thousand pounds by a legacy from her brother. She spent nearly a third of it in building herself a house at Lichfield.

"July 5, 1763.

"MY DEAREST DEAR,—I am extremely glad that so much prudence and virtue as yours is at last awarded with so large a fortune, and doubt not but that the excellence which you have shewn in circumstances of difficulty will continue the same in the convenience of wealth.

"I have not written to you sooner, having nothing to say, which you would not easily suppose—nothing but that I love you and wish you happy ; of which you may be always assured, whether I write or not.

"I have had an inflammation in my eyes ; but it is much better, and will be, I hope, soon quite well.

"Be so good as to let me know whether you design to stay at Lichfield this summer ; if you do, I purpose to come down. I shall bring Frank with me ; so that Kitty must contrive to make two beds, or get a servant's bed at the Three Crowns, which may be as well. As I suppose she may want sheets, and table linen, and such things, I have sent ten pounds, which she may lay out in conveniences. I will pay her for our board what you think proper ; I think a guinea a week for me and the boy.

"Be pleased to give my love to Kitty.—I am, my dearest love, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

—Pearson MSS.]

² [Johnson would suffer none of his friends to fill up chasms in conversation with remarks on the weather: "Let us not talk of the weather."—BURNBY.]

introduced a good supper ; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly however respectable, had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the colour of the world as it moves along. Your father is a Judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and a son, while one aims at power, and the other at independence." I said, I was afraid my father would force me to be a lawyer. JOHNSON. "Sir, you need not be afraid of his forcing you to be a laborious practising lawyer ; that is not in his power. For as the proverb says, 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.' He may be displeased that you are not what he wishes you to be ; but that displeasure will not go far. If he insists only on your having as much law as is necessary for a man of property, and then endeavours to get you into Parliament, he is quite in the right."

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith, in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON. "Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other ; but had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him."

Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said, "It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more

numerous people than we ; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the ministry have assured us, in all the formality of the Gazette, that it is taken.'—Very true. But the ministry have put us to an enormous expence by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money.—'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.'—Ay, but these men have still more interest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself ; for when you come home we will not believe you. We will say, you have been bribed.—Yet, Sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion ?”

“Idleness is a disease which must be combated ; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him : for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge.”

To a man of vigorous intellect and ardent curiosity like his own, reading without a regular plan may be beneficial ; though even such a man must submit to it, if he would attain a full understanding of any of the sciences.

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him, on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. “Why, Sir, (said he, with a hearty laugh,) it is a mighty foolish noise that they make.¹ I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit ; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in

¹ When I mentioned the same idle clamour to him several years afterwards, he said, with a smile, “I wish my pension were twice as large, that they might make twice as much noise.”

every respect that I have ever been ; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover ; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

There was here, most certainly, an affectation of more Jacobitism than he really had ; and indeed an intention of admitting, for the moment, in a much greater extent than it really existed, the charge of disaffection imputed to him by the world, merely for the purpose of shewing how dexterously he could repel an attack, even though he were placed in the most disadvantageous position ; for I have heard him declare, that if holding up his right hand would have secured victory at Culloden to Prince Charles's army, he was not sure he would have held it up ; so little confidence had he in the right claimed by the House of Stuart, and so fearful was he of the consequences of another revolution on the throne of Great-Britain ; and Mr. Topham Beauclerk assured me, he had heard him say this before he had his pension. At another time he said to Mr. Langton, "Nothing has ever offered, that has made it worth my while to consider the question fully." He, however, also said to the same gentleman, talking of King James the Second, "It was become impossible for him to reign any longer in this country." He no doubt had an early attachment to the House of Stuart ; but his zeal had cooled as his reason strengthened. Indeed I heard him once say, "that after the death of a violent Whig, with whom he used to contend with great eagerness, he felt his Toryism much abated."¹ I suppose he meant Mr. Walmsley.

Yet there is no doubt that at earlier periods he was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend, Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favoured me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection. One day when dining at

¹ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3d edit. p. 420.

old Mr. Langton's, where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson, with great warmth, what he could mean by putting such a question to his niece? "Why, Sir, (said Johnson,) I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of Kings. He that believes in the divine right of Kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of Bishops. He that believes in the divine right of Bishops, believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for *Whigism is a negation of all principle.*"

He advised me, when abroad, to be as much as I could with the Professors in the Universities, and with the Clergy; for from their conversation I might expect the best accounts of every thing in whatever country I should be, with the additional advantage of keeping my learning alive.

It will be observed, that when giving me advice as to my travels, Dr. Johnson did not dwell upon cities, and palaces, and pictures, and shows, and Arcadian scenes. He was of Lord Essex's opinion, who advises his kinsman, Roger Earl of Rutland, "rather to go a hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town."²

I described to him an impudent fellow from Scotland, who affected to be a savage, and railed at all established systems. JOHNSON. "There is nothing surprising in this, Sir. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hogstye, as long as you looked at him and called to him to

¹ He used to tell, with great humour, from my relation to him, the following little story of my early years which was literally true: "Boswell, in the year 1745, was a fine boy, wore a white cockade, and prayed for King James, till one of his uncles (General Cochran) gave him a shilling on condition that he would pray for King George, which he accordingly did. So you see (says Boswell) that *Whigs of all ages are made the same way.*"

² Letter to Rutland on Travel, 16mo. 1596.

come out. But let him alone, never mind him, and he'll soon give it over."

I added that the same person maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

Sir David Dalrymple, now one of the Judges of Scotland by the title of Lord Hailes,¹ had contributed much to increase my high opinion of Johnson, on account of his writings, long before I attained to a personal acquaintance with him; I, in return, had informed Johnson of Sir David's eminent character for learning and religion; and Johnson was so much pleased, that at one of our evening meetings he gave him for his toast. I at this time kept up a very frequent correspondence with Sir David; and I read to Dr. Johnson to-night the following passage from the letter which I had last received from him:

"It gives me pleasure to think that you have obtained the friendship of Mr. Samuel Johnson. He is one of the best moral writers which England has produced. At the same time, I envy you the free and undisguised converse with such a man. May I beg you to present my best respects to him, and to assure him of the veneration which I entertain for the authour of the Rambler and of Rasselas? Let me recommend this last work to you; with the Rambler you certainly are acquainted. In Rasselas you will see a tender-hearted operator, who probes the wound only to heal it. Swift, on the contrary, mangles human nature. He cuts and slashes, as if he took pleasure in the operation, like the tyrant who said, *Ita feri ut se sentiat emori.*"

Johnson seemed to be much gratified by this just and well-turned compliment.

He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, full and

¹ [This learned and excellent person was born in 1726; educated at Eton, and afterwards at Utrecht; called to the Scotch bar in 1748; a lord of session in 1766. He died in 1792. He wrote some papers in the *World* and *Mirror*, and published several original tracts on religious, historical, and antiquarian subjects, and republished a great many more.—CROKER.]

unreserved. He said it would be a very good exercise, and would yield me great satisfaction when the particulars were faded from my remembrance. I was uncommonly fortunate in having had a previous coincidence of opinion with him upon this subject, for I had kept such a journal for some time; and it was no small pleasure to me to have this to tell him, and to receive his approbation. He counselled me to keep it private, and said I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. From this habit I have been enabled to give the world so many anecdotes, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. I mentioned that I was afraid I put into my journal too many little incidents. JOHNSON. "There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

Next morning Mr. Dempster happened to call on me, and was so much struck even with the imperfect account which I gave him of Dr. Johnson's conversation, that to his honour be it recorded, when I complained that drinking port and sitting up late with him, affected my nerves for some time after, he said, "One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man."

On Tuesday, July 18, I found tall Sir Thomas Robinson,¹ sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said that the King of Prussia valued himself upon three things;—upon being a hero, a musician, and an authour. JOHNSON. "Pretty well, Sir, for one man. As to his being an authour, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you may

¹ [The elder brother of the first Lord Rokeby, called long Sir Thomas Robinson, on account of his height, and to distinguish him from Sir Thomas Robinson, first Lord Grantham. He was a familiar acquaintance of Lord Chesterfield, and by him, as Hawkins relates, employed as a mediator with Johnson, who, on his first visit, treated him very indignantly. It was on his request for an epigram that Lord Chesterfield made the distich—

"Unlike my subject will I make my song.
It shall be witty and it sha'n't be long:"

and to whom he said in his last illness, "Ah, Sir Thomas, it will be sooner over with me than it would be with you, for I am dying by inches." Lord Chesterfield was very short. Sir Thomas did not long survive his witty friend, and died in 1777.—CROKER.]

suppose Voltaire's footboy to do, who has been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the colouring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works." When I was at Ferney, I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterised as "a superstitious dog;" but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, "An honest fellow!"

But I think the criticism much too severe; for the "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg" are written as well as many works of that kind. His poetry, for the style of which he himself makes a frank apology, "*Jargonnant un François barbare*," though fraught with pernicious ravings of infidelity, has, in many places, great animation, and in some a pathetick tenderness.

Upon this contemptuous animadversion on the King of Prussia, I observed to Johnson, "It would seem then, Sir, that much less parts are necessary to make a King, than to make an Authour: for the King of Prussia is confessedly the greatest King now in Europe, yet you think he makes a very poor figure as an authour."

Mr. Levett this day shewed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his Chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves, in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they perhaps might contain portions of the Rambler, or of Rasselas. I observed an apparatus for chymical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favourable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me, that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant when he wanted to study, secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. "A servant's strict regard for truth (said he) must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but

few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself*." I am, however, satisfied that every servant, of any degree of intelligence, understands saying his master is not at home, not at all as the affirmation of a fact, but as customary words, intimating that his master wishes not to be seen ; so that there can be no bad effect from it

Mr. Temple, now vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall,¹ who had been my intimate friend for many years, had at this time chambers in Farrar's-buildings, at the bottom of Inner Temple-lane, which he kindly lent me upon my quitting my lodgings, he being to return to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I found them particularly convenient for me, as they were so near Dr. Johnson's.

On Wednesday, July 20, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Dempster, and my uncle, Dr. Boswell, who happened to be now in London, supped with me at these Chambers. JOHNSON. "Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity ; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and finding it late, have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist. No, Sir, I wish him to drive on."

Mr. Alexander Donaldson, bookseller, of Edinburgh, had for some time opened a shop in London, and sold his cheap editions of the most popular English books, in defiance of the supposed common-law right of *Literary Property*. Johnson, though he concurred in the opinion which was afterwards sanctioned by a judgement of the House of Lords, that there was no such right,

¹ [William Johnson Temple, LL.B., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Boswell had formed an intimacy with this gentleman at the University of Glasgow. Temple's sketch of Gray's character, adopted both by Mason and Johnson, has transmitted his name to posterity. For some particulars of his preferment and works, see Mitford's *Gray*, p. lii. He died Aug. 8. 1796.—MARKLAND.] [Letters of Boswell to this friend of his were discovered at Boulogne in a parcel of waste paper, and published in 1857.]

was at this time very angry that the Booksellers of London, for whom he uniformly professed much regard, should suffer from an invasion of what they had ever considered to be secure ; and he was loud and violent against Mr. Donaldson. " He is a fellow who takes advantage of the law to injure his brethren ; for notwithstanding that the statute secures only fourteen years of exclusive right, it has always been understood by the *trade*, that he, who buys the copyright of a book from the authour obtains a perpetual property ; and upon that belief, numberless bargains are made to transfer that property after the expiration of the statutory term. Now Donaldson, I say, takes advantage here, of people who have really an equitable title from usage ; and if we consider how few of the books, of which they buy the property, succeed so well as to bring profit, we should be of opinion that the term of fourteen years is too short ; it should be sixty years." DEMPSTER. " Donaldson, Sir, is anxious for the encouragement of literature. He reduces the price of books, so that poor students may buy them." JOHNSON (laughing). " Well, Sir, allowing that to be his motive, he is no better than Robin Hood, who robbed the rich in order to give to the poor."

It is remarkable, that when the great question concerning Literary Property came to be ultimately tried before the supreme tribunal of this country, in consequence of the very spirited exertions of Mr. Donaldson, Dr. Johnson was zealous against a perpetuity ; but he thought that the term of the exclusive right of authours should be considerably enlarged. He was then for granting a hundred years.

The conversation now turned upon Mr. David Hume's style. JOHNSON. " Why, Sir, his style is not English ; the structure of his sentences is French. Now the French structure and the English stucture may, in the nature of things, be equally good. But if you allow that the English language is established, he is wrong. My name might originally have been Nicholson, as well as Johnson ; but were you to call me Nicholson now, you would call me very absurdly."

Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was at this time a fashionable topick. It gave rise to an observation by

Mr. Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who ought to value only merit. JOHNSON. "If man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, Sir, in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyse this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing: but put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shewn to be very insignificant. In civilized society, personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty fixes your allowance at three pounds a year; but as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, Sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, Sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on, as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having the large fortune: for, *cæteris paribus*, he who is rich in a civilized society must be happier than he who is poor; as riches, if properly used (and it is a man's own fault if they are not), must be productive of the highest advantages. Money, to be sure, of itself is of no use: for its only use is to part with it. Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of

novelty.¹ When I was a boy I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments, than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing; why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, Sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, Sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, shew it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune.—So you hear people talking how miserable a King must be; and yet they all wish to be in his place."

It was suggested that Kings must be unhappy because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society. JOHNSON. "That is an ill-founded notion. Being a King does not exclude a man from such society. Great Kings have always been social. The King of Prussia, the only great King at present, is very social. Charles the Second, the last King of England who was a man of parts, was social; and our Henrys and Edwards were all social."

Mr. Dempster having endeavoured to maintain that intrinsick merit *ought* to make the only distinction amongst mankind,

¹ [Johnson told Dr. Burney that Goldsmith said, when he first began to write, he determined to commit to paper nothing but what was *new*; but he afterwards found that what was *new* was generally false, and from that time was no longer solicitous about novelty.—BURNBY.]

JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsick merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not long acquiesce, but would endeavour to obtain a superiority by their bodily strength. But, Sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind, that is to say, all civilized nations, have settled it upon a plain invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain offices gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure."

I said, I consider distinction of rank to be of so much importance in civilized society, that if I were asked on the same day to dine with the first Duke in England, and with the first man in Britain for genius, I should hesitate which to prefer. JOHNSON. "To be sure, Sir, if you were to dine only once, and it were never to be known where you dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first man for genius; but to gain most respect, you should dine with the first Duke in England. For nine people in ten that you meet with, would have a higher opinion of you for having dined with a Duke; and the great genius himself would receive you better, because you had been with the great Duke."

He took care to guard himself against any possible suspicion that his settled principles of reverence for rank and respect for wealth were at all owing to mean or interested motives; for he asserted his own independence as a literary man. "No man (said he) who ever lived by literature, has lived more independently than I have done." He said he had taken longer time than he needed to have done in composing his Dictionary. He received our compliments upon that great work with complacency, and told us that the Academy *della Crusca* could scarcely believe that it was done by one man.

Next morning I found him alone, and have preserved the following fragments of his conversation. Of a gentleman who

was mentioned, he said, "I have not met with any man for a long time who has given me such general displeasure. He is totally unfixed in his principles, and wants to puzzle other people." I said his principles had been poisoned by a noted infidel writer, but that he was nevertheless, a benevolent, good man. JOHNSON. "We can have no dependence upon that instinctive, that constitutional goodness, which is not founded upon principle. I grant you that such a man may be a very amiable member of society. I can conceive him placed in such a situation that he is not much tempted to deviate from what is right; and as every man prefers virtue, when there is not some strong incitement to transgress its precepts, I can conceive him doing nothing wrong. But if such a man stood in need of money, I should not like to trust him; and I should certainly not trust him with young ladies, for *there*, there is always temptation. Hume, and other sceptical innovators, are vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expence. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, Sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull. If I could have allowed myself to gratify my vanity at the expence of truth, what fame might I have acquired? Every thing which Hume has advanced against Christianity had passed through my mind long before he wrote. Always remember this, that after a system is well settled upon positive evidence, a few partial objections ought not to shake it. The human mind is so limited, that it cannot take in all the parts of a subject, so that there may be objections raised against any thing. There are objections against a *plenum*, and objections against a *vacuum*; yet one of them must certainly be true."

I mentioned Hume's argument against the belief of miracles, that it is more probable that the witnesses to the truth of them are mistaken, or speak falsely, than that the miracles should be true. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the great difficulty of proving miracles should make us very cautious in believing them. But let us consider; although GOD has made Nature to operate by certain fixed laws, yet it is not unreasonable to think that he may suspend those laws, in order to establish a system highly

advantageous to mankind. Now the Christian Religion is a most beneficial system, as it gives us light and certainty where we were before in darkness and doubt. The miracles which prove it are attested by men who had no interest in deceiving us; but who, on the contrary, were told that they should suffer persecution, and did actually lay down their lives in confirmation of the truth of the facts which they asserted. Indeed, for some centuries the heathens did not pretend to deny the miracles; but said they were performed by the aid of evil spirits. This is a circumstance of great weight. Then, Sir, when we take the proofs derived from prophecies which have been so exactly fulfilled, we have most satisfactory evidence. Supposing a miracle possible, as to which, in my opinion, there can be no doubt, we have as strong evidence for the miracles in support of Christianity, as the nature of the thing admits."

At night, Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk's Head coffee-house, in the Strand.¹ "I encourage this house, (said he,) for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business."

"Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age, they have more wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now.² My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.'"

¹ [A coffee-house over against Catherine Street, in the Strand, recently rebuilt and called "Wright's Hotel."—P. CUNNINGHAM.]

² [His great period of study was from the age of twelve to that of eighteen; as he told Mr. Langton, who gave me this information.—MALONE.]

This account of his reading, given by himself in plain words, sufficiently confirms what I had already advanced upon the disputed question as to his application. It reconciles any seeming inconsistency in his way of talking upon it at different times; and shews that idleness and reading hard were with him relative terms, the import of which, as used by him, must be gathered from a comparison with what scholars of different degrees of ardour and assiduity have been known to do. And let it be remembered, that he was now talking spontaneously, and expressing his genuine sentiments; whereas at other times he might be induced, from his spirit of contradiction, or more properly from his love of argumentative contest, to speak lightly of his own application to study. It is pleasing to consider that the old gentleman's gloomy prophecy as to the irksomeness of books to men of an advanced age, which is too often fulfilled, was so far from being verified in Johnson, that his ardour for literature never failed, and his last writings had more ease and vivacity than any of his earlier productions.

He mentioned it to me now, for the first time, that he had been distressed by melancholy, and for that reason had been obliged to fly from study and meditation to the dissipating variety of life. Against melancholy he recommended constant occupation of mind, a great deal of exercise, moderation in eating and drinking, and especially to shun drinking at night. He said melancholy people were apt to fly to intemperance for relief, but that it sunk them much deeper in misery. He observed, that labouring men who work hard, and live sparingly, are seldom or never troubled with low spirits.

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. "Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman, and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay,¹ in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on

¹ This *one* Mrs. Macaulay was the same personage who afterwards made herself so much known as "the celebrated female historian."

a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking, I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, Sir, shewed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?"

I mentioned a certain authour who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by shewing no deference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted. JOHNSON. "Suppose a shoemaker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a Lord: how he would stare. 'Why, Sir, do you stare?' (says the shoemaker). I do great service to society. 'Tis true I am paid for doing it; but so are you, Sir: and I am sorry to say it, better paid than I am, for doing something not so necessary. For mankind could do better without your books than without my shoes.' Thus, Sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental."

He said, Dr. Joseph Warton was a very agreeable man, and his "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope" a very pleasing book. I wondered that he delayed so long to give us the continuation of it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I suppose he finds himself a little disappointed, in not having been able to persuade the world to be of his opinion as to Pope."

We have now been favoured with the concluding volume, in which, to use a parliamentary expression, he has *explained*, so as not to appear quite so adverse to the opinion of the world, concerning Pope, as was at first thought; and we must all agree, that his work is a most valuable accession to English literature.

A writer of deserved eminence being mentioned, Johnson said, "Why, Sir, he is a man of good parts, but being originally poor, he has got a love of mean company and low jocularities; a very

bad thing, Sir. To laugh is good, and to talk is good. But you ought no more to think it enough if you laugh, than you are to think it enough if you talk. You may laugh in as many ways as you talk; and surely *every* way of talking that is practised cannot be esteemed."

I spoke of Sir James Macdonald as a young man of most distinguished merit, who united the highest reputation at Eton and Oxford, with the patriarchal spirit of a great Highland Chieftain. I mentioned that Sir James had said to me, that he had never seen Mr. Johnson, but he had a great respect for him, though at the same time it was mixed with some degree of terror. JOHNSON. "Sir, if he were to be acquainted with me, it might lessen both."

The mention of this gentleman led us to talk of the Western Islands of Scotland, to visit which he expressed a wish that then appeared to me a very romantick fancy, which I little thought would be afterwards realised. He told me that his father had put Martin's account of those islands into his hands when he was very young, and that he was highly pleased with it; that he was particularly struck with the St. Kilda man's notion that the high church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock; a circumstance to which old Mr. Johnson had directed his attention. He said he would go to the Hebrides with me when I returned from my travels, unless some very good companion should offer when I was absent, which he did not think probable; adding, "There are few people whom I take so much to as you." And when I talked of my leaving England, he said with a very affectionate air, "My dear Boswell, I should be very unhappy at parting, did I think we were not to meet again."—I cannot too often remind my readers, that although such instances of his kindness are doubtless very flattering to me, yet I hope my recording them will be ascribed to a better motive than to vanity; for they afford unquestionable evidence of his tenderness and complacency, which some, while they were forced to acknowledge his great powers, have been so strenuous to deny.

He maintained that a boy at school was the happiest of human beings. I supported a different opinion, from which I have never yet varied, that a man is happier: and I enlarged upon the anxiety and sufferings which are endured at school. JOHNSON.

"Ah! Sir, a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him. Men have a solicitude about fame; and the greater share they have of it, the more afraid they are of losing it." I silently asked myself, "Is it possible that the great SAMUEL JOHNSON really entertains any such apprehension, and is not confident that his exalted fame is established upon a foundation never to be shaken?"

He this evening drank a bumper to Sir David Dalrymple, "as a man of worth, a scholar, and a wit." "I have (said he,) never heard of him, except from you; but let him know my opinion of him: for as he does not shew himself much in the world, he should have the praise of the few who hear of him."

On Tuesday, July 26, I found Mr. Johnson alone. It was a very wet day, and I again complained of the disagreeable effects of such weather. JOHNSON. "Sir, this is all imagination, which physicians encourage; for man lives in air, as a fish lives in water; so that if the atmosphere press heavy from above, there is an equal resistance from below. To be sure, bad weather is hard upon people who are obliged to be abroad; and men cannot labour so well in the open air in bad weather as in good; but, Sir, a smith or a taylor, whose work is within doors, will surely do as much in rainy weather, as in fair. Some very delicate frames, indeed, may be affected by wet weather; but not common constitutions."

We talked of the education of children; and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the meantime your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both."

On Thursday, July 28, we again supped in private at the Turk's Head coffee-house. JOHNSON. "Swift has a higher reputation than he deserves. His excellence is strong sense; for his humour, though very well, is not remarkably good. I doubt whether the 'Tale of a Tub' be his; for he never owned it, and it is much above his usual manner."¹

¹ This opinion was given by him more at large at a subsequent period. See "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3d edit. p. 32.

"Thomson, I think, had as much of the poet about him as most writers. Every thing appeared to him through the medium of his favourite pursuit. He could not have viewed those two candles burning but with a poetical eye."

"Has not¹ —— a great deal of wit, Sir?" JOHNSON. "I do not think so, Sir. He is, indeed, continually attempting wit, but he fails. And I have no more pleasure in hearing a man attempting wit and failing, than in seeing a man trying to leap over a ditch and tumbling into it."

He laughed heartily when I mentioned to him a saying of his concerning Mr. Thomas Sheridan, which Foote took a wicked pleasure to circulate. "Why, Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature."—"So, (said he,) I allowed him all his own merit."

He now added, "Sheridan cannot bear me. I bring his declamation to a point. I ask him a plain question, 'What do you mean to teach?' Besides, Sir, what influence can Mr. Sheridan have upon the language of this great country, by his narrow exertions? Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover, to shew light at Calais."

Talking of a young man² who was uneasy from thinking that he was very deficient in learning and knowledge, he said, "A man has no reason to complain who holds a middle place, and has many below him; and perhaps he has not six of his years above him;—perhaps not one. Though he may not know any thing perfectly, the general mass of knowledge that he has acquired is considerable. Time will do for him all that is wanting."

The conversation then took a philosophical turn. JOHNSON. "Human experience, which is constantly contradicting theory, is the great test of truth. A system, built upon the discoveries of a great many minds, is always of more strength, than what is

¹ [There is no doubt that this blank must be filled with the name of Mr. Burke. See *post*, Aug. 15. and Sept. 15. 1773, and April 25, 1778 — CROKER.]

² [No doubt Boswell himself, now about twenty-two.—CROKER.]

produced by the mere workings of any one mind, which, of itself, can do little. There is not so poor a book in the world that would not be a prodigious effort were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators. The French writers are superficial, because they are not scholars, and so proceed upon the mere power of their own minds; and we see how very little power they have."

"As to the Christian Religion, Sir, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favour from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer."

He this evening again recommended to me to perambulate Spain.¹ I said it would amuse him to get a letter from me dated at Salamanca. JOHNSON. "I love the University of Salamanca; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the University of Salamanca gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful." He spoke this with great emotion, and with that generous warmth which dictated the lines in his "London," against Spanish encroachment.²

I expressed my opinion of my friend Derrick as but a poor writer. JOHNSON. "To be sure, Sir, he is: but you are to consider that his being a literary man has got for him all that he has. It has made him King of Bath. Sir, he has nothing to say for himself but that he is a writer. Had he not been a

¹ I fully intended to have followed advice of such weight; but having staid much longer both in Germany and Italy than I proposed to do, and having also visited Corsica, I found that I had exceeded the time allowed me by my father, and hastened to France in my way homewards.

² ["Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by Spain?"]—CROKER.]

writer, he must have been sweeping the crossings in the streets and asking halfpence from every body that passed."

In justice, however, to the memory of Mr. Derrick, who was my first tutor in the ways of London, and shewed me the town in all its variety of departments both literary and sportive, the particulars of which Dr. Johnson advised me to put in writing, it is proper to mention what Johnson, at a subsequent period, said of him both as a writer and an editor: "Sir, I have often said, that if Derrick's letters had been written by one of a more established name, they would have been thought very pretty letters."¹ And, "I sent Derrick to Dryden's relations to gather materials for his life; and I believe he got all that I myself should have got."²

Poor Derrick! I remember him with kindness. Yet I cannot withhold from my readers a pleasant humourous sally which could not have hurt him had he been alive, and now is perfectly harmless. In his collection of poems, there is one upon entering the harbour of Dublin, his native city, after a long absence. It begins thus:

"Eblana! much lov'd city, hail!
Where first I saw the light of day."

And after a solemn reflection on his being "numbered with forgotten dead," there is the following stanza:

"Unless my lines protract my fame,
And those, who chance to read them, cry,
I knew him! Derrick was his name,
In yonder tomb his ashes lie";

which was thus happily parodied by Mr. John Home, to whom we owe the beautiful and pathetick tragedy of "Douglas":

"Unless my *deeds* protract my fame,
And he who passes sadly sings,
I knew him! Derrick was his name,
On yonder tree his carcase swings!"

I doubt much whether the amiable and ingenious authour of these burlesque lines will recollect them; for they were produced

¹ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 2d edit. p. 104.

² Ibid. p. 142. [Derrick died in March, 1769]

extempore one evening while he and I were walking together in the dining-room at Eglintoune Castle, in 1760, and I have never mentioned them to him since.

Johnson said once to me, "Sir, I honour Derrick for his presence of mind. One night, when Floyd,¹ another poor authour, was wandering about the streets in the night, he found Derrick fast asleep upon a bulk; upon being suddenly waked, Derrick suddenly started up, 'My dear Floyd, I am sorry to see you in this destitute state; will you go home with me to *my lodgings*.'"

I again begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht. "Come, (said he,) let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there." The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. "No, no, my girl, (said Johnson,) it won't do." He, however, did not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched life of such women, and agreed, that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. "Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet, (said I,) people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give,

¹ Thomas Floyd published, in 1760, *Bibliotheca Biographica; a Synopsis of Universal Biography*, in three volumes, 8vo.

my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir, (said the boy,) I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir, (said he,) a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

We landed at the Old Swan, and walked to Billingsgate, where we took oars, and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called methodists¹ have. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which

¹ All who are acquainted with the history of religion, (the most important, surely, that concerns the human mind,) know that the appellation of *Methodists* was first given to a society of students in the University of Oxford, who about the year 1730, were distinguished by an earnest and *methodical* attention to devout exercises. This disposition of mind is not a novelty, or peculiar to any sect, but has been and still may be found, in many Christians of every denomination. Johnson himself was, in a dignified manner, a Methodist. In his *Rambler*, No. 110, he mentions with respect "the whole discipline of regulated piety;" and in his "Prayers and Meditations," many instances occur of his anxious examination into his spiritual state. That this religious earnestness, and in particular an observation of the influence of the Holy Spirit, has sometimes degenerated into folly, and sometimes been counterfeited for base purposes, cannot be denied. But it is not, therefore, fair to decry it when genuine. The principal argument in reason and good sense against methodism is, that it tends to debase human nature, and prevent the generous exertions of goodness, by an unworthy supposition that GOD will pay no regard to them; although it is positively said in the Scriptures, that He "will reward every man according to his works." But I am happy to have it in my power to do justice to those whom it is the fashion to ridicule, without any knowledge of their tenets; and this I can do by quoting a passage from one of their best apologists, Mr. Milner, who thus expresses their doctrine upon this subject: "Justified by faith, renewed in his faculties, and constrained by the love of Christ, the believer moves in the sphere of love and gratitude, and all his duties flow more or less from this principle. And though they are accumulating for him in heaven a treasure of bliss proportioned to his faithfulness and activity, and it is by no means inconsistent with his principles to feel the force of this consideration, yet love itself sweetens every duty to his mind; and he thinks there is no absurdity in his feeling the love of GOD as the grand commanding principle of his life."—*Essays on several religious Subjects, &c.*, by Joseph Milner, A.M., Master of the Grammar School of Kingston-upon-Hull, 1789, p. 11.

clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations ; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people : but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and shew them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country." Let this observation, as Johnson meant it, be ever remembered.

I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his "London" as a favourite scene. I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm :

"On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood :
Pleas'd with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth."

He remarked that the structure of Greenwich hospital was too magnificent for a place of charity, and that its parts were too much detached, to make one great whole.

Buchanan, he said, was a very fine poet ; and, observed that he was the first who complimented a lady, by ascribing to her the different perfections of the heathen goddesses ;¹ but that Johnstone² improved upon this, by making his lady, at the same time, free from their defects.

He dwelt upon Buchanan's elegant verses to Mary, Queen of Scots, *Nympha Caledoniæ*, &c., and spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty of Latin verse. "All the modern languages (said he) cannot furnish so melodious a line as

'Formosam resonare doces Amarillida silvas.'"³

¹ [Epigram. Lib. II. "In Elizabeth. Anglæ Reg."—I suspect that the author's memory here deceived him, and that Johnson said, "the first modern poet ;" for there is a well-known Epigram in the ANTHOLOGIA containing this kind of eulogy.—MALONE.]

² [Arthur Johnstone, born near Aberdeen in 1587, an elegant Latin poet. His principal works are a volume of epigrams (in which is to be found that to which Dr. Johnson alludes) and a Latin paraphrase of the Psalms. He died at Oxford in 1641.—CROKER.]

³ ["And the wood rings with Amarillis' name."—Virg. *Ecl.* i. 5.]

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study. And here I am to mention with much regret, that my record of what he said is miserably scanty. I recollect with admiration an animating blaze of eloquence, which roused every intellectual power in me to the highest pitch, but must have dazzled me so much, that my memory could not preserve the substance of his discourse ; for the note which I find of it is no more than this :—“He ran over the grand scale of human knowledge ; advised me to select some particular branch to excel in, but to acquire a little of every kind.” The defect of my minutes will be fully supplied by a long letter upon the subject, which he favoured me with, after I had been some time at Utrecht, and which my readers will have the pleasure to peruse in its proper place.

We walked, in the evening, in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, “Is not this very fine?” Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with “the busy hum of men,” I answered, “Yes, Sir ; but not equal to Fleet-street.” JOHNSON. “You are right, Sir.”

I am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of taste. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of a very fashionable Baronet¹ in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, “This may be very well ; but for my part, I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the play-house.”

We staid so long at Greenwich, that our sail up the river, in our return to London, was by no means so pleasant as in the morning ; for the night air was so cold that it made me shiver. I was the more sensible of it from having sat up all the night before recollecting and writing in my Journal what I thought

¹ My friend Sir Michael Le Fleming, of Rydal, in Westmoreland. This gentleman, with all his experience of sprightly and elegant life, inherits, with the beautiful family domain, no inconsiderable share of that love of literature, which distinguished his venerable grandfather, the Bishop of Carlisle. He one day observed to me, of Dr. Johnson, in a felicity of phrase, “There is a blunt dignity about him on every occasion.”

[Sir Michael Le Fleming died of an apoplectick fit, while conversing at the Admiralty with Lord Howick, (now the Earl Grey,) May 19, 1806.—MALONE.]

worthy of preservation; an exertion which, during the first part of my acquaintance with Johnson, I frequently made. I remember having sat up four nights in one week, without being much incommoded in the day-time.

Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, "Why do you shiver?" Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me, that when he complained of a headach in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner: "At your age, Sir, I had no headach." It is not easy to make allowance for sensations in others, which we ourselves have not at the time. We must all have experienced how very differently we are affected by the complaints of our neighbours, when we are well, and when we are ill. In full health, we can scarcely believe that they suffer much; so faint is the image of pain upon our imagination: when softened by sickness, we readily sympathize with the sufferings of others.

We concluded the day at the Turk's Head coffee-house very socially. He was pleased to listen to a particular account which I gave him of my family, and of its hereditary estate, as to the extent and population of which he asked questions, and made calculations; recommending, at the same time, a liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom the proprietor was placed by Providence. He took delight in hearing my description of the romantick seat of my ancestors. "I must be there, Sir, (said he,) and we will live in the old castle; and if there is not a room in it remaining, we will build one." I was highly flattered, but could scarcely indulge a hope that Auchinleck would indeed be honoured by his presence, and celebrated by a description, as it afterwards was, in his "*Journey to the Western Islands*."

After we had again talked of my setting out for Holland, he said, "I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you to Harwich." I could not find words to express what I felt upon this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate regard.

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. JOHNSON. "Sir, a woman's preaching

is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well ; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

On Tuesday, August 2, (the day of my departure from London having been fixed for the 5th,) Dr. Johnson did me the honour to pass a part of the morning with me at my chambers. He said, that "he always felt an inclination to do nothing." I observed, that it was strange to think that the most indolent man in Britain had written the most laborious work, THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

I mentioned an imprudent publication by a certain friend of his, at an early period of life, and asked him if he thought it would hurt him. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; not much. It may, perhaps, be mentioned at an election."¹

I had now made good my title to be a privileged man, and was carried by him in the evening to drink tea with Miss Williams, whom, though under the misfortune of having lost her sight, I found to be agreeable in conversation ; for she had a variety of literature, and expressed herself well ; but her peculiar value was the intimacy in which she had long lived with Johnson, by which she was well acquainted with his habits, and knew how to lead him on to talk.

After tea he carried me to what he called his walk, which was a long narrow paved court in the neighbourhood,² overshadowed by some trees. There we sauntered a considerable time ; and I complained to him that my love of London and of his company was such, that I shrunk almost from the thought of going away

¹ [This probably alludes to Mr. Burke's *Vindication of Natural Society*, a work published in 1756, in a happy imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style, and in an ironical adoption of his principles : the whole was so well done, that it at first passed as a genuine work of Lord Bolingbroke's, and subsequently as a serious and (as in style and imagery it certainly is) splendid exposition of the principles of one of his disciples. Lord Chesterfield and Bishop Warburton are stated to have been so deceived ; and it would seem, from the passage in the text, that Johnson and Boswell were in the same error. In 1765, Mr. Burke reprinted this piece, with a preface, in which he throws off altogether the mask of irony. Mr. Boswell calls him a friend of Johnson's, for he himself had not yet met Mr. Burke.—CROKER.]

² [This was probably the court running off from the eastern corner of Gough-square, towards Shoe-lane. There are still two trees to be seen in the line, and there were probably many more at the time Boswell speaks of.]

even to travel, which is generally so much desired by young men. He roused me by manly and spirited conversation. He advised me, when settled in any place abroad, to study with an eagerness after knowledge, and to apply to Greek an hour every day; and when I was moving about, to read diligently the great book of mankind.

On Wednesday, August 3, we had our last social evening at the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. JOHNSON. "What do they make me say, Sir?" BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, as an instance very strange indeed, (laughing heartily as I spoke,) David Hume told me, you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon to restore the Convocation to its full powers." Little did I apprehend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convinced of my error; for, with a determined look, he thundered out, "And would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian *Kirk* of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?" He was walking up and down the room, while I told him the anecdote; but when he uttered this explosion of high-church zeal he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the church with great external respectability.

I must not omit to mention that he this year wrote "The Life of Ascham,"¹ and the Dedication to the Earl of Shaftesbury,[†] prefixed to the edition of that writer's English works, published by Mr. Bennet.²

¹ [Johnson was, in fact, the editor of this work, as appears from a letter of Mr. T. Davies to the Rev. Edm. Bettesworth:—"Reverend Sir,—I take the liberty to send you Roger Ascham's works in English. Though Mr. Bennet's name is in the title, the editor was in reality Mr. Johnson, the author of the *Rambler*, who wrote the life of the author, and added several notes. Mr. Johnson gave it to Mr. Bennet, for his advantage," &c. I have not discovered why Johnson took this interest in Mr. Bennet.—CROKER.]

² [This edition was published by subscription, and Dr. Johnson wrote the

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage-coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman, and a young Dutchman, seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said that she had done her best to educate her children; and particularly, that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. JOHNSON. "I wish, Madam, you would educate me too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life." "I am sure, Sir, (said she,) you have not been idle." JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, it is very true: and that gentleman there, (pointing to me,) has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever." I asked him privately how he could expose me so. JOHNSON. "Poh poh! (said he) they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more."

In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholicks, and of the horrors of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained, that "false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dare to attack the

Proposals, which were issued by Messrs. Dodsley, and John Newbery, in Feb. 1758. The following passage carries irresistible internal evidence:

"The first degree of literary reputation is certainly due to him who adorns or improves his country by original writings: but some degree, if not of fame, at least of benevolence, may be claimed by such as carry on the work of learning in humbler stations, by preserving or retrieving books which time has obscured, or over-sight neglected.

"To this inferior degree of praise I hope to be entitled by the edition which I now offer to the public of the English works of Mr. Ascham, a man in his own time of high eminence, admitted to the familiarity of the great, and the correspondence of the learned, and advanced by his merit to the honour of instructing that Queen, at whose name every Englishman exults. That the productions of such a writer should fall into oblivion would be somewhat strange, if every nation did not afford instances of the like neglect. There is a time when it is necessary to look back, and inquire what we have left behind in the progress of knowledge. On this design many English criticks have been lately employed, and some of our ancient writers have been diligently illustrated. I hope the same candour which has favoured their endeavours, will encourage mine: for none of them have endeavoured to retrieve an authour of more learning or greater elegance."—CHALMERS.]

established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition."

He had in his pocket "*Pomponius Mela de Situ Orbis*," in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography.

Though by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute, that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only six-pence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers who gave him no more than his due. This was a just reprimand; for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any articles for which there is a constant demand.

He talked of Mr. Blacklock's¹ poetry, so far as it was descriptive of visible objects: and observed that "as its authour had the misfortune to be blind, we may be absolutely sure that such passages are combinations of what he has remembered of the works of other writers who could see. That foolish fellow Spence, has laboured to explain philosophically how Blacklock may have done, by means of his own faculties, what it is impossible he should do. The solution, as I have given it, is plain. Suppose, I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him; shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures that, perhaps, his nerves have by some unknown change all at once become effective? No, Sir, it is clear how he got into a different room; he was *carried*."

¹ [Dr. Thomas Blacklock was the son of a Scotch bricklayer. He was blinded by smallpox in his infancy, and developed more than usual powers through being much read to by friends. When he was nineteen his father was crushed by the fall of a kiln. Dr. Stevenson of Edinburgh then befriended the blind youth, gave him access to higher culture, enabled him to become a scholar and a poet, to take an office in the University as means of life, then to take orders and become D.D. It was Blacklock who helped Burns with the first words of warm encouragement and found him friends at Edinburgh in 1787.]

Having stopped a night at Colchester, Johnson talked of that town with veneration, for having stood a siege for Charles the First. The Dutchman alone now remained with us. He spoke English tolerably well; and thinking to recommend himself to us by expatiating on the superiority of the criminal jurisprudence of this country over that of Holland, he inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture, in order to force a confession. But Johnson was as ready for this as for the Inquisition. "Why, Sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered as a favour to an accused person; for no man is put to the torture there, unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person, among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment, than those who are tried among us."

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. "Some people (said he) have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind any thing else." He now appeared to me *Jean Bull philosophe*, and he was for the moment, not only serious, but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his *Rambler* is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite; which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher,

who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly *abstemious*, was not a *temperate* man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he eat upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger ; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he eat, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember when he was in Scotland, his praising "*Gordon's palates*" (a dish of palates at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honour to more important subjects. "As for Maclaurin's imitation of a *made dish*, it was a wretched attempt." He about the same time was so much displeased with the performances of a nobleman's French cook, that he exclaimed with vehemence, "I'd throw such a rascal into the river ;" and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill : "I, Madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home ; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook : whereas, Madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough to be sure : but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to." On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when he had dined with his neighbour and landlord, in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen, the printer,¹ whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in every thing, he pronounced

¹ [Edward Allen was a very excellent printer in Bolt Court. His office united to Johnson's dwelling. He died in 1780.—NICHOLS.]

this eulogy: "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner, had there been a *Synod of Cooks*." ¹

While we were left by ourselves, after the Dutchman had gone to bed, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behaviour which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it: and said, "I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course."

He flattered me with some hopes that he would, in the course of the following summer, come over to Holland, and accompany me in a tour through the Netherlands.

I teased him with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. A moth having fluttered round the candle, and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to admonish me; saying, with a sly look, and in a solemn but a quiet tone, "That creature was its own tormenter, and I believe its name was BOSWELL."

¹ [Johnson's notions about eating, says Mrs. Piozzi, however, were nothing less than delicate: a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie with plums and sugar, or the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef, were his favourite dainties. with regard to drink, his liking was for the strongest, as it was not the flavour, but the effect he sought for, and professed to desire: and when I first knew him, he used to pour capillaire into his port wine. For the last twelve years, however, he left off all fermented liquors. To make himself some amends, indeed, he took his chocolate liberally, pouring in large quantities of cream, or even melted butter; and was so fond of fruit, that though he would eat seven or eight large peaches of a morning before breakfast began, and treated them with proportionate attention after dinner again, yet I have heard him protest, that he never had quite as much as he wished of wall-fruit, except once in his life, and that was when we were all together at Ombersley, the seat of my Lord Sandys: and yet, when his Irish friend Grierson, [see *post*, sub 1770,] hearing him enumerate the qualities necessary to the formation of a poet, began a comical parody upon his ornamented harangue in praise of a cook, concluding with this observation, that he who dressed a good dinner was a more excellent and a more useful member of society than he who wrote a good poem. "And in this opinion," said Mr. Johnson, in reply, "all the dogs in the town will join you."—He loved his dinner exceedingly, and has often said in my hearing, perhaps for my edification, "that wherever the dinner is ill got up, there is poverty, or there is avarice, or there is stupidity; in short, the family is somehow grossly wrong: for," continued he, "a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of any thing than he does of his dinner: and if he cannot get that well dressed, he should be suspected of inaccuracy in other things." One day, when he was speaking upon the subject, I asked him, if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner? "So often," replied he, "that at last she called to me, when about to say grace, and said, 'Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which, in a few minutes, you will pronounce not eatable'"—CROKER.]

Next day we got to Harwich, to dinner ; and my passage in the packet-boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my baggage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined in so dull a place. JOHNSON. "Don't, Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be *terrible*, though I *were* to be detained some time here." The practice of using words of disproportionate magnitude, is, no doubt, too frequent everywhere ; but, I think, most remarkable among the French, of which, all who have travelled in France, must have been struck with innumerable instances.

We went and looked at the church, and having gone into it, and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, "Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR and REDEEMER."

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it,—"I refute it *thus*."¹ This was a stout exemplification of the *first truths* of *Père Bouffier*, or the *original principles* of Reid and of Beattie : without admitting which, we can no more argue in metaphysicks, than we can argue in mathematicks without axioms. To me it is not conceivable how Berkeley can be answered by pure reasoning ; but I know that the nice and difficult task was to have been undertaken by one of the most luminous minds² of the present age, had not politicks "turned

¹ [Dr. Johnson seems to have been imperfectly acquainted with Berkeley's doctrine : as his experiment only proves that we have the sensation of solidity, which Berkeley did not deny.—He admitted that we had sensations or ideas that are usually called sensible qualities, one of which is solidity : he only denied the existence of *matter*, *i.e.* an inert senseless substance, in which they are supposed to subsist.—Johnson's exemplification concurs with the vulgar notion, that solidity is matter.—KEARNEY.]

² [Mr. Burke.—CROKER.]

him from calm philosophy aside." What an admirable display of subtilty, united with brilliance, might his contending with Berkeley have afforded us! How must we, when we reflect on the loss of such an intellectual feast, regret that he should be characterised as the man,

"Who born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind!"

My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, "I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you." As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

Utrecht seeming at first very dull to me, after the animated scenes of London, my spirits were grievously affected; and I wrote to Johnson a plaintive and desponding letter, to which he paid no regard. Afterwards, when I had acquired a firmer tone of mind, I wrote him a second letter, expressing much anxiety to hear from him. At length I received the following epistle, which was of important service to me, and, I trust, will be so to many others.

"A MR. MR. BOSWELL, A LA COUR DE L'EMPEREUR, UTRECHT.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU are not to think yourself forgotten, or criminally neglected, that you have had yet no letter from me. I love to see my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them; but it is not without a considerable effort of resolution that I prevail upon myself to write. I would not, however, gratify my own indolence by the omission of any important duty, or any office of real kindness.

"To tell you that I am or am not well, that I have or have not been in the country, that I drank your health in the room in which we last sat together, and that your acquaintance continue to speak of you with their former kindness, topicks with which

those letters are commonly filled which are written only for the sake of writing, I seldom shall think worth communicating; but if I can have it in my power to calm any harassing disquiet, to excite any virtuous desire, to rectify any important opinion, or fortify any generous resolution, you need not doubt but I shall at least wish to prefer the pleasure of gratifying a friend much less esteemed than yourself, before the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. Whether I shall easily arrive at an exact punctuality of correspondence, I cannot tell. I shall, at present, expect that you will receive this in return for two which I have had from you. The first, indeed, gave me an account so hopeless of the state of your mind, that it hardly admitted or deserved an answer; by the second I was much better pleased; and the pleasure will still be increased by such a narrative of the progress of your studies, as may evince the continuance of an equal and rational application of your mind to some useful enquiry.

"You will, perhaps, wish to ask, what study I would recommend. I shall not speak of theology, because it ought not to be considered as a question whether you shall endeavour to know the will of GOD.

"I shall, therefore, consider only such studies as we are at liberty to pursue or to neglect; and of these I know not how you will make a better choice, than by studying the civil law, as your father advises, and the ancient languages, as you had determined for yourself; at least resolve, while you remain in any settled residence, to spend a certain number of hours every day amongst your books. The dissipation of thought of which you complain, is nothing more than the vacillation of a mind suspended between different motives, and changing its direction as any motive gains or loses strength. If you can but kindle in your mind any strong desire, if you can but keep predominant any wish for some particular excellence or attainment, the gusts of imagination will break away, without any effect upon your conduct, and commonly without any traces left upon the memory.

"There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversions and another actuate desires, till they arise by art much above their original state of power: and as affectation, in time improves to habit, they at last tyrannise over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill, was harmless; but when warmth gave him

strength, exerted it in poison. You know a gentleman, who, when first he set his foot in the gay world, as he prepared himself to whirl in the vortex of pleasure, imagined a total indifference and universal negligence to be the most agreeable concomitants of youth, and the strongest indication of an airy temper and a quick apprehension. Vacant to every object, and sensible of every impulse, he thought that all appearance of diligence would deduct something from the reputation of genius ; and hoped that he should appear to attain, amidst all the ease of carelessness, and all the tumults of diversion, that knowledge and those accomplishments which mortals of the common fabrick obtain only by mute abstraction and solitary drudgery. He tried this scheme of life awhile, was made weary of it by his sense and his virtue ; he then wished to return to his studies ; and finding long habits of idleness and pleasure harder to be cured than he expected, still willing to retain his claim to some extraordinary prerogatives, resolved the common consequences of irregularity into an unalterable decree of destiny, and concluded that Nature had originally formed him incapable of rational employment.

“Let all such fancies, illusive and destructive, be banished henceforward from your thoughts for ever. Resolve, and keep your resolution ; choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow ; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted ; but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavour to avoid the seducements that prevailed over you before.

“This, my dear Boswell, is advice which, perhaps, has been often given you, and given you without effect. But this advice, if you will not take from others, you must take from your own reflections, if you purpose to do the duties of the station to which the bounty of Providence has called you.

“Let me have a long letter from you as soon as you can. I hope you continue your Journal, and enrich it with many observations upon the country in which you reside. It will be a favour if you can get me any books in the Frisick language, and can enquire how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces.

“I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

I am sorry to observe, that neither in my own minutes, nor in my letters to Johnson which have been preserved by him, can I find any information how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces. But I shall extract from one of my letters what I learnt concerning the other subject of his curiosity.

"I have made all possible enquiry with respect to the Frisick language, and find that it has been less cultivated than any other of the northern dialects; a certain proof of which is their deficiency of books. Of the old Frisick, there are no remains, except some ancient laws preserved by Schotanus in his '*Beschryvinge van die Heerlykheid van Friesland*;' and his '*Historia Frisica*.' I have not yet been able to find these books. Professor Trotz, who formerly was of the University of Vrancken in Friesland, and is at present preparing an edition of all the Frisick laws, gave me this information. Of the modern Frisick, or what is spoken by the boors of this day, I have procured a specimen. It is Gisbert Japix's '*Rymelerie*,' which is the only book that they have. It is amazing that they have no translation of the Bible, no treatises of devotion, nor even any of the ballads and story-books which are so agreeable to country people. You shall have Japix by the first convenient opportunity. I doubt not to pick up Schotanus. Mynheer Trotz has promised me his assistance."

Early in 1764 Johnson paid a visit to the Langton family, at their seat of Langton, in Lincolnshire, where he passed some time, much to his satisfaction. His friend, Bennet Langton, it will not be doubted, did every thing in his power to make the place agreeable to so illustrious a guest; and the elder Mr. Langton and his lady, being fully capable of understanding his value, were not wanting in attention. He, however, told me, that old Mr. Langton, though a man of considerable learning, had so little allowance to make for his occasional "laxity of talk," that because, in the course of discussion, he sometimes mentioned what might be said in favour of the peculiar tenets of the Romish church, he went to his grave believing him to be of that communion.

Johnson, during his stay at Langton, had the advantage of a good library, and saw several gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

I have obtained from Mr. Langton the following particulars of this period.

He was now fully convinced that he could not have been satisfied with a country living; for talking of a respectable clergyman in Lincolnshire, he observed, "This man, Sir, fills up the duties of his life well. I approve of him, but could not imitate him."

To a lady who endeavoured to vindicate herself from blame for neglecting social attention to worthy neighbours, by saying, "I would go to them if it would do them any good;" he said, "What good, Madam, do you expect to have in your power to do them? It is shewing them respect, and that is doing them good."

So socially accommodating was he, that once, when Mr. Langton and he were driving together in a coach, and Mr. Langton complained of being sick, he insisted that they should go out, and sit on the back of it in the open air, which they did. And being sensible how strange the appearance must be, observed, that a countryman whom they saw in a field would probably be thinking, "If these two madmen should come down, what would become of me?"

Soon after his return to London, which was in February, was founded that CLUB which existed long without a name, but at Mr. Garrick's funeral became distinguished by the title of *THE LITERARY CLUB*. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which Johnson acceded; and the original members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, Soho, one evening in every week, at seven, and generally continued their conversation till a pretty late hour.¹ This club has been gradually increased to

¹ It was Johnson's original intention, that the number of this club should not exceed nine, but Mr. Dyer, a member of that in Ivy Lane before spoken of, and who for some years had been abroad, made his appearance among them, and was cordially received. The hours which Johnson spent in this society seemed to be the happiest of his life. He would often applaud his own sagacity in the selection of it, and was so constant at its meetings as never to absent himself. It is true, he came late, but then he stayed late, for,

its present number, thirty-five. After about ten years, instead of supping weekly, it was resolved to dine together once a fortnight during the meeting of Parliament. Their original tavern having been converted into a private house, they moved first to Prince's, in Sackville-street, then to Le Telier's, in Dover-street, and now meet at Parslop's, St. James's-street. Between the time of its formation, and the time at which this work is passing through the press (June, 1792),¹ the following persons, now dead, were members of it: Mr. Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton), Mr. Samuel Dyer, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Shipley Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. Vesey, Mr. Thomas Warton, and Dr. Adam Smith. The present members are, Mr. Burke, Mr. Langton, Lord Charlemont, Sir Robert Chambers, Dr. Percy Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Barnard Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Marlay Bishop of Clonfert, Mr. Fox, Dr. George Fordyce, Sir William Scott, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Windham of Norfolk, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Gibbon, Sir William Jones, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Burney, Dr. Joseph Warton, Mr. Malone, Lord Ossory, Lord Spencer, Lord Lucan, Lord Palmerston, Lord Eliot, Lord Macartney, Mr. Richard Burke, junior, Sir

as has been already said of him, he little regarded hours. Our evening toast was the motto of Padre Paolo, "*Esto perpetua.*" A lady,* distinguished by her beauty and taste for literature, invited us, two successive years, to a dinner at her house. Curiosity was her motive, and possibly a desire of intermingling with our conversation the charms of her own. She affected to consider us as a set of literary men, and perhaps gave the first occasion for distinguishing the society by the name of the "*Literary Club*," an appellation which it never assumed to itself.—At these meetings, Johnson, as indeed he did everywhere, led the conversation, yet was he far from arrogating to himself that superiority, which, some years before, he was disposed to contend for. He had seen enough of the world to know, that respect was not to be extorted, and began now to be satisfied with that degree of eminence to which his writings had exalted him. This change in his behaviour was remarked by those who were best acquainted with his character, and it rendered him an easy and delightful companion. Our discourse was miscellaneous, but chiefly literary. Politics alone were excluded.—*Hawkins*. "It was a supper-meeting then," says Mrs. Piozzi, "on a Friday night, and I fancy Dr. Nugent [Mrs. Burke's father, who was a Roman Catholic] ordered an omelet: and Johnson felt very painful sensations at the sight of that dish soon after his death, and cried, 'Ah, my poor dear friend, I shall never eat omelet with thee again!' quite in an agony."—CROKER.]

¹ [The second edition is here spoken of—MALONE.]

* [Either Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, or Mrs. Ord.—Mr. Pennington (Miss Carter's nephew) thought the latter.—CROKER].

William Hamilton, Dr. Warren, Mr. Courtenay, Dr. Hinchliffe Bishop of Peterborough, the Duke of Leeds, Dr. Douglas Bishop of Salisbury, and the writer of this account.¹

Sir John Hawkins² represents himself as a "*seceder*" from this society, and assigns as the reason of his "*withdrawing*" himself from it, that its late hours were inconsistent with his domestick arrangements. In this he is not accurate: for the fact was, that he one evening attacked Mr. Burke, in so rude a manner, that all the company testified their displeasure; and at their next meeting his reception was such that he never came again.³

He is equally inaccurate with respect to Mr. Garrick, of whom he says, "He trusted that the least intimation of a desire to come

¹ [The LITERARY CLUB has since been deprived by death of Dr. Hinchliffe Bishop of Peterborough, Mr. Gibbon, Sir William Jones, Mr. Richard Burke, Mr. Colman, Mr. Boswell, (the authour of this work,) the Marquis of Bath, Dr. Warren, Mr. Burke, the Rev. Dr. Farmer, the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Lucan, James Earl of Charlemont, Mr. Stevens, Dr. Warton, Mr. Langton, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Marlay Bishop of Waterford, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Robert Chambers, Lord Eliot, Lord Macartney, Dr. Barnard Bishop of Limerick, Mr. Fox, Dr. Horsley Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Douglas Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. French Lawrence. Its latest and its irreparable loss was that of the Right Hon. William Windham, the delight and admiration of this society, and of every other with whom he ever associated.—Of the persons above-mentioned some were chosen members of it, after the preceding account was written. It has since that time acquired Sir Charles Blagden, Major Rennell, the Hon. Frederick North, the Right Hon. George Canning, Mr. Marsden, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, the Reverend Dr. Vincent Dean of Westminster, Mr. William Lock, jun., Mr. George Ellis, Lord Minto, the Right Hon. Sir William Grant Master of the Rolls, Sir George Staunton, Bart., Mr. Charles Wilkins, the Right Hon. Sir William Drummond, Sir Henry Halford, M.D., Sir Henry Englefield, Bart., Henry Lord Holland, John Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Charles Hatchett, Mr. Charles Vaughan, Mr. Humphry Davey, and the Rev. Dr. Burney.—The Club, some years after Mr. Boswell's death, removed (in 1799) from Parsloe's to the Thatched House, in St. James's-street, where they still continue to meet.

The total number of those who have been members of this Club, from its foundation to the present time, (October, 1810), is SEVENTY-SIX, of whom FIFTY-FIVE have been authours. Of the seventy-six members above-mentioned, forty-three are dead; thirty-three living.—MALONE.] [Since the above note was written, death has deprived the Club of Mr. Malone, Mr. George Ellis, Dr. Burney, Dr. Vincent, &c.—CHALMERS.]

² Life of Johnson, p. 425.

³ From Sir Joshua Reynolds. [The Knight having refused to pay his portion of the reckoning for supper, because he usually eat no supper at home, Johnson observed "Sir John, Sir, is a very *unclubable* man."—BURNEY.]

among us would procure him a ready admission ; but in this he was mistaken. Johnson consulted me upon it; and when I could find no objection to receiving him, exclaimed,—‘He will disturb us by his buffoonery ;’—and afterwards so managed matters, that he was never formally proposed, and, by consequence, never admitted.”¹

In justice both to Mr. Garrick and Dr. Johnson, I think it necessary to rectify this mis-statement. The truth is, that not very long after the institution of our club, Sir Joshua Reynolds was speaking of it to Garrick. “I like it much, (said he,) I think I shall be of you.” When Sir Joshua mentioned this to Dr. Johnson, he was much displeased with the actor’s conceit. “*He’ll be of us*, (said Johnson,) how does he know we will *permit* him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language.” However, when Garrick was regularly proposed some time afterwards, Johnson, though he had taken a momentary offence at his arrogance, warmly and kindly supported him, and he was accordingly elected,² was a most agreeable member, and continued to attend our meetings to the time of his death.

Mrs. Piozzi³ has also given a similar misrepresentation of Johnson’s treatment of Garrick in this particular, as if he had used these contemptuous expressions: “If Garrick *does* apply, I’ll black-ball him.—Surely, one ought to sit in a society like ours,

‘Unelbow’d by a gamester, pimp, or player.’”

I am happy to be enabled by such unquestionable authority as that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as well as from my own knowledge, to vindicate at once the heart of Johnson and the social merit of Garrick.

In this year, except what he may have done in revising Shakspeare, we do not find that he laboured much in literature. He wrote a review of Grainger’s “Sugar Cane,” a poem, in the London Chronicle. He told me, that Dr. Percy wrote the greatest part of this review ; but, I imagine, he did not recollect

¹ Life of Johnson, p. 425.

² [Mr. Garrick was elected in March, 1773.—MALONE]

³ Letters to and from Dr. Johnson, vol. ii. p. 278.

it distinctly, for it appears to be mostly, if not altogether, his own. He also wrote in the *Critical Review*, an account† of Goldsmith's excellent poem, "The Traveller."

The ease and independence to which he had at last attained by royal munificence, increased his natural indolence. In his "Meditations," he thus accuses himself: "GOOD FRIDAY, April 20, 1764. I have made no reformation; I have lived totally useless, more sensual in thought, and more addicted to wine and meat."¹ And next morning he thus feelingly complains: "My indolence, since my last reception of the sacrament, has sunk into grosser sluggishness, and my dissipation spread into wilder negligence. My thoughts have been clouded with sensuality; and except that from the beginning of this year I have, in some measure, forborne excess of strong drink, my appetites have predominated over my reason. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year; and perceive that incidents and intelligence pass over me without leaving any impression." He then solemnly says, "This is not the life to which heaven is promised;"² and he earnestly resolves an amendment.

It was his custom to observe certain days with a pious abstraction: viz., New-year's day, the day of his wife's death, Good Friday, Easter-day, and his own birth-day. He this year says, "I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving: having, from the earliest time almost that I can remember, been forming schemes of a better life. I have done nothing. The need of doing, therefore, is pressing, since the time of doing is short. O GOD, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen."³ Such a tenderness of conscience, such a fervent desire of improvement, will rarely be found. It is, surely, not decent in those who are hardened in indifference to spiritual improvement, to treat this pious anxiety of Johnson with contempt.

About this time he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriack disorder, which was ever lurking about him.

¹ Prayers and Meditations, p. 53.

² Ibid. p. 51.

³ Ibid. p. 584.

He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr. Adams told me, that, as an old friend he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state, sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used this emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have been distinctly overheard. His friend, Mr. Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill says,

"That Davies has a very pretty wife,—"

when Dr. Johnson muttered—"lead us not into temptation," used, with waggish and gallant humour, to whisper Mrs. Davies, "You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends ever ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which,) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close

¹ [It used to be imagined at Mr. Thrale's, when Johnson retired to a window or corner of the room, by perceiving his lips in motion, and hearing a murmur without audible articulation, that he was praying; but this was not *always* the case, for I was once, perhaps unperceived by him, writing at a table, so near the place of his retreat, that I heard him repeating some lines in an ode of Horace, over and over again, as if by iteration to exercise the organs of speech, and fix the ode in his memory:

*Audiet cives accuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent,
Audiet pugnas*

"Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,
Of Roman arms with civil gore imbued,
Which better had the Persian foe subdued."—FRANCIS.]

[It was during the American war.—BURNEY.]

to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture: for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. A strange instance of something of this nature, even when on horse-back, happened when he was in the Isle of Sky.¹ Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good way about, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester-fields; but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollection associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention, that while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side towards his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth; sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too*: all this, accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I suppose was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.

I am fully aware how very obvious an occasion I here give for the sneering jocularities of such as have no relish of an exact

¹ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3d edit. p. 316.

likeness ; which, to render complete, he who draws it must not disdain the slightest strokes. But if wittings should be inclined to attack this account, let them have the candour to quote what I have offered in my defence.

He was for some time in the summer at Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, on a visit to the Reverend Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore.¹ Whatever dissatisfaction he felt at what he considered as a slow progress in intellectual improvement, we find that his heart was tender, and his affections warm, as appears from the following very kind letter :—

“ TO JOSHUA REYNOLDS, ESQ., IN LEICESTER-FIELDS, LONDON.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I DID not hear of your sickness till I heard likewise of your recovery, and therefore escaped that part of your pain, which every man must feel, to whom you are known as you are known to me.

“ Having had no particular account of your disorder, I know not in what state it has left you. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you ; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you, or my own interest as by preserving you, in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man whom I call a friend.

“ Pray, let me hear of you from yourself, or from dear Miss Reynolds.² Make my compliments to Mr. Mudge. I am, dear Sir,

“ Your most affectionate and most humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.

“ At the Rev. Mr. Percy's, at Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire,
(by Castle Ashby,) Aug. 19, 1764.”

¹ [He spent parts of the months of June, July, and August with me, accompanied by his friend, Mrs. Williams, whom Mrs. Percy found a very agreeable companion.—PERCY.] [Percy was the son of a grocer at Bridgenorth, who entered the Church, attached himself very profitably as a “Percy” to the Duke of Northumberland, and married, in 1759, a lady who had nursed a prince. His chief and great service to literature was the publication, in 1765, of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* from a MS. book containing copies of pieces pleasant to their transcriber, which he had found in his home at Bridgenorth.]

² Sir Joshua's sister, for whom Johnson had a particular affection, and to whom he wrote many letters which I have seen, and which I am sorry her too nice delicacy will not permit to be published.

Early in the year 1765 he paid a short visit to the University of Cambridge, with his friend Mr. Beauclerk. There is a lively picturesque account of his behaviour on this visit, in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1785, being an extract of a letter from the late Dr. John Sharp. The two following sentences are very characteristical: "He drank his large potations of tea with me, interrupted by many an indignant contradiction, and many a noble sentiment."—"Several persons got into his company the last evening at Trinity, where, about twelve, he began to be very great; stripped poor Mrs. Macaulay to the very skin, then gave her for his toast, and drank her in two bumpers."

The strictness of his self-examination, and scrupulous Christian humility, appear in his pious meditation on Easter-day this year.—

"I purpose again to partake of the blessed sacrament; yet when I consider how vainly I have hitherto resolved at this annual commemoration of my Saviour's death, to regulate my life by his laws, I am almost afraid to renew my resolutions."

The concluding words are very remarkable, and shew that he laboured under a severe depression of spirits.

"Since the last Easter I have reformed no evil habit; my time has been unprofitably spent, and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind. *My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me.* Good Lord, deliver me!"¹

No man was more gratefully sensible of any kindness done to him than Johnson. There is a little circumstance in his diary this year, which shews him in a very amiable light.

"July 2. I paid Mr. Simpson ten guineas, which he had formerly lent me in my necessity, and for which Tetty expressed her gratitude."

"July 8. I lent Mr. Simpson ten guineas more."

Here he had a pleasing opportunity of doing the same kindness to an old friend, which he had formerly received from him.

¹ Prayers and Meditations, p. 61.

Indeed his liberality as to money was very remarkable. The next article in his diary is, "July 16th, I received seventy-five pounds. Lent Mr. Davies twenty-five."

Trinity College, Dublin, at this time surprised Johnson with a spontaneous compliment of the highest academical honours, by creating him Doctor of Laws. The diploma, which is in my possession, is as follows :

"OMNIBUS ad quos præsentēs literæ pervenerint, salutem. Nos Præpositus et Socii Seniores Collegii sacrosanctæ et individuae Trinitatis Reginæ Elizabethæ juxta Dublin, testamur, Samueli Johnson, Armigero, ob egregiam scriptorum elegantiam et utilitatem, gratiam concessam fuisse pro gradu Doctoratus in utroque Jure, octavo die Julii, Anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo sexagesimo-quinto. In cujus rei testimonium singulorum manus et sigillum quo in hisce utimur apposuimus; vicesimo tertio die Julii, Anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo sexagesimo-quinto.

"GUL. CLEMENT.	FRAN. ANDREWS.	R. MURRAY.
THO. WILSON.	<i>Præp^s.</i>	ROB ^{tus} LAW.
THO. LELAND,		MICH. KEARNEY"

This unsolicited mark of distinction, conferred on so great a literary character, did much honour to the judgement and liberal spirit of that learned body. Johnson acknowledged the favour in a letter to Dr. Leland, one of their number; but I have not been able to obtain a copy of it.¹

He appears this year to have been seized with a temporary fit of ambition, for he had thoughts both of studying law and of

¹ [Since the publication of the edition in 1804, a copy of this letter has been obligingly communicated to me by John Leland, Esq., son to the learned Historian, to whom it is addressed :

"TO THE REV. DR. LELAND.

"SIR,

"Among the names subscribed to the degree which I have had the honour of receiving from the University of Dublin, I find none of which I have any personal knowledge but those of Dr. Andrews and yourself.

"Men can be estimated by those who know them not, only as they are represented by those who know them; and therefore I flatter myself that I owe much of the pleasure which this distinction gives me, to your concurrence with Dr. Andrews in recommending me to the learned society.

"Having desired the Provost to return my general thanks to the University,

engaging in politicks. His "Prayer before the Study of Law," is truly admirable :

‘Sept. 26, 1765.

"Almighty GOD, the giver of wisdom, without whose help resolutions are vain, without whose blessing study is ineffectual; enable me, if it be thy will, to attain such knowledge as may qualify me to direct the doubtful, and instruct the ignorant; to prevent wrongs and terminate contentions; and grant that I may use that knowledge which I shall attain, to thy glory and my own salvation, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen."¹

His prayer in the view of becoming a politician is entitled, "Engaging in POLITICKS with H——n," no doubt, his friend, the Right Honourable William Gerald Hamilton, for whom, during a long acquaintance, he had a great esteem, and to whose conversation he once paid this high compliment: "I am very unwilling to be left alone, Sir, and therefore I go with my company down the first pair of stairs, in some hopes that they may, perhaps, return again; I go with you, Sir, as far as the street-door." In what particular department he intended to engage,² does not appear, nor can Mr. Hamilton explain. His prayer is in general terms:

I beg that you, Sir, will accept my particular and immediate acknowledgments.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street,
London, Oct. 17, 1765."

I have not been able to recover the letter which Johnson wrote to Dr. Andrews on this occasion.—MALONE.] [The college bestowed the same degree at this time on William Melmoth, Esq., translator of Pliny, &c.—CHALMERS.]

¹ Prayers and Meditations, p. 66.

² [In the Preface to a late Collection of Mr. Hamilton's Pieces, it has been observed, that our authour was, by the generality of Johnson's words, "led to suppose that he was seized with a temporary fit of ambition, and that hence he was induced to apply his thoughts to law and politicks. But Mr. Boswell was certainly mistaken in this respect: and these words merely allude to Johnson's having at that time entered into some engagement with Mr. Hamilton occasionally to furnish him with his sentiments on the great political topics which should be considered in Parliament." In consequence of this engagement, Johnson, in November, 1766, wrote a very valuable tract, entitled, "Considerations on Corn," which is printed as an Appendix to the works of Mr. Hamiltons, published by T. Payne, 1803.—MALONE.]

"Enlighten my understanding with knowledge of right, and govern my will by thy laws, that no deceit may mislead me, nor temptation corrupt me ; and that I may always endeavour to do good, and hinder evil."¹

There is nothing upon the subject in his diary.

This year was distinguished by his being introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, one of the most eminent brewers in England, and member of Parliament for the borough of Southwark. Foreigners are not a little amazed, when they hear of brewers, distillers, and men in similar departments of trade, held forth as persons of considerable consequence. In this great commercial country it is natural that a situation which produces much wealth should be considered as very respectable ; and, no doubt, honest industry is entitled to esteem. But, perhaps, the too rapid advances of men of low extraction tends to lessen the value of that distinction by birth and gentility, which has ever been found beneficial to the grand scheme of subordination. Johnson used to give this account of the rise of Mr. Thrale's father : "He worked at six shillings a week for twenty years in the great brewery, which afterwards was his own. The proprietor of it² had an only daughter, who was married to a nobleman. It was not fit that a peer should continue the business. On the old man's death, therefore, the brewery was to be sold. To find a purchaser for so large a property was a difficult matter ; and, after some time, it was suggested, that it would be advisable to treat with Thrale, a sensible, active, honest man, who had been employed in the house, and to transfer the whole to him for thirty thousand pounds, security being taken upon the property. This was accordingly settled. In eleven years Thrale paid the purchase-money. He acquired a large fortune, and lived to be a member

¹ Prayers and Meditations, p. 67.

² [The predecessor of old Thrale was Edmund Halsey, Esq. ; the nobleman who married his daughter, was Lord Cobham, great uncle of the Marquis of Buckingham. But I believe Dr. Johnson was mistaken in assigning so very low an origin to Mr. Thrale. The Clerk of St. Albans, a very aged man, told me, that he (the elder Thrale) married a sister of Mr. Halsey. It is at least certain that the family of Thrale was of some consideration in that town : in the abbey church is a handsome monument to the memory of Mr.

of Parliament for Southwark.¹ But what was most remarkable was the liberality with which he used his riches. He gave his son and daughters the best education. The esteem which his good conduct procured him from the nobleman who had married his master's daughter, made him be treated with much attention; and his son, both at school and at the University of Oxford, associated with young men of the first rank. His allowance from his father after he left college was splendid; not less than a thousand a year. This, in a man who had risen as old Thrale did, was a very extraordinary instance of generosity. He used to say, 'If this young dog does not find so much after I am gone as he expects, let him remember that he has had a great deal in my own time.'

The son, though in affluent circumstances, had good sense enough to carry on his father's trade, which was of such an extent, that I remember he once told me, he would not quit it for an annuity of ten thousand a year; "Not (said he) that I get ten thousand a year by it, but it is an estate to a family." Having left daughters only, the property was sold for the immense sum of one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds; a magnificent proof of what may be done by fair trade in a long period of time.

There may be some who think that a new system of gentility²

John Thrale, late of London, Merchant, who died in 1704, aged 54; Margaret, his wife, and three of their children who died young, between the years 1676 and 1690. The arms upon the monument are, paly of eight, gules and or, impaling, ermine, on a chief indented vert, three wolves' (or gryphons') heads, or, couped at the neck:—Crest on a ducal coronet, a tree, vert.—BLAKEWAY.]

¹ [In 1733 he served the office of High Sheriff for Surrey; was elected M.P. for Southwark in 1740; and died in April 9, 1758. His widow died April 3, 1760.—CHALMERS.]

² Mrs. Burney informs me that she heard Dr. Johnson say, "An English Merchant is a new species of Gentleman." He, perhaps, had in his mind the following ingenious passage in "The Conscious Lovers," Act iv., Scene ii., where Mr. Sealand thus addresses Sir John Bevil: "Give me leave to say, that we merchants are a species of gentry that have grown into the world this last century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed-folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us; for your trading forsooth is extended no farther than a load of hay, or a fat ox. You are pleasant people, indeed! because you are generally bred up to be lazy; therefore, I warrant you, industry is dishonourable."

might be established upon principles totally different from what have hitherto prevailed. Our present heraldry, it may be said, is suited to the barbarous times in which it had its origin. It is chiefly founded upon ferocious merit, upon military excellence. Why, in civilized times, we may be asked, should there not be rank and honours, upon principles which, independent of long custom, are certainly not less worthy, and which, when once allowed to be connected with elevation and precedence, would obtain the same dignity in our imagination? Why should not the knowledge, the skill, the expertness, the assiduity, and the spirited hazards of trade and commerce, when crowned with success, be entitled to give those flattering distinctions by which mankind are so universally captivated?

Such are the specious but false arguments for a proposition which always will find numerous advocates in a nation where men are every day starting up from obscurity to wealth. To refute them is needless. The general sense of mankind cries out, with irresistible force, "*Un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme*,"

Mr. Thrale had married Miss Hester Lynch Salusbury, of good Welch extraction, a lady of lively talents, improved by education. That Johnson's introduction into Mr. Thrale's family, which contributed so much to the happiness of his life, was owing to her desire for his conversation, is a very probable and the general supposition: but it is not the truth. Mr. Murphy, who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having spoken very highly of Dr. Johnson, he was requested to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnson, he accepted of an invitation to dinner at Thrale's, and was so much pleased with his reception, both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they so much pleased with him, that his invitations to their house were more and more frequent, till at last he became one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him, both in their house at Southwark, and in their villa at Streatham.¹

¹ ["The first time," says Mrs. Piozzi, "I ever saw this extraordinary man was in the year 1764, when Mr. Murphy, who had long been the friend and confidential intimate of Mr. Thrale, persuaded him to wish for Johnson's conversation, extolling it in terms which that of no other person could have

Johnson had a very sincere esteem for Mr. Thrale, as a man of excellent principles, a good scholar, well skilled in trade, of a sound understanding, and of manners such as presented the character of a plain independent English 'Squire. As this family will frequently be mentioned in the course of the following pages, and as a false notion has prevailed that Mr. Thrale was inferior, and in some degree insignificant, compared with Mrs. Thrale, it may be proper to give a true state of the case from the authority of Johnson himself in his own words.

"I know no man (said he) who is more master of his wife and family than Thrale. If he but holds up a finger, he is obeyed. It is a great mistake to suppose that she is above him in literary attainments. She is more flippant, but he has ten times her learning; he is a regular scholar, but her learning is that of a school-boy in one of the lower forms." My readers may naturally wish for some representations of the figures of this couple. Mr. Thrale was tall, well-proportioned, and stately. As for *Madam*, or *my Mistress*, by which epithets Johnson used to mention Mrs. Thrale, she was short, plump, and brisk. She has herself given us a lively view of the idea which Johnson had of her person, on her appearing before him in a dark-coloured gown: "You little creatures should never wear those sort of clothes, however; they are unsuitable in every way. What! have not all insects gay colours?"¹ Mr. Thrale gave his wife a liberal indulgence, both in the choice of their company, and in the mode of entertaining them. He understood and valued

deserved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company, and find an excuse for the invitation. The celebrity of Mr. Woodhouse, a shoemaker, whose verses were at that time the subject of common discourse, soon afforded a pretence, and Mr. Murphy brought Johnson to meet him, giving me general cautions not to be surprised at his figure, dress, or behaviour. What I recollect best of the day's talk was his earnestly recommending Addison's works to Mr. Woodhouse as a model for imitation. 'Give nights and days, Sir,' said he, 'to the study of Addison, if you mean either to be a good writer, or what is more worth, an honest man.' When I saw something like the same expression in his criticism on that author, in the *Lives of the Poets*, I put him in mind of his past injunctions to the young poet, to which he replied, 'that he wished the shoemaker might have remembered them as well.' Mr. Johnson liked his new acquaintance so much, however, that from that time he dined with us every Thursday through the winter."—CROKER.] [Mrs. Thrale's age then was about twenty-five, and Johnson's fifty-six.]

¹ Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 279.

Johnson, without remission, from their first acquaintance to the day of his death. Mrs. Thrale was enchanted with Johnson's conversation for its own sake, and had also a very allowable vanity in appearing to be honoured with the attention of so celebrated a man.

Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life: his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect, and even affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were alone. But this was not often the case; for he found here a constant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment, the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, who were assembled in numerous companies, called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration, to which no man could be insensible.

In the October of this year¹ he at length gave to the world his edition of Shakspeare, which, if it had no other merit but that of producing his Preface, in which the excellencies and defects of that immortal bard are displayed with a masterly hand, the nation would have had no reason to complain. A blind indiscriminate admiration of Shakspeare had exposed the British nation to the ridicule of foreigners. Johnson, by candidly admitting the faults of his poet, had the more credit in bestowing on him deserved and indisputable praise; and doubtless none of all his panegyrists have done him half so much honour. Their

¹ [From a letter written by Dr. Johnson to Dr. Joseph Warton, the day after the publication of his Shakspeare, Oct. 9, 1765 (see Woolf's *Memoirs of Dr. Warton*, 4to. 1805) it appears that Johnson spent some time with that gentleman at Winchester in this year. In a letter written by Dr. Warton, to Mr. Thomas Warton, not long afterwards (January 28, 1766), is a paragraph, which may throw some light on various passages in Dr. Warton's edition of Pope, relative to Johnson:—"I only dined with Johnson, who seemed cold and indifferent, and scarce said any thing to me: perhaps he has heard what I said of his Shakspeare, or rather was offended at what I wrote to him:—as he pleases." The letter here alluded to, it is believed, has not been preserved: at least, it does not appear in the collection above referred to.—MALONE.]

praise was like that of a counsel upon his own side of the cause ; Johnson's was like the grave, well-considered, and impartial opinion of the judge, which falls from his lips with weight, and is received with reverence. What he did as a commentator has no small share of merit, though his researches were not so ample, and his investigations so acute, as they might have been ; which we now certainly know from the labours of other able and ingenious criticks who have followed him. He has enriched his edition with a concise account of each play, and of its characteristic excellence. Many of his notes have illustrated obscurities in the text and placed passages eminent for beauty in a more conspicuous light ; and he has, in general, exhibited such a mode of annotation, as may be beneficial to all subsequent editors.

His Shakspeare was virulently attacked by Mr. William Kenrick,¹ who obtained the degree of LL.D. from a Scotch University, and wrote for the booksellers in a great variety of branches. Though he certainly was not without considerable merit, he wrote with so little regard to decency, and principles, and decorum, and in so hasty a manner, that his reputation was neither extensive nor lasting. I remember one evening, when some of his works were mentioned Dr. Goldsmith said he had never heard of them ; upon which Dr. Johnson observed, " Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves *publick* without making themselves *known*."

A young student of Oxford, of the name of Barclay, wrote an answer to Kenrick's review of Johnson's Shakspeare. Johnson was at first angry that Kenrick's attack should have the credit of an answer. But afterwards, considering the young man's good intention, he kindly noticed him, and probably would have done more, had not the young man died.

In his Preface to Shakspeare, Johnson treated Voltaire very

¹ [Kenrick was born at Watford, Herts, and was brought up to the business of a *rule-maker*, which he quitted for literature. Of this "attack," entitled "A Review of Dr. Johnson's new edition of Shakspeare ; in which the Ignorance or Inattention of that Editor is exposed, and the Poet defended from the Persecution of his Commentators," Dr. Johnson only said, " He did not think himself bound by Kenrick's *rules*." In 1774 he delivered Lectures on Shakspeare, and the next year commenced the London Review, which he continued to his death, June 10, 1779.—WRIGHT.]

contemptuously, observing, upon some of his remarks, "These are the petty cavils of petty minds." Voltaire, in revenge, made an attack upon Johnson in one of his numerous literary sallies, which I remember to have read; but there being no general index to his voluminous works, have searched in vain, and therefore cannot quote it.¹

Voltaire was an antagonist with whom I thought Johnson should not disdain to contend. I pressed him to answer. He said, he perhaps might; but he never did.

Mr. Burney having occasion to write to Johnson for some receipts for subscriptions to his Shakspeare, which Johnson had omitted to deliver when the money was paid, he availed himself of that opportunity of thanking Johnson for the great pleasure which he had received from the perusal of his Preface to Shakspeare; which, although it excited much clamour against him at first, is now justly ranked among the most excellent of his writings. To this letter Johnson returned the following answer:—

"TO CHARLES BURNEY, ESQ., IN POLAND-STREET.

"SIR,

"I AM sorry that your kindness to me has brought upon you so much trouble, though you have taken care to abate that sorrow, by the pleasure which I receive from your approbation. I defend my criticism in the same manner with you. We must confess the faults of our favourite to gain credit to our praise of his excellencies. He that claims, either in himself or for another, the honours of perfection, will surely injure the reputation which he designs to assist.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to your family. I am, Sir,

"Your most obliged

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Oct. 16, 1765."

¹ ["Je ne veux point soupçonner le sieur Jonson d'être un mauvais plaisant, et d'aimer trop le vin: mais je trouve un peu singulier qu'il compte la bouffonnerie et l'ivrognerie parmi les beautés du théâtre tragique;"] &c. &c. —Dictionnaire Philosophique, art. "Art Dramatique." Voltaire, édit. 1784, vol. xxxviii. p. 10.—WRIGHT.]

From one of his Journals I transcribe what follows :—

“ At church, Oct. —65.

“ To avoid all singularity ; *Bonaventura*.

“ To come in before service, and compose my mind by meditation or by reading some portions of Scripture. *Tetty*.

“ If I can hear the sermon, to attend it, unless attention be more troublesome than useful.

“ To consider the act of prayer as a reposal of myself upon God, and a resignation of all into his holy hand.”

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